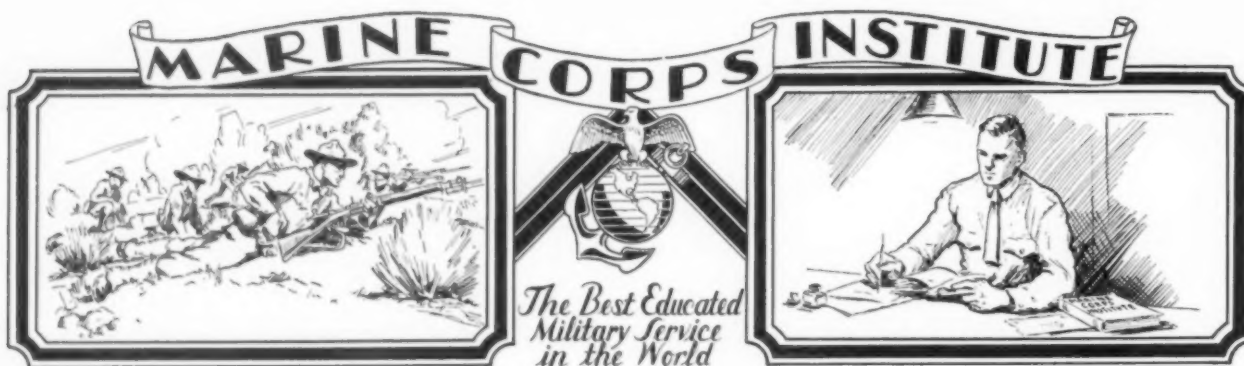


THE LEATHERNECK

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Name _____ Rank _____
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 Station _____

THE GAZETTE

Total strength Marine Corps on February 29	16,915
COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT—February 29	1,174
Separations during March	2
Appointments during March	1,172
Total strength on March 31	3
ENLISTED—Total strength February 29	1,175
Separations during March	15,741
Joinings during March	886
Total strength March 31	15,355
Total strength Marine Corps March 31	328
	15,683
	16,858

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Major General Ben. H. Fuller, The Major General Commandant.
Major General John T. Myers, Assistant to The Major General Commandant.
Brigadier General Rufus H. Lane, The Adjutant and Inspector.
Brigadier General Hugh Matthews, The Quartermaster.
Brigadier General George Richards, The Paymaster.

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Col. James J. Meade.
Lt. Col. Chas. F. B. Price.
Maj. Clifton B. Cates.
Capt. Brady L. Vogt.
1st Lt. Thos. B. Jordan.

Officers last to make number in the grades indicated:

Col. Harry O. Smith.
Lt. Col. Chas. F. B. Price.
Maj. Leo D. Hernie.
Capt. Wm. E. Quaster.
1st Lt. Roy M. Gullick.

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

MARCH 3, 1932.

Major William S. Harrison, detached 2nd Brigade, Nicaragua, to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.
Major Frederick R. Hoyt, detached MB, NP, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., to 2nd Brigade, Nicaragua, via the SS "Santa Cecilia" scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about 18 March.

Captain William M. Best, AQM, detached MB, NS, Cavite, P. I., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. James E. Jones, orders from Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., revoked. Detached Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to Department of the Pacific via first available commercial conveyance.

MARCH 4, 1932.

Major John Q. Adams, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, NP, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., to report not later than 15 March.

Major Allen E. Simon, on reporting of his relief, about 4 April, detached Recruiting District of Philadelphia, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Paul Moret, detached NAS, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than 12 March.

2nd Lt. Ronald D. Salmon, detached NAS, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than 12 March.

2nd Lt. John Wehle, detached NAS, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than 12 March.

MARCH 5, 1932.

Brig. Gen. James C. Breckinridge, detached MD, AL, Peiping, China, to Department of the Pacific.

Lt. Col. Maurice E. Shearer, assigned to duty at MB, NS, Cavite, P. I.

Captain Thomas B. Gale, APM, detached MD, AL, Peiping, China, to Department of the Pacific, via first available conveyance.

1st Lt. Glenn M. Britt, on or about 1 April detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va.

(Continued on page 3)

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

MARCH 1, 1932.

Sergeant William E. Fuller—MB, NYd, Washington, D. C., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.
Corporal Forest S. Baugh—MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., to MB, NAD, Fort Mifflin, Pa.
Corporal Ivan M. Cadonau—West Coast to NP, Portsmouth, N. H.
Corporal Howard L. Conner—MB, NPF, Indian Head, Md., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.
Corporal John A. Jaroszewski—MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., to MD, AL, Peiping, China.
Corporal Joseph Veerman—MB, NOB, HRds, Norfolk, Va., to MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.

MARCH 3, 1932.

Corporal Donald K. Emery—MB, NAD, Hingham, Mass., to MB, Camp Rapidan, Crislersville, Va.

MARCH 4, 1932.

Sergeant Earl F. Strickland—MB, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, to MB, NOB, HRds, Norfolk, Va.
Corporal William Fleishman—MB, NTS, Newport, R. I., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.
Corporal George Sterling—MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to MB, NOB, HRds, Norfolk, Va.

MARCH 7, 1932.

Sergeant Major Leo P. Cartier—Haiti to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Sergeant Major Horace Larn—MB, Parris Island, S. C., to Haiti.
Paymaster Sergeant Magnus R. Dahlsen—MB, NYd, Puget Sound, Wash., to MB, NS, Cavite, P. I.

Paymaster Sergeant Thomas G. Watson—MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, NYd, Puget Sound, Wash.

Sergeant Walter H. Burns—MB, NOB, HRds, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Sergeant Curtis W. Holland—NH, Portsmouth, Va., to NH, Washington, D. C.

Sergeant Michael Peskin—West Coast to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

Corporal Ira C. Cook—West Coast to MB, NOB, New Orleans, La.

MARCH 8, 1932.

Sergeant Frank E. Fox—West Coast to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Corporal William J. Jacisin—MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Corporal Arthur A. Mendenhall—MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to MB, NOP, So. Charleston, W. Va.

MARCH 9, 1932.

Master Technical Sergeant Benjamin F. Belcher—MB, AS, Quantico, Va., to MB, NAS, San Diego, Calif.

Staff Sergeant Edwin D. Curry—MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to Haiti.

Staff Sergeant Fred H. Kelsey—Haiti to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

Corporal Hubert D. Lafavey—MB, NAD, St. Julien's Creek, Va., to Haiti.

MARCH 10, 1932.

First Sergeant John LaGasse—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NAD, Dover, N. J.

Sergeant Lawrence S. Demanche—MB, NOP, South Charleston, W. Va., to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

MARCH 11, 1932.

Sergeant John Creclon—MB, USS "Louisville" to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Sergeant Frederick M. Steinhäuser—MB, NOB, HRds, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

(Continued on page 4)

MASTER TECHNICAL SERGEANTS ARRANGED ACCORDING TO SENIORITY

Aviation

1. Belcher, Benjamin F.—September 1, 1924.
2. Henderson, Norman G.—September 1, 1924.
3. Esterbrook, Paul B.—September 1, 1924.
4. Blackwell, Harry L.—September 1, 1924.
5. Kuebel, Edward P.—September 5, 1929.
6. Munsch, Albert S.—October 4, 1929.
7. Shepard, Millard T.—October 4, 1929.
8. Adams, Omer C.—July 1, 1930.
9. George, Oscar L.—July 1, 1930.
10. Gould, Cyril A.—July 1, 1930.
11. Kurtz, Morris K.—July 1, 1930.
12. Kyle, Clarence B.—July 1, 1930.
13. Morgan, George C.—July 1, 1930.
14. Patrick, Scottie E.—July 1, 1930.
15. Reynolds, Charles—July 1, 1930.
16. Thurman, Roscoe V.—July 1, 1930.
17. Tobin, Patrick H.—July 1, 1930.
18. Turner, John C.—July 1, 1930.
19. Zalanka, Earle J. J.—July 1, 1930.
20. Bird, William W.—March 12, 1931.
21. Elmbdale, Ralph C.—March 12, 1931.
22. Geer, Horace "D"—March 12, 1931.
23. Gooding, Theodore—March 12, 1931.
24. Groves, William G.—March 12, 1931.
25. Knittle, Joseph W.—March 12, 1931.
26. Smith, Guy B.—March 12, 1931.
27. Meachem, Henry C.—March 14, 1931.
28. Schoenfeld, Kurt F. E.—March 14, 1931.
29. Weisand, William H.—March 14, 1931.
30. Jordan, Harold R.—May 21, 1931.
31. Blackford, William C.—June 4, 1931.
32. Brock, Ira—June 4, 1931.
33. Primm, John W.—June 4, 1931.
34. Campbell, Charles C.—June 9, 1931.
35. Pardee, Walter W.—June 9, 1931.
36. Ryder, Roger P.—February 21, 1932.
37. Dogan, Hubert H.—February 23, 1932.

Quartermaster Department

1. Orthober, Frank—December 8, 1916.
2. Steindorfer, Joseph G.—February 8, 1919.
3. McCann, William—February 6, 1920.
4. Kool, Sava—August 5, 1926.
5. Burke, William J.—November 27, 1926.
6. Van Rhee, Peter P.—January 18, 1927.
7. Barks, Howard C.—February 5, 1927.
8. Turner, Fred—April 23, 1927.
9. O'Brien, William J.—May 10, 1927.
10. Nilson, Edwin N.—September 19, 1927.
11. Adams, James S.—October 18, 1927.
12. Bekoske, Peter—December 27, 1927.
13. Milam, Fred D.—April 10, 1928.
14. McCook, Robert E.—June 29, 1928.
15. Foster, Abner E.—March 1, 1932.

Signal Duty

1. Rhinesmith, Samuel—November 5, 1927.
2. Kilday, Bernard E.—January 6, 1932.
3. Hamilton, Charles H.—January 15, 1932.
4. Smith, Plaut H.—January 15, 1932.
5. Raley, Harry E.—January 28, 1932.

LIST OF PAYMASTER SERGEANTS ARRANGED ACCORDING TO SENIORITY

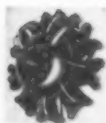
1. Ford, Edwin C.—October 28, 1916.
2. Schneider, Monty I.—April 22, 1918.
3. Pillich, Vincent—July 10, 1918.
4. Rath, John H.—July 24, 1918.
5. Huekels, Frank J., Jr.—November 20, 1918.
6. Gates, Charles T.—December 20, 1918.
7. Jones, Ernest M.—May 10, 1919.
8. Richardson, Edward A.—May 10, 1919.
9. Hall, Emmett G.—July 16, 1919.

(Continued on page 4)



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Later he became vice-president and chief engineer of the Standard Automobile Company. While here, he won an international reputation as a driver and established a number of world speed and endurance records which stood for years. In 1912, Mr. Vaughan became consulting engineer for both Babcock Electric Works and Olds Motor Works; then an experimental engineer with B. F. Stearns Company, and when the World War came he joined the Wright-Martin Aircraft Corpora-



tion. Following the war, he was general manager of the Van Blerck Motor Company, after which he was president and general manager of Standard Steel and Bearings, Inc. Seven years ago he became associated with the Wright Company—today he is its president.

Speaking of his I. C. S. course, Mr. Vaughan says: "Without that course I would have done more playing than was good for me and I would not, today, be able to absorb the results of others' research in the engineering field. I recommend this course to ambitious young men who are interested in engineering."

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U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

(Continued from page 1)

1st Lt. Hartnoll J. Withers, detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MD, Rapidan Camp to report on 23 March.

2nd Lt. Joseph J. Tavern, detached 2nd Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, Quantico, Va., via the USS "Sirius" scheduled to sail from Corinto on or about 28 March.

MARCH 9, 1932.

Captain John P. McCann, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Recruiting District of Baltimore, Baltimore, Md., to report on 1 April.

Captain John C. Wood, detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment to MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., via first available conveyance to New Orleans, La.

1st Lt. Charles D. Baylis, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., ordered to his home, and retired as of 1 June.

2nd Lt. Charles Popp, detached MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

MARCH 11, 1932.

Major Francis T. Evans, detached AS, WCEF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va., via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from San Diego, Calif., on or about 14 March.

Major James T. Moore, on 31 March detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Observation Squadron 2M, First Brigade Haiti, via the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about 10 May.

Captain Francis E. Pierce, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from San Diego, Calif., on or about 14 March.

1st Lt. Lyman G. Miller, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, Quantico, Va., via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from Corinto on or about 26 March.

2nd Lt. Wilfred H. Fromhold, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than 15 March.

MARCH 12, 1932.

Captain William H. Harrison, on completion of the Battery Officers' Course, FAS, assigned to duty in the next class of the Field Officers' Course, FAS, Fort Sill, Okla.

Captain William M. Radcliffe, detached Quartermaster Corps Subsistence School, Chicago, Ill., to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. George F. Good, Jr., orders to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., modified to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Alexander W. Kreiser, on completion of the course detached Air Corps Technical School, Chanute Field, Rantoul, Ill., to AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va.

MARCH 14, 1932.

No changes were announced.

MARCH 15, 1932.

Captain William L. Harding, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, Puset Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash.

2nd Lt. Thomas D. Marks, detached Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to Department of the Pacific.

2nd Lt. Edward T. Peters, detached Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to Department of the Pacific.

ChfMarGnr. Daniel Loomis, detached MB, NS, Cavite, P. I., to Department of the Pacific.

QmClk. Walter J. Czapp, assigned to duty with MD, AL, Peiping, China.

The following named officers have been assigned to duty at Marine Barracks, Naval Station, Cavite, P. I.:

Captain James W. Flett, AQM.
Captain Joseph M. Swinnerton.
2nd Lt. William I. Phipps.
ChfMarGnr. Robert C. Allen.
ChfMarGnr. William A. Buckley.

MARCH 17, 1932.

Major Francis T. Evans, orders from AS, WCEF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va., revoked.

Captain Louis Cukola, detached MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Norfolk, Va.

Captain Francis E. Pierce, orders from MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., revoked.

Captain Brady L. Voet, detached MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Norfolk, Va., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua via the USS "Vega," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about 19 April.

1st Lt. Delmar J. Byfield, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua via the USS "Vega," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about 19 April.

2nd Lt. John M. Davis, detached NAS, NOB, Hampton Roads, Norfolk, Va., to MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Norfolk, Va.

ChfMarGnr. James J. Harrington, detached MB, Puset Sound NYd, Bremerton, Washington, to MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H., via the USAT "St. Mihiel," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about 5 April.

QmClk Roscoe Ellis, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua via the USS "Vega," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about 19 April.

MARCH 19, 1932.

Major Matthew H. Kingman, detached USS "Memphis" to USS "Nokomis" on transfer of the Flag of the Commander Special Service Squadron.

Captain Bernard Dubel, transferred with Marine Detachment from USS "Memphis" to USS "Nokomis."

Captain Clate C. Snyder, assigned to duty with the Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

1st Lt. Thomas J. Cushman, on completion of the course detached Air Corps Technical School, Chanute Field, Rantoul, Ill., to AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Lewis A. Hohn, transferred with Marine Detachment from USS "Wickes" to USS "Hannibal."

1st Lt. Charles W. Kall, detached MD, USS "Reina Mercedes," Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USS "Vega," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about 19 April.

2nd Lt. Archibald D. Abel, detached NAS, NOB, Hampton Roads, Norfolk, Va., to AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Robert B. Luckey, transferred with Marine Detachment from USS "Memphis" to USS "Nokomis."

ChfQmClk John Strong, on reporting of relief detached MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to Department of the Pacific via first available Government conveyance.

MARCH 22, 1932.

Captain Edward G. Huefe, detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via the USS "Vega," scheduled to sail from Corinto, Nicaragua, on or about 2 May.

Captain John P. McCann, orders from MB, Quantico, Va., to Recruiting District of Baltimore, Baltimore, Md., revoked.

1st Lt. Dudley W. Davis, detached MB, NTS, Newport, R. I., to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment via the USS "Vega," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about 18 April.

1st Lt. Alfred R. Pefley, detached Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to Department of the Pacific via the SS "President Coolidge," scheduled to arrive at San Francisco, Calif., on or about 7 April.

2nd Lt. James M. Daly, detached NAS, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Wilfred J. Huffman, detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.

ChfMarGnr. Emory T. Ozabal, on reporting of relief on or about 11 April, detached MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to Department of the Pacific via first available Government conveyance.

MARCH 24, 1932.

Colonel Charles B. Taylor, detached Department of the Pacific to MB, Washington, D. C.

Captain William J. Livingston, APM, on reporting of relief detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via first available Government conveyance.

ChfPayClk. Bernard E. Neel, detached MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to Office of the Assistant Paymaster, NOB, Hampton Roads, Norfolk, Va.

MARCH 25, 1932.

Captain Clarence M. Ruffner, assigned to duty at MB, Puset Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash.

Captain Rees Skinner, detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via the USS "Vega," scheduled to sail from Corinto, Nicaragua, on or about 2 May.

Captain Mervin H. Silverthorn, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., detail as an Assistant Quartermaster revoked.

2nd Lt. Samuel D. Fuller, appointed a second lieutenant and assigned to duty at MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., to report not later than 2 May.

2nd Lt. John B. Hendry, appointed a second lieutenant and assigned to duty at MB, NTS, Newport, R. I., to report not later than 2 May.

2nd Lt. Frederick B. Winfree, appointed a second lieutenant and assigned to duty at MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to report not later than 2 May.

ChfPayClk. Edward L. Claire, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

ChfQmClk. Eugene B. Mimms, assigned to duty at MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., and to Naval Hospital, Mare Island, for treatment.

MARCH 29, 1932.

Major Allen H. Turnage, on reporting of relief about 16 April detached Staff of Commander, Division Three, Battleship, Battle Force, USS "Arizona," to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Captain Nathan E. Landon, assigned to duty at MB, NS, Olonsapo, P. I.

1st Lt. Charles W. Pohl, assigned to duty at MB, NS, Olonsapo, P. I.

1st Lt. Max D. Smith, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment via the SS "Santa Cecilia," scheduled to sail from Los Angeles, Calif., on or about 16 April.

2nd Lt. Archibald D. Abel, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NOB, Key West, Fla.

2nd Lt. Francis B. Loomis, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., for duty and to Naval Hospital, Norfolk, Portsmouth, Va., for treatment.

The following named officers assigned to duty with the Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China:

2nd Lt. Harvey E. Dahlgren.
2nd Lt. Homer C. Murray.
2nd Lt. James B. Lake, Jr.
ChfMarGnr. Frank F. Wallace.

MARCH 30, 1932.

Captain Hamilton M. H. Fleming, orders to MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Norfolk, Va., modified to MB, Washington, D. C., to report on 31 March.

Captain George F. Stokes, on 1 April detached MB, Washington, D. C., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. Herbert P. Becker, orders to AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va., modified to Bureau of Aeronautics, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. Ralph D. McAfee, on reporting of relief detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment to MB, NOB, New Orleans, La., via first available commercial conveyance.

1st Lt. Augustus H. Fricke, on reporting of relief detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment to MB, Quantico, Va., via first available conveyance.

1st Lt. Alfred R. Pefley, orders to Department of the Pacific modified to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

MARCH 31, 1932.

Major Norman C. Bates, detached USS "New York" to USS "Texas," on transfer Flag of the Commander Battleship Division One, Battleship, Battle Force.

Captain George F. Stokes, AQM., detailed as an Assistant Quartermaster.

2nd Lt. Joseph P. McCaffery, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

APRIL 1, 1932.

Major Louis M. Bourne, on completion of the course detached Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to AS, WCEF, NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

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Major Ewert T. Lloyd, detached MB. Quantico, Va., to Recruiting District of New York, New York, N. Y.

Captain Earl C. Nicholas, detached MB. NB. Cavite, P. I., to Department of the Pacific via the USS "Chaumont," which sailed from Manila, P. I., on 30 March.

Captain Ford O. Rosers, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to Naval Aircraft Factory, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., via the June trip of the USS "Kittery."

1st Lt. Thomas J. Walker, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to AS. ECEF, MB. Quantico, Va., via the June trip of the USS "Kittery."

APRIL 5, 1932.

Colonel James T. Buttrick, on or about 23 May detached MB. NYD, Portsmouth, N. H., to First Brigade, Haiti, via USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about 9 June.

Major William S. Harrison, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB. Washington, D. C.

Captain Henry A. Carr, on 1 May detached AS. ECEF, MB. Quantico, Va., to First B-igade, Haiti, via the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about 9 May.

Captain Francis E. Pierce, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via the USAT "Republic," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about 4 April.

Captain Joseph T. Smith, assigned to duty at MB. NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

1st Lt. James H. N. Hudnall, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

MarGnr. Tom Woody, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB. Puset Sound NYD, Bremerton, Wash.

APRIL 6, 1932.

Brig. Gen. James C. Breckinridge, detached Dept. of the Pacific to MB. Quantico, Va., for duty as Commandant, Marine Corps Schools.

Captain Austin G. Rome, on 7 April detached MB. Quantico, Va., to duty as CO, MD, Fort Eustis, Va.

2nd Lt. Frank M. Reinecke, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB. NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 1)

MARCH 12, 1932.

Gunnery Sergeant Ike S. Smith—MB. AS. Quantico, Va., to Haiti.

Sergeant Frank P. Mazzeo—MB. NYD, Washington, D. C., to MB. NYD, Portsmouth, N. H.

Corporal William J. Nimmmons—MB. NOB, HRDs, Norfolk, Va., to Signal Bn. Quantico, Va.

MARCH 14, 1932.

Sergeant William A. Starr—MB. Quantico, Va., to Haiti.

MARCH 15, 1932.

Sergeant Jess C. Gregg—Nicaragua to MB. NAD, Dover, N. J.

Corporal Perrin J. Hoover—MB. Quantico, Va., to MB. NOB, New Orleans, La.

Corporal Joseph R. Lawrence—MD, USS "Mississippi" to Department of Pacific.

Corporal Victor O. Wood—MD, USS "Mississippi" to Department of Pacific.

MARCH 17, 1932.

Gunnery Sergeant George Noell, Jr.—Haiti to MB. Quantico, Va.

Corporal Harry D'Ortona—MB. NYD, Portsmouth, N. H., to MD, AL, Peipins, China.

Corporal Raymond A. Rothfus—MB. NOB, HRDs, Norfolk, Va., to NP, Portsmouth, N. H.

MARCH 18, 1932.

First Sergeant Eugene Rousseau—MB. Quantico, Va., to MB. NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.

First Sergeant Charles S. Showman—Nicaragua to United States.

Sergeant Dennis Floyd—MB. NTS, Newport, R. I., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Joseph C. Wehterbee—West Coast to MB. NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.

MARCH 19, 1932.

Sergeant Clarence F. Feil—MB. NOB, HRDs, Norfolk, Va., to MB. NYD, Sea School Det., Portsmouth, Va.

MARCH 21, 1932.

Sergeant Major George B. Karchner—Nicaragua to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

First Sergeant August A. Olaguez—West Coast to MB. NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.

Sergeant Harvey B. Carden—MB. NOB, HRDs, Norfolk, Va., to MB. Parris Island, S. C.

Sergeant Laurence P. Fitzgerald—MB. NA, Annapolis, Md., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Sergeant Frank Karpinski—West Coast to MD, AL, Peipins, China.

Sergeant Harold E. Smith—MB. NTS, Great Lakes, Ill., to MB. Quantico, Va.

Sergeant Frank C. Tracy—West Coast to MB. NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.

Corporal William Casey—West Coast to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal George N. Cloniser—MB. NOB, HRDs, Norfolk, Va., to MB. Quantico, Va.

Corporal Dan M. Crosno—West Coast to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Eldon F. Henry—MB. NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB. Quantico, Va.

Corporal Guilford B. Higgins—MB. NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB. Quantico, Va.

Corporal Charles A. Hyman—MB. NMD, Yorktown, Va., to MB. Quantico, Va.

Corporal Harry J. Morrison—MB. NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB. Quantico, Va.

Corporal Abe Newman—MB. NTS, Newport, R. I., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal William S. Reep—MB. NOB, HRDs, Norfolk, Va., to MB. Quantico, Va.

Corporal Carl Richards—MB. NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB. Quantico, Va.

Corporal Jack C. Russell—MB. NYD, Washington, D. C., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Robert N. Smith—West Coast to MB. NS, Cavite, P. I.

Corporal Lawrence E. Sutton—MB. NOB, HRDs, Norfolk, Va., to MB. Parris Island, S. C.

Corporal Robert P. Thomas—West Coast to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Francis B. Thomas—MB. Quantico, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Corporal LeBoyd White—West Coast to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

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MARCH 22, 1932.

Sergeant John Smolinski—West Coast to MB. Quantico, Va.

Corporal Eldridge F. Dampf—West Coast to MB. NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.

Corporal Frank Seifert—West Coast to MD, AL, Peipins, China.

MARCH 23, 1932.

Corporal John C. Carey—West Coast to MB. Parris Island, S. C.

Corporal Cecil A. Gunsolley—West Coast to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

MARCH 25, 1932.

Corporal James P. Bass, Jr.—MD, USS "Chester" to MB. RS, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa.

Corporal Leon P. Buckles—MB. NYD, Charleston, S. C., to MD, AL, Peipins, China.

Corporal Howard G. Hopkins—West Coast to MB. NYD, Philadelphia, Pa.

Corporal Claude Mead—MB. NYD, Charleston, S. C., to MD, AL, Peipins, China.

Corporal Olin H. Rivers—MD, USS "Chester" to MB. NYD, Charleston, S. C.

MARCH 26, 1932.

Sergeant Elmer Jones—MB. NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB. AS, Quantico, Va.

Corporal Frank Witt—MB. NYD, Charleston, S. C., to MD, AL, Peipins, China.

MARCH 28, 1932.

Staff Sergeant William T. Denburger—MB. AS, San Diego, Calif., to AS, Nicaragua.

Sergeant Alton O. Coppase—MB. NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., to MB. NYD, New York, N. Y.

Corporal Charles E. Boyer—MD, USS "Chester" to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Ernest E. Jones—MB. Coco Solo, C. Z., to MD, AL, Peipins, China.

MARCH 29, 1932.

First Sergeant Cassius R. Baumgras—Southern Recruiting Division to MB. Parris Island, S. C.

Sergeant Samuel G. Gilbert—West Coast to MB. NOB, New Orleans, La.

Sergeant William B. Hayes—Southern Recruiting Division to MB. Parris Island, S. C.

Sergeant J. W. Jamison—Southern Recruiting Division to MB. Parris Island, S. C.

Sergeant Dewey C. Moore—Southern Recruiting Division to MB. Parris Island, S. C.

Corporal Richard Z. Alderman—MD, USS "Pennsylvania" to MB. NAS, Key West, Fla.

Corporal Thomas P. Cullen—MB. Washington, D. C., to MB. Parris Island, S. C., for SPTD.

MARCH 30, 1932.

Sergeant Victor J. Bartoszek—Central Recruiting Division to MB. NYD, Philadelphia, Pa.

MARCH 31, 1932.

Quartermaster Sergeant Homer Sterling—West Coast to AS, Nicaragua.

Master Technical Sergeant Oscar L. George—MB. Quantico, Va., to Nicaragua.

First Sergeant Lee T. Bowen—MB. Quantico, Va., to AS, Nicaragua.

First Sergeant Oliver A. Cote—MB. NAS, San Diego, Calif., to AS, Quantico, Va.

First Sergeant Theodore Knapp—AS, Nicaragua to MB. NAS, San Diego, Calif.

First Sergeant Edward A. Mullen—MB. NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., to Southern Recruiting Division.

Gunnery Sergeant Claudious E. Chambers—MB. NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., to MB. Quantico, Va.

Corporal John E. Cravit—West Coast to MB. NYD, Philadelphia, Pa.

PAFMASTER SERGEANTS

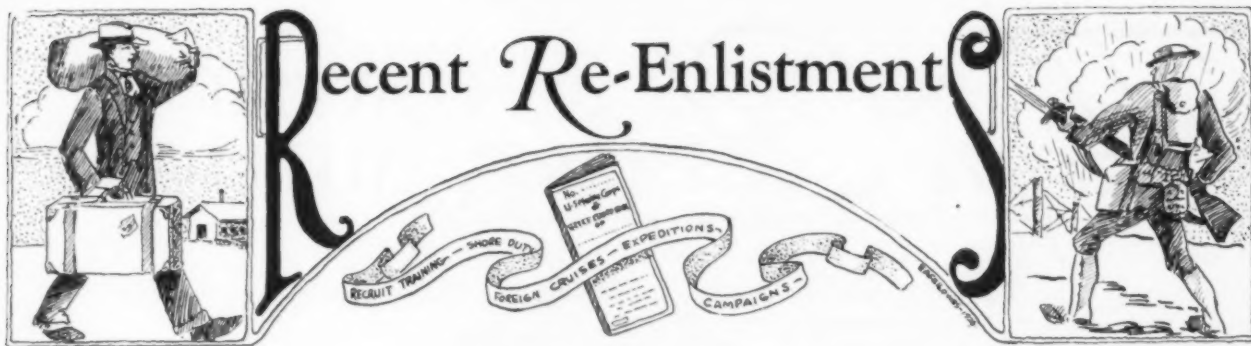
(Continued from page 1)

10. Connor, Paul J.—September 15, 1919.
11. Ward, Hubert N.—November 12, 1919.
12. Post, Carlton L.—November 14, 1919.
13. Smith, Thea A.—November 14, 1919.
14. Neff, Paul A.—November 14, 1919.
15. Geiser, Harvey A.—November 17, 1919.
16. Watson, Thomas G.—December 11, 1919.
17. Martin, Paul A.—February 1, 1920.
18. Selfert, John L.—February 25, 1920.
19. Long, Albert H.—March 18, 1920.
20. Dahlsten, Magnus R.—May 18, 1920.
21. Bates, Norman C.—July 23, 1920.
22. Brown, Arthur—August 6, 1920.
23. Jones, Alfred E.—August 23, 1920.
24. Loben, Edward A.—January 9, 1922.
25. Hall, John E.—June 20, 1924.
26. Frank, George R.—June 20, 1924.
27. Tonneller, David A.—January 19, 1927.
28. Maynard, Ray R.—March 10, 1928.
29. Herron, Joseph P.—April 25, 1928.
30. Lundmark, Charles B.—August 17, 1928.
31. Ayres, Joseph J.—July 9, 1928.
32. Greer, Adial P.—October 22, 1928.
33. Bird, Julian B.—May 1, 1929.
34. Andrus, Lee B.—February 24, 1930.
35. Steimer, William A.—March 8, 1930.
36. Wood, Stuart F. B.—April 26, 1930.
37. Russell, Frank M.—November 7, 1930.
38. Weatherford, John G.—March 16, 1931.
39. McKay, Robert H. J.—May 1, 1931.
40. Parquette, Fred—December 11, 1931.

RETIRED ENLISTED MEN

- TAITE, James F.—First Sergeant, 31 March, 1923.
- TAYLOR, George S.—Gunnery Sergeant, 15 January, 1922.
- TAYLOR, Samuel N.—First Class Musician, 15 May, 1924.
- TAYLOR, William C.—Second Class Musician, 31 July, 1924.
- Ter LINDEN, John M.—Principal Musician, 31 December, 1918.
- THOMAS, William P.—Quartermaster Sergeant, 20 November, 1915.
- THOMASSON, Edwin M.—Gunnery Sergeant, 30 September, 1924.
- THOMPSON, John—First Sergeant, 15 August, 1921.
- THORP, John W.—Sergeant Major, 26 October, 1927.
- TOMPKINS, Perry K.—First Sergeant, 20 May, 1924.
- TOOEY, John—Sergeant, 1 May, 1911.
- TRACEY, Joseph—Sergeant Major, 15 January, 1929.
- TRIMBLE, Walter H.—Gunnery Sergeant, 10 December, 1924.
- TWIG, George J.—Gunnery Sergeant, 15 March, 1923.
- TYNAN, Martin—Corporal, 1 January, 1919.
- VAHEY, Edward—Sergeant Major, 30 April, 1930.
- VANLOCK, Edward M.—Principal Musician, 7 June, 1929.
- VANPUCKE, Jacques L.—Principal Musician, 23 July, 1929.
- VOGT, William—Sergeant, 18 January, 1912.
- VOIGT, Charles D.—Sergeant, 23 January, 1930.
- WALL, Michael—First Sergeant, 31 January, 1919.
- WARNECKE, Francis—First Sergeant, 3 January, 1927.
- WEAVER, William—Sergeant, 1 November, 1906.
- WEBB, Wade H.—Sergeant, 30 November, 1925.
- WEBER, Charles—Sergeant Major, 31 July, 1921.
- WEISS, Julius—Sergeant, 1 July, 1914.
- WERMUTH, Charles—Gunnery Sergeant, 20 December, 1917.
- WEST, William H.—Sergeant Major, 31 July, 1919.

(Continued on page 53)



ROLLER, Ray, at MB, Portsmouth, Va., 3-30-32, for MB, Portsmouth, Va.
 LANDERS, James R., at New Orleans, La., 3-26-32, for Recruiting duty, New Orleans, La.
 NELSON, Harold, at Portland, Ore., 3-24-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 ANDREWS, John J., at MB, Iona Island, N. Y., 3-29-32, for MB, Iona Island, N. Y.
 KRUEGER, Albert, at MB, Boston, Mass., 3-29-32, for MB, Boston, Mass.
 NIELSEN, Carl A., at MB, New York, N. Y., 3-28-32, for MB, New York, N. Y.
 OLES, Eldred B., at MB, Philadelphia, Pa., 3-29-32, for MB, Philadelphia, Pa.
 BRYAN, Alving G., at Los Angeles, Calif., 3-23-32, for Recruiting duty, Los Angeles, Calif.
 COPELAND, Cecil S., at San Francisco, Calif., 3-25-32, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.
 PHILLIPS, Walter C., at San Diego, Calif., 3-23-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 SMITH, Fred, at San Diego, Calif., 3-21-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 FINEBERG, Marvin H., at MB, Quantico, Va., 3-28-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 FITZGERALD, Laurence J., at USS "Reina Mercedes," 3-25-32, for USS "Reina Mercedes."
 FRANTUM, Frank H., at MB, Portsmouth, Va., 3-28-32, for MB, Portsmouth, Va.
 MacDONALD, Gwendol, at MB, Quantico, Va., 3-28-32, for MB, AS, Quantico, Va.
 OLESON, John W., at MB, Portsmouth, Va., 3-28-32, for MB, Portsmouth, Va.
 PAULK, Guy W., at MB, Philadelphia, Pa., 3-26-32, for MB, Philadelphia, Pa.
 TATE, Victore, at MB, New York, N. Y., 3-26-32, for MB, New York, N. Y.
 McGRATH, Francis P., at Boston, Mass., 3-24-32, for West Coast via Hampton Roads, Va.
 MATSICK, Joseph J., at San Diego, Calif., 3-19-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 DOYLE, Duncan McP., at MB, NYd, Washington, D. C., 3-27-32, for MB, Hampton Roads, Va.
 HORD, Joplin C., at NAD, Puget Sound, Wash., 3-20-32, for MB, NAD, Puget Sound, Wash.
 KAPANKE, William H., at MB, Washington, D. C., 3-28-32, for MB, Washington, D. C.
 PETERS, McKinley H., at China, 2-24-32, for China.
 TIETE, Joseph R., at Cuba, 3-23-32, for Cuba.
 HARPOLO, William C., at Washington, D. C., 3-26-32, for Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.
 DODD, Francis E., at Chicago, Ill., 3-23-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 BARIEAU, Harold E., at San Diego, Calif., 3-19-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 ROLLAND, Spencer H., at Los Angeles, Calif., 3-21-32, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.
 ADAMS, Omer C., at NAS, San Diego, Calif., 3-19-32, for NAS, San Diego, Calif.
 PHILLIPS, Jerome R., at Pittsburgh, Pa., 3-24-32, for MB, New York, N. Y.
 HARDENBROOK, Ralph S., at MB, Puget Sound, Wash., 3-12-32, for MB, So. Charleston, W. Va.
 HEIL, William J., at MB, Quantico, Va., 3-24-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 RUMBAUGH, Marcus H., at Pittsburgh, Pa., 3-24-32, for MB, Yorktown, Va.
 DERRICK, Ernest B., at MB, Parris Island, S. C., 3-22-32, for Haiti, via Hampton Roads, Va.
 HOPKINS, Jesse J., at MB, Hampton Roads, Va., 3-23-32, for MB, Hampton Roads, Va.
 NEIDHARDT, Conrad C., at MB, Washington, D. C., 3-24-32, for MB, Washington, D. C.
 OWENS, Frank "J.", at MB, Parris Island, S. C., 3-22-32, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
 WAITES, Luther P., at MB, Key West, Fla., 3-22-32, for MB, Key West, Fla.
 JAROSZEWSKI, John A., at MB, Lakehurst, N. J., 3-21-32, for China via Hampton Roads, Va.
 STEPHENSON, Carl W., at MB, Portsmouth, Va., 3-22-32, for MB, Portsmouth, Va.
 THOMAS, Percy G., at MB, Pensacola, Fla., 3-21-32, for MB, So. Charleston, W. Va.
 LYLE, Roy H., at San Francisco, Calif., 3-17-32, for Depot of Supplies, San Francisco, Calif.
 BURTON, Rupert D., at Haiti, 3-5-32, for Haiti.
 BURGESS, Preston C., at MB, Hampton Roads,

Va., 3-19-32, for MB, Hampton Roads, Va.
 HOOVER, Perrin J., at MB, Quantico, Va., 3-21-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 RENTFROW, Frank H., at MB, Washington, D. C., 3-22-32, for MB, Washington, D. C.
 WILHELM, Walter D., at MB, Quantico, Va., 3-20-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 CONNORTON, Francis E., at Boston, Mass., 3-19-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 COOKE, Robert E., at Pittsburgh, Pa., 3-19-32, for MB, Philadelphia, Pa.
 BROWN, William A. F., Jr., at Portland, Ore., 3-15-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 HARTLAND, William R., at San Francisco, Calif., 3-16-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 HERMANN, Frank A., at San Francisco, Calif., 3-16-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 REISING, Charles G., at MB, Newport, R. I., 3-20-32, for MB, Newport, R. I.
 HOLRITZ, Hallet, at New York, N. Y., 3-16-32, for West Coast via New York.
 REDDISH, James F., at Washington, D. C., 3-18-32, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
 PIAS, Edmund P., at Chicago, Ill., 3-16-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 VANDERHOOK, August H., at Savannah, Ga., 3-16-32, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
 BERTKO, Andrew, Jr., at San Diego, Calif., 3-12-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 LEE, Robert M., at Los Angeles, Calif., 3-14-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 RUDZ, Adolph, at San Francisco, Calif., 3-15-32, for Depot of Supplies, San Francisco, Calif.
 CHRISTENOT, Charles R., at New Orleans, La., 3-15-32, for MB, New Orleans, La.
 STEWART, Leon R., at San Francisco, Calif., 3-14-32, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.
 WILLETTTE, Thomas, at San Francisco, Calif., 3-14-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 ASHMORE, George W., at MB, New York, N. Y., 3-17-32, for MB, New York, N. Y.
 DINGLER, James E., at MB, NYd, Washington, D. C., 3-17-32, for MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.
 GUSTAFSON, John, at MB, Quantico, Va., 3-17-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 GILLEN, William F., at Chicago, Ill., 3-15-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 WALL, Robert E., at MB, Quantico, Va., 3-16-32, for AS, MB, Quantico, Va.
 WALSH, Harold LaF., at MB, Quantico, Va., 3-16-32, for AS, MB, Quantico, Va.

KINNA, Roy L., at Washington, D. C., 3-16-32, for Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.
 TOMLINSON, Charles W., at Pittsburgh, Pa., 3-15-32, for MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.
 QUINN, Vincent P., at Chicago, Ill., 3-14-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 BERNAT, Mike, at Portsmouth, N. H., 3-14-32, for NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.
 ROSS, Charles A., at MB, Washington, D. C., 3-16-32, for MB, Washington, D. C.
 HANDZLIK, Lawrence C., at Pittsburgh, Pa., 3-14-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 McCABE, Thomas J., at New York, N. Y., 3-14-32, for MB, Iona Island, N. Y.
 McLAUGHLIN, James L., at Vallejo, Calif., 3-10-32, for Philippine Islands via Mare Island, Calif.
 BRAZIEL, Walter F., Jr., at MB, Washington, D. C., 3-14-32, for MB, Washington, D. C.
 MOBLEY, Troy S., at MB, NYd, Washington, D. C., 3-12-32, for MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.
 PLANTIER, George S., at Boston, Mass., 3-12-32, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
 PORTER, Norman R., at New Orleans, La., 3-11-32, for MB, New Orleans, La.
 BETZ, John A., at San Diego, Calif., 3-7-32, for MD, AL, Peiping, China.
 JOHNSON, George D., at San Francisco, Calif., 3-7-32, for Depot of Supplies, San Francisco, Calif.
 KONESKY, Leon, at San Francisco, Calif., 3-7-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 LUTZ, Charles G., at San Diego, Calif., 3-7-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 MCINTOSH, John W. C., at Vallejo, Calif., 3-7-32, for China via Mare Island, Calif.
 PARSONS, William H., at San Diego, Calif., 3-6-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 POST, Okley L., at Los Angeles, Calif., 3-9-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 ROBBINS, Lawrence F., at San Diego, Calif., 3-7-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 SCHMIDTKE, Emil K., at Vallejo, Calif., 3-7-32, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.
 BROTHERS, James F., at MB, Boston, Mass., 3-12-32, for MB, Boston, Mass.
 CARNEY, Ira D., at MB, Pensacola, Fla., 3-11-32, for MB, Pensacola, Fla.
 COOLER, Alfred R., at MB, Portsmouth, Va., 3-12-32, for MB, NYd, Portsmouth, Va.
 QUINN, Rogers R., at MB, Quantico, Va., at 3-12-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 CASE, Alexander A., at MB, Quantico, Va., 3-11-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 GUILD, Ernest F., at MB, Iona Island, N. Y., 3-11-32, for Shanghai, China.
 BAILEY, Walter L., at Los Angeles, Calif., 3-4-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 DRAIN, Harold F., at Portland, Ore., 3-4-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 TUSTISON, Harry A., at San Diego, Calif., 3-3-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 ROBINSON, Herman F., at New York, N. Y., 3-9-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 GRIFFIN, Ivan H., at Philippine Islands, 2-14-32, for Philippine Islands.
 RASMUSSEN, Hans O., at Portsmouth, Va., 3-8-32, for MB, Portsmouth, Va.
 FOREMAN, Charles V., at Pittsburgh, Pa., 3-8-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 HUFF, Louis, at Philadelphia, Pa., 3-8-32, for MB, Hampton Roads, Va.
 CONRAD, Constant F., at Chicago, Ill., 3-4-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 DAVIS, William H., Jr., at New Orleans, La., 3-7-32, for MB, New Orleans, La.
 CASE, George B., at Vallejo, Calif., 3-1-32, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.
 BACKUS, William E., at Haiti, 2-25-32, for Haiti.
 OLF, Abraham, at Nicaragua, 2-10-32, for Nicaragua.
 SHAWEN, Archie D., at Haiti, 3-1-32, for Haiti.
 CLARK, James "W.", at Baltimore, Md., 3-7-32, for China via Hampton Roads, Va.
 (Continued on page 53)



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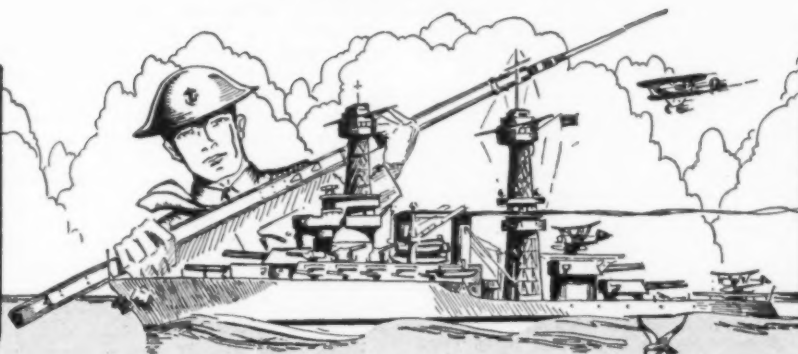
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NUMBER 5

Dog-Robber

By Robert A. McLean



ND you're an ex-Leatherneck; a regular two-fisted, fightin' he-man. Like Hell you are! Linton, I believe you're just plain—yellow!"

The fever-cracked voice of "Subig" Bates engineer in charge of the Malagang Development Company's power project in Southern Mindanao, shrilled harshly on the final word, and his once massive shoulders twitched with a sudden uncontrollable chill as he turned about and stumbled toward the doorway of the office shack. The taunt was directed at Bud Linton, Bates' office assistant, who sat hunched over the portable desk in one corner. YELLOW. A mean, fighting word; and flung at an ex-Marine!

"Wait a minute, Bates!"

At the steely rasp in Linton's voice, the engineer stopped and whirled swiftly; an odd gleam of something akin to hope momentarily lighting his care-worn face. The man at the desk did not immediately turn, and Bates noted—as he had many times in the past—the other's broad powerful shoulders, firm muscular neck and tapering torso. And he noted too, the shirt of fine white China silk, whipcord breeches, and shiny leather puttees that covered Linton's splendid six feet; a startling contrast to the engineer's own mud-spattered khaki. The body of a fighting man in the habiliments of a tropical fop. And the soul —? "Shucks!" Bates muttered to himself when his assistant finally swung about; "He's got everything but guts!"

For Linton's face did indeed belie the promise of his voice and body. While strongly featured and firm jawed, it was too good-natured; almost dreamy. The gray eyes while keen and straight looking, were too mild. And gazing upon that face, the faint hope in Subig's heart of rousing the other's fighting spirit, died. The old engineer's eyes expressed bleak discouragement even before Linton spoke.

"You've got me wrong, Bates; and you know it." The rasp had gone entirely out of Bud's voice by now, and his tones were those of one addressing a sick child. "Just because you can't get a foreman to drive that gang of gorillas out there, and I won't take the job, you've got no right to call me 'yellow.' I put in four years in the Marines, all right. But I was a 'dog-robber'; did office work my whole enlistment. I've never handled men in my life. Why don't you get Haggerty or one of those hard-boiled guys down from the Manila office? He'd make that bunch of mongrels out there work, or kill the whole lot of them. That Beach-comber you've got now, is worse than nothing."

The eyes of both men strayed toward the open doorway. Vividly outlined against the gloom of the office shack in a white-hot rectangle of tropical sunlight, a mixed gang of Malays, Chinos and coast Filipinos dawdled ineffectually over the power

company's half-completed dam. At their feet the Agusan River gurgled sluggishly between high, muddy banks; a mere trickle of dirty

yellow water now, but a raging torrent during the rainy season two months hence. On the near bank, a half-crazed white foreman raved and swore at the men in bad island Spanish, bawling orders to which they responded slowly or not at all. Enraged at the sight, Subig suddenly stuck his head out of an open window and shrilled out a stream of blistering Visayan invective. At the sound of Subig's voice one of the gang—a gigantic mestizo—turned slowly about and stared impudently at the engineer, displaying a villainous pock-marked face, criss-crossed with a number of knife scars. Then the half-breed turned back to his fellows, making some remark at which they all laughed.

"Damn him!" Subig choked, almost beside himself; "That's Juan Perez, the worst trouble maker in Mindanao. They won't let him within a mile of any other construction job, and I was a fool for hiring him in the first place. If I fire him now, the whole crowd'll walk off with him. For a Chink clacquer* I'd put a bullet through his worthless hide and take a chance on the consequences." He half drew an old-fashioned Colt's .45 from the holster at his hip, and made for the door-way.

"Hell, you can't do that Bates!" Linton rose quickly and laid a restraining hand on his superior's arm. "The world would sure be better off without old Pock-Face out there, but if you bump him off these native judges'll burn you for it, damn quick."

"Arrh! You're a fine one to give me advice!" Subig shook off Bud's arm, but let his gun drop back into its holster, nevertheless. "We're up against it I tell you, Linton! Even with a regular hell-bender of a foreman, we'd have to scratch gravel to get the dam finished on time. But the way things are now, it looks like the gate for all of us. If it wasn't for this 'dengue' fever of mine, I'd boot that imitation white man out there off the job, and run the gang myself. But I'm wobbly on my pins and dizzy in the head, and can't do a thing any more. You could handle that job easy, Linton"; the engineer's blood-shot eyes looked pleadingly into Bud's; "It means twice the pay you're drawing now, and a chance to get ahead in the construction game. When I called you 'yellow,' I didn't mean that you're a physical coward. But there's more than one way of being 'yellow.' Don't shirk responsibility, boy. Snap out of it, and help me put this job through on time."

"Can't do it, Bates"; Linton flicked a speck of dust off his immaculate shirt-sleeve; "I'm an office man, and I've never

* A coin worth one-fifth of a cent.)

pretended to be anything else. I could've been a non-com maybe a second louey in the Marines, but somehow I just can't take charge of a bunch of men and make them think I mean business. Just haven't got whatever it takes, I guess."

"No, I guess not Bud"; Subig agreed in a tired voice. "Well, send a telegram up to Manila and ask the company to send a foreman down here. Chances are, I can't get Haggerty or any of the top-notchers, because the company's got jobs all over the islands, and they're probably all out working. The officials'll think I'm getting to be an old fool that needs a dry-nurse in order to finish a job on time, but it can't be helped." Bates tried to roll a cigarette, but his twitching fingers could not hold the rice-paper steady, and finally he threw Bull Durham and papers to the floor in disgust, and left the office. Linton, watching through the office window, saw the gang increase their pace the merest trifle at Subig's appearance. Bates wore the only firearm on the job, and the men sensed that if driven to desperation he might use it, in spite of any possible penalty inflicted by a native judge.

Things were indeed in a bad way, at the Malagang Development Company's Agusan River project. The company—the largest engineering organization in the Philippines—had contracted to build a dam and power plant to supply half a dozen

Mindanao towns with electric light. The job had started off with a bang several months previously, with "Subig" Bates a veteran engineer in charge, a good hard-driving foreman to handle the men, and Bud Linton to do the office work.

Both Bates and the foreman had been stricken with "dengue" fever, however. The foreman went to the hospital but Bates had refused to leave the job, and spent his time alternately shaking with chills and burning with fever. It was a matter of pride with the old engineer that he had never asked for help when once started on a job, and he had unwisely neglected to let the company know the true state of affairs. The result was that they were now almost at the dead-line—two months until the rainy season, and the work only half completed. Not one of the succession of beach-combers and tropical tramps whom Bates had tried out in the original foreman's place, had been able to handle the men.

The Agusan River job was to have been Bates' last before retirement. Coming to the Islands with the Army engineers in '98, Subig had remained ever since. He had helped to replace muddy jungle paths with paved roads; had installed modern turbines in place of primitive water-wheels; had made the creaking carabao-cart make way for the Ford truck; in short had done his bit in giving the islands their 'place in the sun.' But thirty years is a long time in the Philippines, and old Subig Bates—once a terror on wheels—was rapidly losing his grip.

Bud Linton a former clerk at Marine headquarters in Manila, had received his discharge from the Marine Corps about a year previously. Attracted by the good wages and easy-going life of the tropics, he had elected to remain in the islands and had entered the Malabang Company's employ. Bates had taken a strong liking to the young ex-Leatherneck, and it was a keen disappointment to the engineer that Bud consistently refused to step out of the office and assume the increased responsibilities and pay of a foreman.

There was something missing from Linton's makeup, however. Well educated, immaculate in dress, with a frank pleasing personality, he yet lacked that element of forcefulness necessary in dealing with other men. As Bud said, he could not make other men believe he "meant business."

Shortly after Bates left the office, Linton turned to his typewriter and began to compose a telegram that would bring the much-needed help, and yet leave Bates in the best possible light. A sheet of paper dropped to the floor, and as Bud bent down to pick it up, he noticed a terrible—a frightful—thing. Some-

thing that would cause the soul of any "dog-robber" to writhe in anguish, and that made Bud shake his head in unspeakable grief when he straightened up to resume work. There was a deep scratch marring the glistening surface of one of his leather puttees!

"Boy, we're sunk!" Bates' pale face twitched queerly as he threw a crumpled telegraph form on the office desk the following evening. "Just got the answer to your message, Bud. They say there's no foreman available in Manila, and if I can't get hold of a good man and show some results in the next few days, I'll have to pay off the men and quit work till after the rainy season. That means the company will have to pay thousands of dollars in forfeits, but I guess they figure it's cheaper than going ahead with the work for another month or two, and then—if the dam isn't finished—have the whole business washed out by the rains."

Bates flung himself into a camp chair and stared somberly out the open doorway. "If we shut up shop now and go back to Manila, it means something else too, Bud," he continued; "it means that they'll tie the can to me, and everybody will say that old Subig Bates fell down on his last job. I was a damn fool for not letting the company know as soon as the

old foreman took sick; but I've never had to ask for help yet after they've started me on a job, and didn't want to start in now. Well, that's the way it goes. You might as well begin figuring the men's time."

Linton sat smoothing out the telegram on the knee of his neatly-pressed whipcords. "You mean they'd actually fire you, Bates?"

"They sure would—and will, Bud. I've got nobody but myself to blame though. Should have known better than to monkey around with this bunch of beach-combers we've been trying out as foremen. And I guess I counted too much on you stepping into the breach if things got too bad. You're not to blame, though; guess you're just a natural-born 'dog-robber'—an office clerk." A faint tinge of contempt edged the engineer's tones.

"Perhaps so, Bates. But I can't make any worse mess of things than they're in now; and we've still got a few days' grace. So—if the offer's still

open—I'll take the foreman's job." His eyes were pin-points.

"Huh!" The surprise of Linton's announcement rendered Subig speechless for a moment. Then—"Atta boy!" he applauded; "I knew you'd come through, when it came to a pinch. Don't mind the remarks I've been passing about 'dog-robbers' and so on; I only did it to try and get your dander up so you'd take the job. I'm betting on you, Bud; and by the way—there's the first tough nut for you to crack."

Linton's gaze followed the engineer's pointing finger out the doorway, to behold the huge figure of Juan Perez the half-breed, stalking across the clearing. The man's evil, pock-marked face wore an impudent smirk as he glanced toward the office, and in the swift-fading tropic daylight he bulked like some monstrous spirit of evil personified. In spite of his confident words, Bates felt a sinking of the heart, and glanced at his assistant to see how the sight affected him. Linton, a deep frown of concentration on his handsome face, was tenderly polishing his puttees with a spotless silk handkerchief.

Alone in his quarters that night, the dog-robber sat on the edge of his camp cot, trying vainly to account for the impulse that had prompted him to take the foreman's job.

"You damn coward!" he muttered. "You've sure let yourself in for a lot of grief now. You're scared stiff; and you know it. But Hell! I couldn't let old Subig go back to Manila a failure, without at least trying to pull him out of the hole. Wish I WAS a bit more hard-boiled; like old Sergeant O'Rourke in the Marines, for instance." At the memory, Linton's eyes sought a framed snap-shot that was tacked against the wall at the head of his cot, and he repeated aloud, the typewritten



A gigantic mestizo turned slowly about and stared impudently at the engineer.

inscription running across the bottom of the picture—"82nd Recruit Company, U. S. Marines, Parris Island." His old training company back in the Leatherneck bootcamp. Eighty consciously grim-looking young men in khaki, and at their head—grimmiest and homeliest of all—Sergeant "Hell-Fire" O'Rourke; the fightin'est, swearin'est, toughest old Marine that ever spit to windward.

Bud grinned reminiscently at thought of O'Rourke's weirdly profane course of "instruction" to the rookies under his care, and suddenly he laughed aloud.

"Hot dog!" Linton exclaimed; "why didn't I think of that a long time ago? O'Rourke old dear—" he added, turning to the picture with a mock salute. "At last I've discovered how you and all the other hard-boiled guys, got that way; and I'm going to make you proud of me yet!"

Nearly a hundred men of the mixed labor gang gathered in the clearing before the office shack the following morning, to hear Linton's talk; delivered in the part-Spanish, part-Visayan vernacular. The sun, already risen above the encircling fringe of coco palms and giant mangoes, shone on the savage bestial faces of the Malays, the expressionless features of the Chinos, and the stupidly-gaping coast Filipinos. Off in the jungle a flock of parrots screamed shrilly as if in derision, and near at hand the river gurgled and bubbled a monotonous, never-ending accompaniment. Bud spoke slowly, telling them of his promotion to foreman, of the need for haste in completing the job, and that he would expect a full measure of work from every man.

"One moment, Senor!"

Out from the crowd, pushed Juan Perez the trouble-maker. He strode toward Linton, a huge powerful figure of forbidding aspect, followed by the admiring eyes of the rabble. There was but one thing these men respected, and that was the demonstration of superior-brute-force.

Following the half-breed's call, Linton stood at ease; an incongruous, dandified figure in that rough setting. Arms folded across his white silk shirt; whipcord breeches flaring out in a perfect "peg"; polished puttees gleaming in the sun, he presented a strange contrast indeed to the hulking, roughly-clad half-breed. Bates, watching from the outskirts of the crowd, was conscious of the same sinking of the heart as on the night before, and fingered his revolver nervously; a futile weapon he well knew, in case of any concerted attack upon the white men.

What Subig failed to note however, was the fact that Linton's eyes—shaded by the wide brim of his snowy Stetson—had narrowed to mere slits, and gleamed with a cold icy fire. And the muscles of his usually good-natured face had tightened into rock-hardness.

Halting a few paces from Linton, Perez surveyed the ex-Leatherneck slowly from head to foot, while his brutal scarred features twisted in a sneer.

"Look you, Senor clerk-foreman!" he growled insultingly; "you have told US what to do. Now I, Juan Perez, will tell YOU what to do!" The half-breed thumped his deep chest and faced partly about; so that he was addressing both Bud and the labor gang. "In the first place, Senor," he continued, "we are not satisfied with the food. It is unfit to serve to dogs. Also"—he grinned maliciously—"the pay is too small for such HARD work. So, unless we receive better food and a peseta* a day more pay, we will not do any more work

for you. And before I leave this job, I will also take great pleasure in spoiling the pretty clothes in which the Senor takes so much pride, and making him an unfit sight for the ladies in Manila, for some time to come." Perez flexed his huge biceps, and laughed into Linton's face.

At the close of Perez' ultimatum, Bud's gaze which had rested with calm indifference on the half-breed's ugly face, shifted to the men. He addressed them quietly, but in his tones was the same steely rasp Bates had heard once before.

"You men are better fed than any other labor gang in the Islands; and are getting as much pay as any of them. If anyone has told you otherwise—then, by the black stone of Apo—he is a liar! Now, hear ye! We will do this; and we start to-day. If the dam be finished on time, every man will be paid a bonus of a peseta a day. With it, ye can deck your women in all the fineries of Zamboanga, and live like sultans in your

barrios during the rainy season. But—if the dam be NOT finished in time—then ye do not get one centavo above your regular pay."

Bates—his ears attuned to the murmurings of the crowd—noted that a few of the older natives were urging the others to go back to work. The eyes of the wilder element, however, remained fixed on Perez; awaiting the half-breed's action. And then—Subig and the whole labor gang, were thunder-struck at what followed!

Linton's glance suddenly flashed back to Perez' face, and the dog-robbers' hitherto calm features instantly became contorted into a horrifying mask of rage. Eyes squinted to mere slits, jaw thrust forward, he presented to the amazed half-breed, a countenance as ugly and hard-boiled as his own. And out of one corner of Linton's down-drawn mouth burst a stream of blis-

tering Leatherneck profanity, culled from far-flung lands.

"All but you, you lousy pop-eyed, fish-faced, slack-jawed, scummy, pot-bellied bull o' Bashan! You're fired! Get your pay and get to hell outa here, before I boot you off the job!"

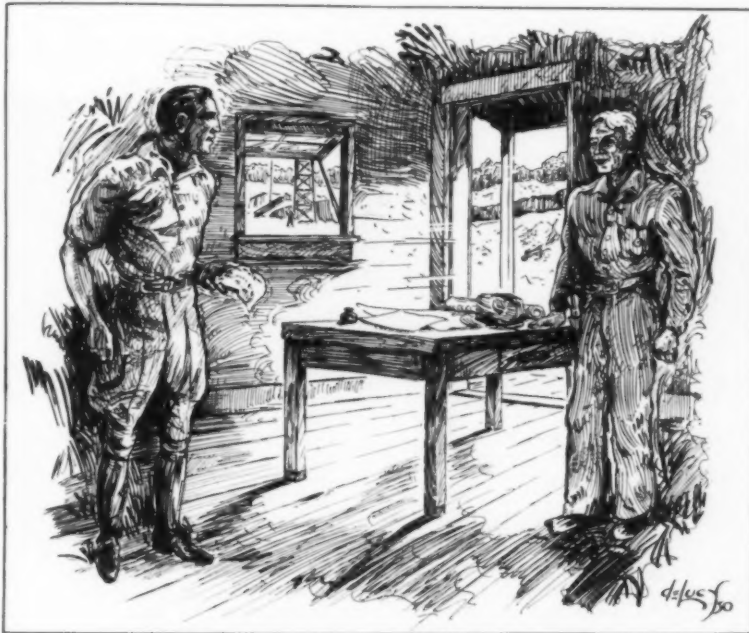
Although roared in English, the words were perfectly intelligible to Perez and some others; and even those who could not understand the language, could not fail to interpret the new foreman's belligerent manner. Bates, after the first momentary shock of surprise, sensed something theatrical in Linton's bearing however. As if a "straight" actor were temporarily playing the unaccustomed part of a desperado. But to the natives it was just as though a mild-mannered Mindanao deer had suddenly been transformed into a raging tiger—a horrifying, awe-inspiring miracle.

There was a breathless instant of rigid amaze in which even Perez joined; staring pop-eyed at the ex-office-clerk who had dared to defy him. Then, realizing that only swift action could save his tottering throne of leadership, the half-breed came to, all at once.

With an inarticulate shriek of rage, he sprang at Linton, long arms outstretched, powerful hands seeking the white man's throat. And once again the hot, still air quivered at the demoniacal roar of Bud's voice—this time, in the old fighting yell of the United States Marines. "E-e-e-e-ooowww!"

Crouching slightly, Linton met the half-breed's charge with a terrific right-hand smash. It socked against Perez' mouth with a noise like a bursting melon, and the trouble-maker staggered back; eyes glazing with pain, blood pouring in a stream from his bashed and shapeless lips. Almost instantly, however, Perez recovered himself; and reverted to type. His right hand darted to his left armpit and he sprang again at Linton. Midway in the leap, the sunlight glinted on deadly steel whipped high in air.

(Continued on page 52)



"If the offer's still open—I'll take the foreman's job!"

* Twenty-five cents.

Hawthorne Blooms in the Desert



Foreword

THE establishment of any new command is an interesting task and one for which there are few charts. The first task undertaken here was to get a mess force in operation.

We all dimly realize that any organization must be hung on a framework. Usually, however, that skeleton is an arrangement of long standing and needs but casual attention due to transfers or slackness. When all key posts of a command need simultaneous attention one realizes very vividly their importance.

The writer was in Dallas, Texas, when he received orders to this command. The detachment was formed in San Diego. Men were picked by the first sergeant for the various assignments. Theoretically the organization of the command was complete. In use the machine broke down. It was necessary to get new parts where all the important wear comes.

During all this time the clerical personnel on quartermaster work were doing ten to twelve hours work daily. Like most line officers I had had a not very high opinion of the importance of the work of the Quartermaster Department. Only a short acquaintance was enough to change my ideas as to its importance, and the amount of knowledge required, as well as the amount of labor involved. Luckily a competent quartermaster-sergeant was sent here for three months.

The establishment of this command gave further evidence that a good Marine can do almost anything. Our present mess sergeant (Lofland) had been in a signal battalion in Nicaragua. He was made mess sergeant over his protest, and became a good one. The clerk handling quartermaster work was a line sergeant with some clerical experience—he was taught here and handled the job well. The one job that took the longest to fill efficiently was that of mechanic.

Certain aspects of the duty here will always be different from that of any other command. The location in a huge expanse of barren country on the shores of a treeless lake will account for this. Nevertheless, many like it. We have had three men extend enlistments to stay here and two men waive transportation for the same purpose—and we have had about three pay their way to get to another post.

Those who come after us will have the routine duties of a small command. We who have had a part in the establishment

of this command have an interesting and unusual tour of duty to look back upon.

This command was established 16 September, 1930, with Captain Ramond J. Bartholomew as commanding officer. Senior non-commissioned officers present were Q.M.-Sgt. Alfred Hillier and First Sergeant Jeremiah Twohig. The authorization for organization of the Marine Detachment, Naval Ammunition Depot, Hawthorne, Nevada, included the following complement of one captain, one first sergeant, three sergeants, six corporals, one trumpeter and thirty-nine private first class and privates. Subsequently the designation was changed to Marine Barracks, NAD, Hawthorne, Nevada, and an addition of ten enlisted men authorized for the personnel.

The coming of the Marines to this vicinity was welcomed by the townsmen of Hawthorne, Nevada. Hawthorne is a very small town several miles from the railroad station of Thorne and about six miles south of Walker Lake, which can be located on any United States map.

Upon arrival of the command from Marine Corps Base, San Diego, Calif., where personnel selection was made, a new two-story concrete barracks was occupied. In the midst of a genuine Zane Grey desert country the men of the command began to accustom themselves to the new surroundings.

In the way of amusement the command had little at first, Hawthorne offering little compared to San Diego. The beach on Walker Lake's western edge was developed for water sports, but with winter weather coming on little use was made of this until the following summer. Two tennis courts were available. The outdoors called to a few members of the command who liked hiking. The dances held in Hawthorne afforded to the Marines many pleasant social contacts with the civilians. The hospitality of the Nevada citizen to the newcomers was a recompense to those who found it hard at first to become accustomed to serving away from the bright lights of the coastal cities.

The first basketball squad was allowed the use of the one gym in town. The original squad consisted of the following: Corporals W. Beicke, H. C. Coslet and V. O. Robison, Trumpeter Sam Perry, Private First Class Raymond Kemper, and Privates A. Baker, Clifford Crawford, George B. Howard, Lornie Leslie, John C. Sheehan, Clarence G. Storm and John Switak. This team during the 1930-31 season met many nearby town teams besides the local teams and brought the colors of the Marine

aggregation through to many victories. The record of the first season in post basketball warranted the organization of another team for the following season in 1931.

Some of the Leathernecks got the ring fever. The Antlers' Club of Reno had a few boys handy who wanted to meet the Marines in a special program for the entertainment of the cash customers. Private George Howard of this post was chosen to meet a fellow named Tony Poloni. George is now a member of the enlisted personnel of the post and says he remembers the event well. With Private Howard from NAD went several other Marine pugilists, among whom were Trumpeter Samuel J. Perry, Privates Allen Baughman, Frank J. Smith, and Clarence Storm. Newspaper accounts said the Marines were given a warm reception. They were treated royally by the clubbers and reported in return that they enjoyed the trip and experience a great deal. Several members of our post have always contended that this experience proved their point in argument that boxing today in the Marine Corps isn't what it ought to be. Neither is the boxing gear at this post at present. We wrote Santa Claus a letter through the Leatherneck Broadcast last November for a delivery of boxing gear and here it is past Christmas and no one around here has seen any reindeer tracks.

The coming of the months of a young man's fancy brought the subject of outdoor activities to the fore. The boys who had been doing guard duty in the magazine area during the bleak months report they were very glad to see spring again. It gets cold here around December and January. Many of the command had just returned from tropical climes and found winter unpleasant. So April, May, and June rolled on and then a summer camp was established for the boys in nearby mountains at about 10,000 feet elevation, with Nature at her best, furnished trout fishing, and the Marine Corps at its best, furnishing no reveille. Little trips were made by a number of the command who always came back ready for more. The Navy beach, complete with bath houses and beach paraphernalia in general, was the mecca of all swimmers and also those who went up to see what was the latest from civilization in the line of beach apparel. Members of the command being allowed to bring civilian friends to the beach, the place was often visited by fair swimmers from Hawthorne. Trumpeter Samuel J. Perry and Private Clarence Storm served for this season as instructors and lifeguards in an efficient manner. The present new trumpeter, succeeding Perry who has gone to Nicaragua, is also a lifeguard by profession and anticipates the warmer days. He is Alfred J. Correa. Well, to go on, the baseball diamond was completed, a grandstand erected, equipment secured and issued. When the writer arrived in late July it was pretty warm for afternoon ball, but several lovers of the game were out often for practice despite the sun's rays. We expect more of this game in 1932. Work was started on the golf course, with water sprinklers at every hole over the stretch of desert the course replaced. It remains to be seen in 1932 whether we have any knicker Marines here. We mentioned something about the absence of training facilities before, I believe. Almost every afternoon, though, between the hours of one to four, some pennyweight like Dante Ricci would take off up the steel ladder leading to the attic of the barracks and skip rope and bounce around to the hearty discontent of the bunk fatigue Marines below. The horses purchased by the commanding officer for the mounted magazine area patrol did not receive enough exercise when used for watches and therefore were available for afternoon rides. This provided an enjoyable recreation for those not privileged to belong to the mounted patrol and also gave men unaccustomed to

horseback riding a chance to "break in" on this sport. Private First Class Joe Yackley and Private Lester Klingler were lords of the post stables and also gave instruction in the subject of equitation.

The sound movies were expected as early as May, 1931, but for various reasons did not arrive. Silent movies were shown three to five times weekly until January, 1932, when the exhaustion point was reached. We are now awaiting installation of sound equipment and expect our "talkies" and "squawkies" before 1 Feb. Private Otis J. Dragge operated the motion picture machine until the arrival of Private Vincent Rosemark in September, 1931. Private Rosemark will operate the new machines.

The Old Guard, those remaining of the dwindling brave hearts who first came up in September, 1930, from San Diego, is gradually being replaced by new faces. Discharge and transfer have taken their toll of the original detail. Those remaining of the original organization are as follows: Captain R. J. Bartholomew, Sergeant Boyd Lofland, Corporal Hughie C. Coslet, Privates First Class Lornie Leslie, Joseph F. Yackley, Byron Latimer and John C. Sheehan, Privates Allen S. Baughman, Joseph Dargi, Jr., Otis J. Dragge, George B. Howard, Theodore J. Johnson, Lester LaV. Klingler, Frank J. Hulholland and Dante Ricci.

Following the transfer of First Sergeant Twohig, Sergeant Barton W. Stone took up the duties of acting first sergeant of Marine Barracks. Sergeant Stone served capably in this capacity from November 10, 1930, until his transfer was compelled by illness to the Naval Hospital, Mare Island, Calif., September 20, 1931. Sergeant Stone made many friends here and will be remembered by many of Hawthorne, where he lived with his family. Sergeant Grady Thompson acted as first sergeant until the arrival of First Sergeant William T. Farley, October 3, 1931. First Sergeant Farley is at present with this command.

A rifle range was in use nearby in July, 1931, and due to the excellent conditions for early morning firing many members of the personnel attached here afforded themselves the opportunity for high qualification with the Springfield. The commanding officer took special interest in this branch of activity and excellent results were achieved.

Corporal Max W. Craig joined in September of last year, coming from San Diego with a basketball reputation. Corporal Craig organized and coached our present basketball team. The 1932 schedule calls for a game with the University of Nevada, besides the games with nearby town teams and locals. A string of victories over local teams has featured the pre-season practice period. Corporal Craig's squad consists of the following: Corporal H. C. Coslet, Privates First Class Lornie Leslie and Louis Nelson, Privates Paris H. Perser, Herbert R. Eyestone, George B. Howard, and William Smith.

Being several miles from the nearest store the importance of a post exchange was realized here from the very start. In the autumn of 1930 a small exchange was started. This exchange at the present writing serves the command with Corporal Max W. Craig as steward and Private First Class Lornie Leslie bookkeeper. The post laundry, Private Otis J. Dragge in charge, is operated for the command's convenience at a very low monthly rate per man for the service rendered. Assisting Private Dragge in the laundry is Private First Class Edward L. J. Dube and Private Ralph T. Nicholson. Private Walker Chapman renders very satisfactory barber service here. His shop is a credit to any command. Satisfactory Sanitary Service is Chapman's



Presentation of Nicaraguan Medal of Merit to Pvt. R. D. Carter at Hawthorne, Nevada



THE DESERT WATCH

Mid-winter scene of the main gate, Naval Ammunition Depot, Hawthorne, Nevada

motto and it is lived up to by the post barber. Private Paris H. Perser is post tailor. Recently the tailor's activities grew and grew and so the post cobbler, Private Homer W. Fletcher, occupying the same room, had to move to other quarters. The cobbler, a new man on the job, had been promoting his business, too, and new quarters were really a necessity.

Sergeant Boyd Lofland, who joined this post with the original detail as a corporal, is serving in the capacity of mess sergeant, assisted by Privates First Class Byron Latimer and Arthur Morgan, cooks. Some difficulty was experienced by the commanding officer at first in securing capable men for the all-important job of feeding sixty hungry Marines three times daily. The present force, including Robert B. Peterson, private first class, who, in addition to his regular duties handles the baker's assignment here, is as capable and hard-working a crew as one would want. The Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners gave evidence to this fact.

Sergeant Edward J. O'Connell, a December arrival, has rapidly accustomed himself to the duties of a small post and efficiently handles the supervision of police work. Sergeant O'Connell is all Irish and 100 per cent Marine.

Corporal Alva H. Almand is acting in the capacity of post carpenter, a very busy job to have here. Corporal Robert C. Bayless is a man who likes to keep active and recently completed the job of placing the Marine Corps emblem on all standing lockers of the barracks. Corporal Bayless' favorite reading is Adventure and Reader's Digest, both of which he reads completely through each issue. Corporal Ivan D. Carrick is a man, who, if he let his social inclinations (has he any?) hold sway over his steadfast purpose to attend to duty first, would indeed be an unhappy man. We have to hand it to Ivan, he caught both dances in November and December as sergeant of the guard, and never whimpered a note. Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their Marine Corps—following the example set here by a corporal of Marines. Corporal Paul F. Compton is the herald of all good tidings through the mails. And for bill dodgers—he is the Evil One. The mail that comes from Fallon, Yerington,

and nearby points on the map for the ladies favorites here each year is a great source of revenue for Uncle's postoffice department. Besides his duties as sergeant of the guard Corporal Hughie C. Coslet finds time to play basketball and to pay heed to the calls of the fair young maidens. He also has a three-strand exerciser, two more strands standing by for stronger days. Watch those biceps grow! Corporal George H. Elchinger is in charge of transportation. His is the job of keeping a fatherly watch over the two Internationals and a failing Chevy. The job in a country with roads like those of western Nevada is no mechanic's dream. Corporal Robert D. Henderson arrived here recently from RR. Quantico, Va. Corporal Henderson has two "legs" on distinguished rifle shot medal and intends to go for the third this coming season, he says. Late News Dispatch! Corporal Henderson has shaved off the soup strainer. Corporal George G. Miller arrived recently from Hingham, Mass. Corporal Miller's service record reads from the days of Vera Cruz. Corporal Dan Sullivan has served as sergeant of the guard and rifle range coach since coming here shortly after the organization of the post. Corporal Sullivan recently had a desire for oriental atmosphere and would have gone with the January Chaumont had not he reconsidered in favor of Hawthorne, Nevada. Our mounted magazine area patrol consists of he-men. Most of them roll their own and being astride the fiery steed is heaven to them. The following do mounted watches regularly here: Privates First Class Joe Yackley, Loren E. Blair, Ernest L. Davis, Charles Condo, Edward L. J. Dube, Archie L. Thrash, and Privates Ralph L. Kamp, Charles Rafferty, Lester Klingler and Roscoe D. Mills. The "shofers" of the post, working with Corporal George Elchinger, are Privates First Class Ernest H. H. Martens, Richard E. Johnson and John C. Sheehan. Private First Class Louis S. Nelson has been doing over a month of prompt and courteous mess duty at this writing. Nelson can qualify for the cover of the Leatherneck when in full blues but 'tis said he would rather slip into the inside pages of a good thrill story while draped in khaki. Among our front rank, first squad men are Privates

First Class Edward J. Powers and James E. Shell. Can you imagine what this Marine Corps would be with all men like the two last named, hardened and able to do a hundred in ten seconds? But not here, the mess sergeant feeds too well. However, something is in the air. Paddy O'Connell says he loves the before-reveille class of rifle drill and when the weather gets warmer there will be such. Hmm. Private Lawrence Blackburn is affectionately known hereabouts as Doc Yak. If Doc Yak has a worry it is just about down and out. Private Joe Dargi is Doc Yak's sparring partner and the two are seen frequently together enjoying the many amusements of Hawthorne. Private Gayden R. Harper, former laundryman and now probably on the salty waves headed for the East coast, has been one of the post's Merry Fellows during his stay here. Red Harper will be missed by many of the fair young maidens of Hawthorne, too. Private Jake Harvey, Georgia's the state, mind, is our leading contender for the honor of post pugilist and Harvey can be seen almost any day giving old Excess Weight a drubbing. Private Theodore J. Johnson is about as steady an all-around Marine as we have here. Johnson is one of the owners here of the Second Nicaraguan Campaign medal for service 1929-30 in the Central American republic. Private James R. Kellar has managed to crowd into one cruise service enough to receive both the Second Nicaraguan Campaign and the China Expeditionary medals. During the recent hunting season Private Archie L. Knight was frequently in the first sergeant's office seeking hunting passes, "good for this date only." Knight gave the ducks around Walker Lake many surprises in a true nimrod's fashion. A tall, lean fellow named Frank J. Mulholland who came up with the original detail is yet seen daily filling his duties as a Leatherneck should. Our present capable mess force includes Private Mulholland. Private Ralph T. Nicholson serves as a laundry queen, doing regular watches besides, and doesn't miss the liberty boats when off duty. Nick is slick when dressed up in those college-corduroys and equipped with latest wiles of the lover as presented in some of the present-day literature. Another Romeo is Private Edgar D. Orr, engineer at the throttle of the Lover's Express. Hot ziggy! Private Ray W. Patten, who has left here with Red Harper for Eastern territory, has a service record with the dames that bespeaks a life of much activity in this respect. Good luck, Patten, and may you find life on the Outside easy. Private Claude Sauvain, who recently extended his enlistment for two years to stay here, is enjoying 30 days furlough in Oklahoma. Private First Class Jack F. Deegan is in Ironwood, Michigan, on furlough, also. Private William B. Smith is the only Smith here now. On April 23rd there'll be no more Smiths here for William B. receives his honorable discharge. That is, providing, another Smith doesn't take his place between now and then. Corporal William E. King is now on furlough in Oregon, joining this command in person before 1 Feb. Shortly afterward Sergeant A. P. Rohmiller will arrive from furlough for duty. Corporal Wilfrid J. Demeule arrived here several days ago from the East coast, coming around by navy transport. With best regards to all posts, all Marines, from MB, NAD, Hawthorne, Nevada.

Forced Down In the Jungles of Nicaragua

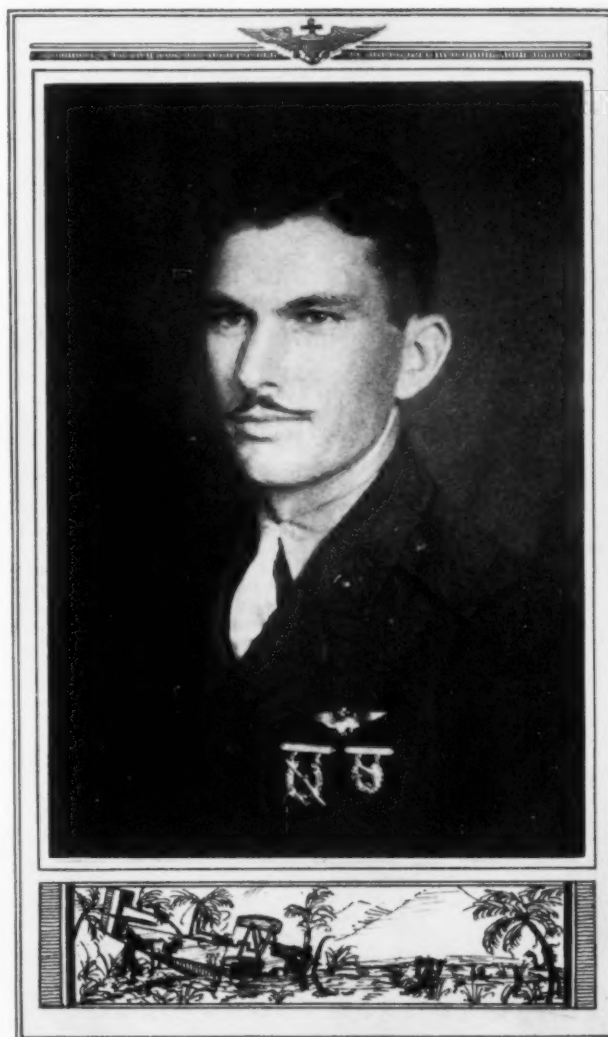
By Gordon W. Heritage

Staff Sergeant, U. S. M. C.

THIS is an actual account of the adventures of two enlisted pilots whose plane was crippled by hostile gun fire. A forced landing was made in the jungles. The two men burned the disabled ship and began cutting their way on foot through the trackless underbrush. The story is related without embellishment; it needs none. The facts are told tersely and simply. To the two pilots it was all in the day's work.

Sergeant Simmons was awarded the Navy Cross, and Staff Sergeant Heritage received the Distinguished Flying Cross. His citation follows:

For extraordinary achievement while participating in an aerial fight as an airplane pilot attached to Aircraft Squadrons, Second Marine Brigade, operating in the Republic of Nicaragua. On July 22, 1931, while a member of an aerial patrol on the Coco River, in the vicinity of Sacklin, Nicaragua, he displayed such coolness, aggressiveness and accuracy in bombing against a large group of bandits that several bandits were killed and their fire silenced; this in the face of such heavy fire that his plane was hit sixteen times which undoubtedly caused a forced landing that was made only a few miles from the bandit group. In safely landing his plane, in leading his observer back to Puerto Cabezas over almost impassable terrain with overflowing rivers and miles of swamps, he displayed remarkable coolness, skill and judgment. During the period July 16 to 22, 1931, Staff Sergeant Heritage cheerfully accomplished every mission asked of him in the face of extremely bad flying conditions in such a manner that the operations in which he was cooperating with the Guardia Nacional de Nicaragua against bandits were entirely successful. Staff Sergeant Heritage is on duty at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.



Staff Sergeant Gordon W. Heritage



N July 17, 1931, Lieutenant Herbert P. Becker and I were ordered to patrol the eastern coast of Nicaragua by air, making our base at Puerto Cabezas. We arrived from Managua about sundown and prepared for the morning patrol.

With the dawn we started our patrol towards Cabo Gracias a Dios, about one hundred and fifty miles north and at the mouth of the Coco River, the natural boundary between Honduras and Nicaragua. The rain was unusually intense, even for the tropical rainy season. It beat down upon us, making visibility poor and our mission difficult.

From Cabo Gracias a Dios we flew westward, up the Coco River to the junction of the Was Pook, where we headed south along the Was Pook. While patrolling over La Luz mines, which are located in the densest jungles of Nicaragua, I noticed that the oil pressure on my engine was beginning to drop. It will take little imagination to realize the dreadful feeling my mechanic, Corporal (now sergeant) Simmons, and I experienced when gazing down over the vast and dense jungle. Not the slightest sign of a clearing for an emergency landing was visible. By the time we were heading toward Prinza Polka, at the mouth of the river by that name and about one hundred miles south of Puerto Cabezas, our plight was more acute. I requested Corporal Simmons to fire a distress signal, hoping to attract the attention of Lieutenant Becker, who had gained quite a lead upon us by this time; but due to the mist and the distance separating us, our signal went unnoticed.

To conserve oil I throttled the engine down and trusted to luck

to find a spot to land. The engine was now turning 1600 RPM. Within forty minutes the oil pressure dropped to forty pounds.

We were now flying over the savanahs, which are partly cleared areas. The rainy season turns the savanahs into a sea of muck and mire, often without apparent bottom. The topography of the area added to our discouragement. We were well aware of the fact that the swamps below us were filled with such friendly creatures as alligators, boa constrictors, deadly moccasins and other reptiles that were not particular what they ate. For a while it appeared that we were to be the main bill of fare. To my great relief I saw a small lake upon which I could land my faltering amphibian. I signalled my mechanic that I would try to make a landing providing my oil held out long enough. The oil pressure had by this time dropped to fifteen pounds, forcing me to throttle my engine to about eight hundred revolutions.

I had sufficient altitude to assure me that I could glide the required distance should the engine cut out. My mind was so occupied that I did not see Lieutenant Becker following us to our landing place. I had just cleared the trees surrounding the pond, which I noticed was barely large enough to afford a landing, when the engine cut out and a dead-stick landing was made without mishap. Lieutenant Becker came alongside our plane to offer assistance. We needed oil and the supplies we had on hand were insufficient; so Lieutenant Becker had to go back to Puerto Cabezas, racing with time to get us out of our predicament before nightfall.

It seemed impossible that Lieutenant Becker would be able

to make the distance there and back in time, as it was already getting dark. Corporal Simmons and I ate part of our emergency rations of hard tack and prepared to stay for the night. Just as it was getting dark, which was early because of the overcast sky, Lieutenant Becker came down out of the mist above us. He had lost our position in the rain and had spent some time in locating us, which was no small task, as one accustomed to such conditions from the air knows.

We replenished our oil immediately, and after ascertaining that the engine functioned properly, we took off for our patrol base at Puerto Cabezas.

When we reached the coast it was quite dark, so we flew above the breakers, the whitecaps enabling us to keep our bearings. It was now raining so hard that when we arrived at Puerto Cabezas we could hardly see the lights of the town. The only thing we had to guide us to a landing was the ruts in the runways caused by the tail skags in taxiing. These ruts were filled with water and formed white streaks across the improvised field.

On the approach side of the field there was a tall pine, and here I experienced another close call. Had it not been for the folding landing gear, which I had not yet let down, the ship would have crashed. As it was the plane slid across the top of the pine on its hull.

The following day we flew to Bluefields, which is about two hundred miles south of Puerto Cabezas and also on the east coast. On the way back we flew over a large bay, about thirty miles long and five miles wide. Here we encountered strong head winds and we flew low to make better progress. To my surprise Lieutenant Becker landed his plane without warning. I immediately landed as close as possible to find out what was wrong. The cause was very apparent. The carburetor had fallen off the engine and was lying atop of the bow projection of the hull. A close examination revealed that a faulty heater had been the cause of this mishap. However, with the tools at hand, we made hasty repairs and were soon underway. By this time it was raining in torrents and the wind had almost turned into a gale. Even though we were flying very close it was at times difficult to see each other.

On many subsequent patrols, while returning to our base at Puerto Cabezas, it would get so dark that we would have to

come down to within fifteen feet of the coast and watch the breakers and whitecaps, which the heavy winds and storm were upheaving, in order to keep our bearings.

The flying patrol called for a trip to a town named Sacklin, about one hundred and fifty miles up the Coco River from Cabo Gracias a Dios. We flew from Sacklin down the river to Cabo Gracias a Dios and then south along the coast to Puerto Cabezas. We made this trip four times, noticing each time that the atmosphere around Sacklin did not appear just right. I believe we all have the same feeling when something is wrong or about to go wrong; a sort of airman's premonition. On the fifth and very eventful trip over Sacklin I noticed a saddled horse tied to a corner of a house. Down I came to investigate, and looking over the leading edge of the lower wing I could see nothing unusual, the only exception being the saddled horse. This was the first sign of habitation we had noticed in the town. On all our previous trips we had seen no signs of people or domestic animals; yet we were informed that the town was inhabited by quite a few people at the time.

Sacklin, which is just across the Coco River from Honduras, served the banditry as a refuge port. Being so close to the Honduranian border, and knowing we were not allowed to follow them into this territory, the bandits kept a number of boats in readiness to flee to neutral soil if necessary.

While I was flying over the town of Sacklin in search of other living things besides the saddled horse, a bullet hole suddenly appeared in the lower wing of my plane. This was the first intimation I had that there were bandits below me. Further search revealed that the bullet which had torn through the lower wing passed my head by a narrow margin and went into the upper wing. Lieutenant Becker, who was flying over another part of the town, was also fired upon.

By being fired upon we were justified in bombing the town, which we proceeded to do. The two of us dropped nineteen bombs, one remaining stuck in my lower right rack. When our supply of bombs became exhausted, we resorted to the sub-Thompson, and the accuracy of Corporal Simmons proved very effective. I noticed that during our bombing we hit several boats and thatched huts. What other damage we inflicted, I do not know, as I never read the report of the Guardia patrol that later went into Sacklin, although I heard that we had suc-



A Bad Place For a Crack-Up

ceeded in eliminating practically all banditry from that territory. During all the bombing and maneuvering about, I failed to notice what damage had been done to the plane. A close inspection showed holes in the wings on both sides of the fuselage, and some in the fuselage itself. One hole about the size of a man's fist was in the lower left wing near the outer bay strut. Part of the spar had been split and torn off. The size of the bullet hole led me to believe that the bandits had used dum dum ammunition.

After the bombing was over we headed back toward our base, and coming closer together we examined the damage sustained by the two planes. Lieutenant Becker's plane had been hit in the stabilizer, but the damage was not serious enough to make the ship falter. After checking his stabilizer as closely as I could, I signalled for him to go on, that all was well. We were now flying at an altitude of about four hundred feet.

Skimming along at this altitude, all seemed shipshape, but suddenly my engine died down to the extent of barely turning over. We had just crossed the Mogo River, which flows into the Coco River from the south about three miles east of Sacklin. Although we were not in safe territory to make a landing, there was nothing else for us to do, so we had to land in a sea of mud and mire just ahead. The landing was made without injury to either of us, but when the plane hit the boggy surface it nosed up and cracked the lower left wing and then settled slowly to its natural position.

This was no time to tarry, so we signalled Lieutenant Becker that it would be impossible to get the damaged plane under way. He replied by ordering me to burn the plane and get to Puerto Cabezas in the best manner we could. After counting the bullet holes, which totalled sixteen (the number of holes in the bottom of the hull could not be determined, as the entire ship was settling and slowly submerging in the mire) and salvaging the compass, maps, emergency rations, sub-Thompson, machete, first-aid kit, Very pistol and shells, we set fire to the plane and started toward Sandy Bay. I was not certain as to the cause of the engine failure, but the number of bullet holes in the engine cowling and the action of the engine indicated that some part of the fuel pump or fuel system had been penetrated.

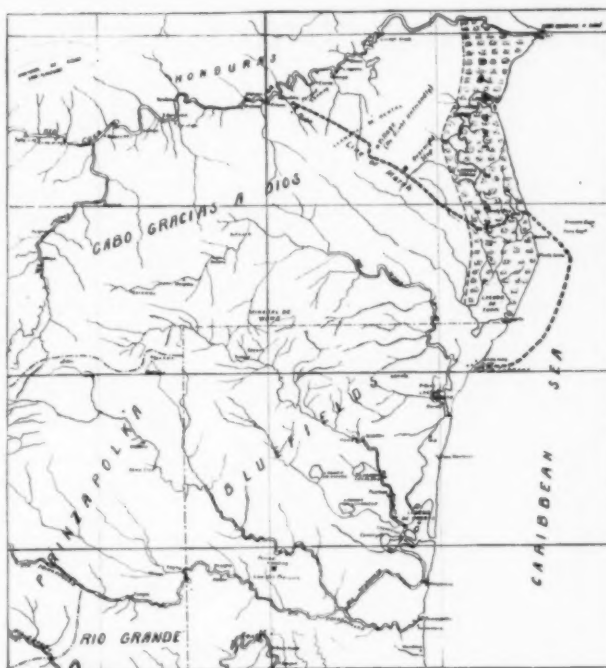
Unfavorable circumstances compelled us to take the most difficult route of three. By going back to the Coco River and getting ourselves a boat under cover of darkness, we could proceed to Cabo Gracias a Dios, but this would necessitate our passing several bandit towns along the river. Another course was toward the Wa Wa junction, the only wet weather trail which is passable during the rainy season. But this would put us back in Sacklin, and we were not foolish enough to hope for mercy there. Thus, the Sandy Bay course was the only one left for us to follow.

Lieutenant Becker had gone back to the emergency base in Puerto Cabezas to inform the Guardia patrol of our forced landing and of conditions in Sacklin. He had planned to return and aid us in finding our way back; but, as he informed me later, it rained so hard that it was utterly impossible to take off from the improvised field.

It had been about ten o'clock in the morning when we were forced down. After shouldering our load we kept up a steady march until very late that evening. We passed one small village during the day. In view of the fact that it was near Sacklin, and probably allied with the bandits, we made a sharp detour to the right. During this trek back we had to cross five rivers and several creeks. In crossing these rivers it was only with extreme difficulty that we were able to swim. The current was swift and the burden of our luggage (machete, sub-Thompson, Colt's automatic, ammunition, the plane instruments, etc.) added to our difficulties. The trek became more strenuous as the distance increased. Time after time we had to cut our way through with a machete. After crossing the fourth river, in which we nearly lost our lives, we spent three hours chopping our way out of about three hundred yards of underbrush. At intervals one of us would climb a tree to get our bearings.

We felt a little more at ease after getting clear of the underbrush, for we knew if the bandits were following us they could not very well do so on horseback, and on foot we had an even chance. Just as it was growing dark we came across a path which led us to a jungle hut, a crude affair made of four posts and covered with a grass roof. This was like finding a palace, although it afforded us little shelter against the dangers of banditry. We found a few boards which we laid between the cross beams under the roof, and prepared to spend the night on them. Sleeping did not enter our minds. Even if it had, it would have been impossible, for insects were attacking us by the millions.

Our clothes were little protection against the cold dampness of night. We had marched in the rain all day, swam rivers and



Map Showing Route of Escape Taken by Heritage and Simmons
The dotted line gives the readers an idea of the country through which the flight was made

waded through mire. However, before preparing for the night's defense, we took our clothes off and wrung what water we could out of them. Donning these wet garments, we crawled into our upper berths and tried to rest our tired bodies. We felt quite secure up there, because our perch was above the view of passersby, and for the first time during the day we were able to keep the rain from drenching us.

Then the effects of exposure began to show. We were stiff from the cold of the jungle night and, incredible as it seems, our bodies became numb and turned blue from the drenching downpour. Our hands and other parts of our bodies exposed by our tattered clothing, were bleeding from the slashes of slithering, razor-edged jungle grasses. Our clothes were nothing but a bundle of rags, and our shoes had fallen apart, the tops alone remained. We were just about ready to make our last stand.

As we were perched in our temporary haven, talking of more interesting things to get our minds off the cold and the situation in which we found ourselves, we heard what we assumed to be horses coming along the path. It was pitch dark outside and breathlessly we waited for them to come closer before we could determine if they were mounted. In a few moments they came near our shelter and stopped. Anxiety reigned supreme. In our minds we were praying for something to happen, anything to relieve the terrible suspense of not knowing what lay before us. We prepared for the fight which we were certain could not be avoided; but much to our astonishment, nothing happened. If there were mounted bandits outside, they apparently did not intend to dismount. Then what were they waiting for? We began to imagine all sorts of things, as anyone will do under similar circumstances. At last we could stand it no longer and we decided to find out who was paying us this unexpected visit. With the help of intermittent lightning we discovered that our guests were a group of wild horses. We attempted to catch one of them but our efforts were futile and only fatigued us all the more.

We began to feel hungry, and having brought with us the emergency rations of hard tack, we began eating greedily. Even the hard tack had failed to resist the moisture dealing elements. As a result of this spoiled food, caused by the deterioration of the containers, we later became deathly sick; and we were fortunate that we were not poisoned.

Morning found us in very low spirits, but we started out on our second day's journey as soon as it was light enough to find our way through the jungles. We examined what food we had and found that it had all been spoiled, so we left it behind. We

(Continued on page 48)

A Brief History of the Boston Navy Yard and the Marine Barracks

By Second Lieutenant Peter A. MacDonald

THE Boston Navy Yard, sometimes referred to as the Charlestown Navy Yard, is located in the section of Boston known as Charlestown. It is situated at the junction of the Charles and Mystic rivers. In former days this land was known as "Moulton's Point," but the term was dropped when jurisdiction of the area was ceded to the United States by the state of Massachusetts in the year 1800. The site covered an area of approximately thirty-five acres, but by subsequent purchases in 1817, 1863, and 1920, and, with the filling in of flats and marshland, there is today an area of one hundred and thirty-one acres. This includes forty-nine acres at South Boston where No. 3 drydock is located. This drydock was purchased from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in 1920. It is 1176 feet long, 133 feet wide, and is the largest drydock in the United States and one of the drydocks in the entire world capable of docking the great ocean liners: Leviathan, Majestic, Bremen, and Britannic.

In the early days the yard was enclosed on the land side with a strong granite wall some twelve feet in height, the top of which was covered with broken bottles to prevent people from climbing over it. A section of this wall has recently collapsed and has been replaced with a steel picket fence of equal height.

There are three main entrances to the yard. One, called the "MAIN GATE," is located at the southwest end of the yard, meeting the junction of Water and Wapping streets. No. 4 Gate is situated at the north end of the marine barracks, opening on Chelsea Street. This entrance is used by the marines entering and leaving the yard. No. 5 Gate is at the northwest end of the yard and is used for general foot and motor traffic. All gates are manned by Marines.

Within the navy yard there are some two hundred buildings, similar to those found in most navy yards. A number of these buildings erected in the early part

of the nineteenth century are still in existence and capable of withstanding many more years of use. One of the most famous is the "Rope Walk," built in 1834. This building, more than one thousand feet in length, is a stone structure made of Quincy granite with heavy steel doors, and which is, in itself, a fortress. Here all the rope, hemp, and cordage used in the United States Navy is manufactured. The Commandant's house might also be mentioned. This building, erected in 1809, is a brick structure three stories in height, located in the west section of the yard and bordering on Chelsea Street. It has housed practically every commandant this yard has had and, no doubt, will continue to be used for many more years to come.

Forty-six ships have been constructed in the Boston Navy Yard, the first vessel launched being the sloop of war FROLIC in 1813, and the latest the WHITNEY, a destroyer tender, launched in 1923. Additional vessels have been constructed for other governmental departments. No. 1 drydock, built of granite, completed in 1833 was the first drydock built in this country, and the first vessel to enter it was the famous frigate CONSTITUTION.

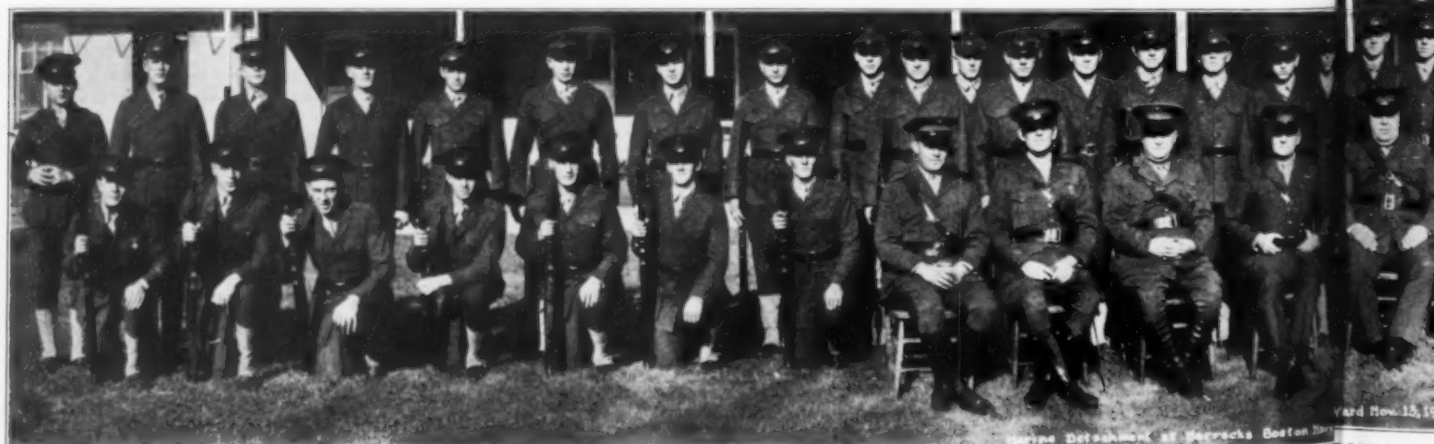
The U. S. S. "Constitution," or "Old Ironsides" as it is commonly referred to, was built by the act of Congress which authorized the building of six frigates in the year 1793. Work has commenced on the frigate at "Moulton's Point," former name of the navy yard, in 1794 and she was launched in 1797. This famous old ship participated in forty battles and never suffered defeat. In 1927 work of rebuilding her was undertaken at this yard. The necessary funds for the rebuilding were raised by popular subscription, in addition to an appropriation of three hundred thousand dollars authorized by Congress in 1930 to complete the work.

Another historical spot within the walls of this navy yard is the site upon

which the marine barracks stands. Prior to the acquisition of this property by the federal government it bore the footprints of many a British soldier enroute from their ships, at anchor in the Charles River, to their position on Breed's Hill, where the famous battle of Bunker Hill was fought. Heavy shot and shell rained over this section during that memorable battle and during the excavation for the foundation of the barracks many lead and steel pellets were extracted from the ground.

The first barracks were made of wood and housed about fifty men. In the year 1829 this building was replaced by the present one, a four-story brick structure one hundred and twenty feet in length, twenty-five feet wide, and forty-five feet in height. It faces the waterfront, with its rear resting on Chelsea Street, and gives a commanding view of Boston harbor. In the south end of the barracks are quarters for the commanding officer while in the opposite end are to be found four apartments for duty officers. In the basement of the barracks proper are storerooms for quartermaster supplies, a boiler and fireroom, and an old brig. This brig, used until 1909, makes one shudder to think that human beings were actually incarcerated in it. The narrow cells, dimly lighted, with their low ceilings and small iron doors certainly do not compare with the spacious, clean, and brightly lighted cells that are found in the new brig. Discipline was severe in those days and one term of confinement was usually sufficient to correct those who bore the idea that orders and regulations need not be obeyed. On the first floor is located the pay office, orderly room, post exchange, barber shop, baker shop, tailor shop, galley, and mess hall. On the second floor there are a poolroom, recreation room, squadroom, lavatory and showers, and a police locker. The third and fourth floors are used primarily for sleeping quarters.

A new cement driveway cuts an arc in front of the barracks, the inner portion



MARINE DETACHMENT

BOSTON N

of which has been transformed from a bed of cinders into a beautiful lawn, one of which any marine barracks would be highly proud. Shrubbery and hedge have recently been planted, adding greatly to the beauty of the grounds. Much credit for this, and many other improvements, belongs to the present commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel Hoadley, whose untiring efforts to make the barracks a pleasant place in which to live have not been in vain.

At right angles to the north end of the barracks is the Administration Building, a two-story red brick structure erected in 1909 at a cost of nineteen thousand dollars. On either side of the main entrance we find a memorial tablet. The one on the left is dedicated to the three marines who died in the charge of Coyotepe Hill, near Masaye, Nicaragua, on October 12, 1912. The other, on the right, was erected to the memory of the ten marines of the Samar Expedition who died in the island of Samar, Philippine Islands on January 13, 1902. Within the building are to be found the offices of the Commanding Officer, Post Quartermaster, Officer of the Day, Sergeant-Major, and two quartermaster store-rooms. In the basement of the building are the carpenter shop and the post brig.

On the walls in the Commanding Officer's office are pictures of former commanding officers with their dates of command. In arrangement about the room they are as follows: Major T. S. English, 1848-1853; Colonel Charles G. McCawley, March 23, 1865-August 1, 1871; Colonel James H. Jones, August 2, 1871-April 17, 1880; Captain William Wallace, April 18, 1880-May 13, 1880; Colonel C. D. Hebb, May 14, 1880-January 31, 1885; March 1, 1890-September 22, 1890; February 12, 1891-July 10, 1892; Lieut. Colonel G. P. Houston, March 2, 1888-February 28, 1890; Captain Louis E. Fagan, September 23, 1890-February 11, 1891; Colonel F. H. Harrington, December 16, 1893-January 14, 1894; Brigadier General Robert L. Meade, January 15, 1894-December 20, 1897; Colonel Henry C. Cochran, April 24, 1899-August 3, 1900; Colonel T. N. Wood, March 12, 1906-May 22, 1911; Lieut. Colonel John W. Wadleigh, May 22, 1911-June 2, 1911; Colonel L. H. Moses, April 4, 1899-April 23, 1899; June 3, 1911-March 19, 1912; Colonel T. P. Kane, March 20, 1912-December 31, 1913;

Colonel Randolph Dickens, February 28, 1914-November 9, 1914; Captain H. C. Daniels, November 11, 1914-January 4, 1915; Colonel H. N. Hall, January 5, 1915-September 15, 1918; Captain Angus Wilson, September 16, 1918-September 30, 1918; Colonel Melville J. Shaw, October 1, 1918-June 30, 1920; Colonel George C. VanOrden, July 1, 1920-September 20, 1921; Colonel A. T. Marix, September 20, 1921-June 15, 1923; Colonel Louis M. Gulick, June 15, 1923-July 1, 1924; and Brigadier General Percival C. Pope, July 10, 1892-December 15, 1893; March 26, 1898-April 3, 1899; August 4, 1900-November 6, 1903.

The officer personnel serving at this post at the present time is composed of Lieut. Colonel W. T. Hoadley, Commanding Officer; Captain Jesse J. Burks, Post Quartermaster and Judge Advocate of the General Court-Martial; Captain W. P. Leutze, Mess and Duty Officer; First

were to be punished with him. The three, after deliberation, decided to release the officer and threatened him with death if he dared to disobey their command. He was ordered to approach the door leading to the guard room and give the necessary signal when everything was alright, while they stood prepared to rush into the room and seize the arms. The officer refused to carry out their command and said that he would die rather than obey their wishes. One of the three was in favor of killing him but the other two, thinking this unwise, decided it a better course to relocate the officer in the cell. They then passed into the dining hall and by this time the signal had spread to all parts of prison. The prisoners deserted their workshops, armed themselves with any type of weapon they could find, then congregated in one end of the dining hall. Men of all ages, guilty of some of the most infamous crimes stood there defying the prison officials as they were ordered to return to their cells. Greater and greater grew the danger of a general riot and it was thought that the inmates would bear down on the guards and slaughter them. One cool and level headed officer in the lot had the foresight to know that something drastic had to be done immediately if the prisoners were to be subdued. Without consulting his superiors he despatched a request to Major Wainwright of the Marine Barracks to rush Marines to the prison to quell the disorder. While waiting for the Marines to arrive, he entered the prison dining hall, unarmed, and pleaded with the prisoners to return to their cells. They stated that they expected that some of their lot would be killed but death would be better than such imprisonment; and with looks that indicated defiance they declared that they would refuse to leave the hall until the punishment had been lifted. Evil passion seemed to be inflamed in some of them, for they proposed to kill the officer who stood helpless to defend himself against such an angry mob. Sooner than expected Major Wainwright arrived with a detail of thirty Marines. He was requested to fire down the prisoners through the small windows opening into the dining hall, but he chose a bolder and sounder course. He marched his men into the opposite end of the hall and had them face the prisoners. He made it known that he was there to restore order and that was just what he

SEND IN THE NEWS OF YOUR DETACHMENT TO THE LEATHERNECK

Lieutenant Robert J. Straub, Duty Officer; Second Lieutenant W. W. Benson, Post Exchange Officer and Duty Officer; and Second Lieutenants P. A. McDonald, T. B. Hughes, S. S. Yeaton, R. D. Salmon, Duty Officers, Chief Pay Clerk J. J. Reidy, Paymaster's Deputy and Marine Gunner V. H. Czegka, Police and Duty Officer.

Space will not permit a lengthy discussion of the history made by the Marines who have served here but before concluding there is one very important piece of work which is of interest to the whole Corps.

In 1824 the Marines distinguished themselves during the famous mutiny at the Massachusetts State Prison in Charlestown. It appears that three of the inmates were sentenced to be publicly whipped for the committance of an act contrary to prison rule. An officer detailed to administer the punishment entered one of the cells to ascertain if everything was in order when suddenly the occupant sprang passed him and locked him in the cell. This inmate then unlocked the cells of the other two who



BOSTON NAVY YARD

2

intended to do, that he would carry out this duty if it cost him his life. The prisoners seemed to be weighing their strength against that of the Marines and told the Major that they were ready to prove their strength against the handful of men he had. They repeated that they would fight to a finish.

The Major now ordered the Marines to load their rifles. To show that he meant business he required each marine to hold up to view the bullet which he was to place in his rifle. This only caused more growling for the prisoners expected their

number to drive forward on the marines and disarm them before they could inflict much damage.

Major Wainwright ordered the Marines to take aim and upon command from him they were to shoot to kill. He then took out his watch and turning to the convicts he said, "You must leave this hall. I will give you three minutes to decide. It at the end of that time a man remains, he shall be shot dead. I speak no more." The multitude held their ground, not a man flinched. One minute passed, then another. Not a man

stirred. It was a tragic situation. But as the first few seconds of the final minute ticked away fear seemed to clinch some of them, and as if struck with panic they rushed the exits for safety. At the expiration of the three minutes not a man remained in the hall, it had been cleared as if by magic. Once again the strong moral force, steadiness, and grim determination of the Marines came to the fore and quelled what might have been a very serious riot coupled with bloodshed and murder.

A Day at the Washington Navy Yard

By William B. Edmondson

THE entrance to the Washington Navy Yard is unpretentious and gives one the impression there isn't much of interest within, but almost as soon as the formidable figure of the Marine guard is passed the prospect changes and one is soon amazed by the variety and antiquity of the guns, the huge shops, the lumbering cranes, the puffing locomotives, and the buzzing activity all around him.

I arrived in the Yard about 10 o'clock one morning recently. The tall Marine on duty at the gate listened politely, but with just a tinge of unbelief, when I told him I was from "The Leatherneck" and was seeking information for a story about the Yard. After some delay, during which I had to repeat my story to the officer of the day, whose office is located just above the gate on the second floor of the Marine Barracks, I was given a guide, a young private by the name of Perry Stouton, a loquacious and friendly fellow, with instructions to show me everything of interest and to cooperate with me in every way.

I noticed as we started out on our inspection that there were eight or ten privates lounging on a bench back of the guard house and asked him what they were doing there. He informed me that the Marines in the Yard are used as guides for the many visitors, a certain number of them being detailed for this duty daily.

The streets radiating away from the main gate to all parts of the Yard are lined with old guns; in fact, every available foot of ground in the Yard seems to be occupied by an antique gun. There are guns from the "Maine," sunk in Havana harbor, guns from privateers which preyed on shipping during the Revolution and the War of 1812, guns of Civil War days, including one of the tremendous old cannon used on the "Merrimac" when that historic ship fought the "Monitor" in 1862, ushering in the age of iron-clad battleships, huge sixteen-inch guns used during the World War on railway mounts, little one, two, three and four pounders from everywhere, including a famous group called the "Jackass Battery," captured during the Mexican War, piles of new fourteen-inchers that will now probably never be mounted on a battleship unless the present provisions of the London Treaty are revised, and innumerable others. Guns, guns, guns—one is overwhelmed by their number and variety. It would take weeks to properly acquaint oneself with the history of all the many guns in the Yard. Each of them has a tale of his-

toric interest, almost every one of them has been used in actual battle, and I idly wondered as we gazed at them in awe how many lives they had accounted for in their time, how many proud ships they had sent to Davy Jones' locker.

I spent many minutes poring over the inscriptions on the guns lining the road and filling the little parks on the way to the dock to the evident reluctance of my guide who was in a hurry to show me something "really interesting," as he termed it. He finally dragged me away to the waterfront where the Diving School and Model Basin are located.

I had no idea what a model basin was but let on as if they were the most commonplace things in my life. It is located

in a long building facing the Potomac and at first I could not grasp what it was used for. There is a long, shallow pool of water running the length of the building with a huge, moving platform straddling it which plies up and down on tracks located on each side of the pool. As we entered, the platform was moving slowly toward us at a uniform rate of speed and I noticed that the hull of a miniature boat was being pushed through the water underneath it while a number of engineers on the platform above peered intently at a battery of shiny instruments and made hasty notations. The boat they were pushing at the time looked like the model of a transport and such it proved to be. Several other models, ranging in length from eight to a dozen feet or so, were scattered about the end of the building where we stood. Bright boy that I am, I immediately surmised that the engineers were determining how much power it would take to drive the finished boats through the water at a given rate of speed, their buoyancy, and so on.

Next door to the Model Basin is located the Diving School. This is the most spick and span place I saw in the Yard. The floor is painted a pea green and everything fairly glistens. At first, I could see nothing of great interest, but one of the men motioned me to look inside a tank through a glass window in the side. I did so and saw two divers (inside resembling the weird figures one sees in the scientific magazines of the inhabitants of Mars), doing a bit of welding with a special under-water torch. The murky gloom of the interior was dimly lighted by the fire from the torch and it was a most ghostly sight. By forgetting the surroundings, the hissing of escaping air, and the sounds of the Yard without, one easily imagined he was watching these men under some three hundred feet of sea water cutting away the hull of a sunken submarine to reach the imprisoned crew within. I let my mind riot with such possible scenes for a few minutes and was then invited up to the top to watch the divers emerge. The crew lowered a ladder into the interior through a trap door and presently the grotesque helmet of one of the divers, nodding curiously from side to side like the head of an elephant, poked above the surface of the water and ascended the ladder slowly, his huge, lead-weighted shoes clanking on the rungs of the steel ladder. As soon as the unearthly monster reached the top it paused and the crew fell to upon it, loosening the screws and carefully removing the helmet. I



COL. JOHN COLT BEAUMONT
Commanding Marine Barracks
Washington, D. C., Navy Yard

was surprised to see the head of a serious young fellow emerge, for I had fully expected to see some kind of aquatic creature inside the diving suit.

The second diver soon followed and the same procedure was gone through. Soon they were both sitting on a bench smoking and chatting as if diving was the most commonplace thing in the world while the men removed their rubber suits, for they are so heavy and clumsy that a man is virtually helpless once out of the water.

The tank in which the divers are taught is about twenty feet high and some ten feet wide. This particular morning the men were not working under pressure, but there is a trap door in the top which can be closed and pressure applied to the tank equivalent to three hundred feet of sea water.

I was informed that the divers being trained were picked men of from twelve to sixteen years service and that they were being taught emergency submarine rescue work. When the divers are put under full pressure, it takes something like 172 minutes to bring them to the surface again for the reason that the pressure must be gradually reduced or the men will get the "bends," a disease peculiar to divers. When diving at sea, the divers are lifted in easy stages until they reach the surface, giving their bodies time to adjust themselves to the decreasing pressure. The reverse procedure must be followed in lowering the diver. The actual conditions met with at sea are closely duplicated here at the Diving School. Deep sea diving is a very dangerous occupation, to put it mildly, and men must not only be blessed with nerves of steel and unfaltering judgment to live at it, but they must also be very carefully and painstakingly trained.

I was also shown the back room of the Diving School, which contains, among other things, a mounted diving suit complete with helmet and all appliances. The suit is filled with air and is used to instruct the young diving students as well as the many visitors. There is also an artificial lung designed for use with the new safety chamber now being built on our submarines for the escape of the crew in the event the submarine becomes disabled, and many other "gadgets" at whose probable use I could only guess.

The personnel of the Diving School were very cordial to me and I enjoyed the short visit immensely.

We next went aboard the destroyer used for the training of Naval Reservists. I had never been aboard a destroyer before and was very interested in everything, but as most of my readers are probably more familiar with a destroyer than I am, I won't go into details. I was amazed, however, to find them such flimsy affairs and without the slightest pretense of armor. I had always imag-

ined destroyers must have some protection against shells, but their armor is only about an inch thick. A Springfield rifle bullet would almost pierce it!

After leaving the destroyer, we inspected some more of the guns and a spare propeller from the Battleship "Maine."

While walking along the dock I was attracted by a speedboat of a mahogany color and asked Stouton whose it was. He informed me that it belonged to the Secretary of the Navy. There is a speedboat for you, Marines! It simply glitters with nickel and brass work and is as neat as a pin. However, I was told that the Secretary rarely uses it. Now, if I were Secretary of the Navy, I'm afraid that I'd be hard to find most of the time and that most of the strenuous work I carried out would be aboard this trim little craft.

This dock is where the President's yacht, the "Mayflower," was kept for so many years and it is also famous as the landing place of Colonel Lindbergh when he returned from Paris after his historic flight across the Atlantic.

Next we visited the various shops. I was so impressed with the many things I saw that I'm afraid if I attempted to describe all of them I would take up all the space in this issue. Even so, I doubt if I saw or remember one tenth of the interesting things, but I'll mention those that interested me most.

First, there is the drafting room where the designs for the big guns and their mounts are drawn. Next comes the model shop where wooden models of the drawings are made, but the most impressive place in the Yard, perhaps, is the machine shop where the guns are bored. The guns come directly from the foundry to this shop and gigantic lathes and drills put them in finished shape for firing, although much work still remains to be done in mounting them before they are shipped to their new home aboard a battleship.

The whole place is merely an overgrown machine shop. Lathes and drills that stagger one's imagination are mounted here, and they are so huge and unwieldy that special machinery is needed to handle the machines themselves as the strength of human hands is not enough. There was no gun actually being worked on while I was there, although several were on the lathes, and I was somewhat disappointed as all the men seemed to be doing nothing more exciting than measuring this or that "gadget" or otherwise disporting themselves. They looked at me curiously and I suppose they thought it rather unusual that a Marine should be gaping about through the Yard like any other rubberneck.

I was told that all kinds of guns, from eight to sixteen-inch, were made in this shop. The mighty Naval railway guns used during the World War were made here. The barrel of one of them is

mounted in the Yard for the eyes of the curious and after one look at it I was certainly impressed. At the present time, eight-inch guns for the new cruisers are being manufactured in this shop and there were several of them on the lathes when I was there.

The shop where the barrel linings are inserted in the guns is also a mammoth affair with cranes capable of lifting several hundred tons and huge electric furnaces reaching far into the bowels of the earth.

Heretofore I had always imagined the big guns were simply bolted to the deck of the battleship. I found out how wrong I had been when we visited the assembly shop. There was a battery of eight-inchers being assembled there for one of the new cruisers and the size of the mount just about floored me. Instead of being merely bolted to the deck, a mammoth well runs far down into the interior of the battleship and is bolted to the very structure of the ship itself.

A gun barrel does not seem nearly as large or impressive when it is mounted as it does just after leaving the machine shop. A true idea of their giant size can be readily seen by visiting the pile of new fourteen-inchers on the side of the shop where the linings are inserted.

It is truly a mighty and tedious undertaking to make a big gun and months are spent from the time it is cast until it is finally shipped from the Yard, for, vast as they are, they must also be unbelievably accurate.

Gigantic cranes, tremendous lathes and drills—everything in the Yard is on a herculean scale. One could spend a week or more profitably studying the many things of interest there.

Of course, all this is old stuff to the Marines stationed in the Yard and they professed little interest in them. But one always despises the things close at hand, no matter how interesting they may be, and longs for other places and other climes. The Yard would probably have seemed a dull place to me had I been stationed there.

The general impression I gathered from the Marines is that duty in the Yard is "not so hot," but where, I ask you, is duty "so hot?" We always think another post offers more advantages than our own until we arrive there. Then the old post seems like "paradise" and some other post just a little ahead seems more attractive. The wanderlust, mates, the wanderlust.

The Marine Barracks at the Yard are very historic, dating from before the War of 1812. Historians tell us they were begun at about the same time as the barracks on Eighth and Eye Streets, but, unlike the barracks on Eighth and Eye, which have been remodeled many times, I was informed that the barracks in the Yard are almost the same as they were when finished, except for modern plumbing, floors, and the like.





Marine Barracks No. 1, Philadelphia Navy Yard

The Philadelphia Navy Yard

THE Philadelphia Navy Yard was the first Navy Yard in this country, and in glancing over its history one must go back to the days of the Continental Congress. When that body decided on Philadelphia as the seat of American Government, its Marine Committee endeavored to provide a fitting-out place for the vessels of the newly-formed Continental Navy. During the years of the Revolutionary War, local shipyards here built ships, which were fitted out as men-of-war at the docks near the foot of Walnut Street. In February, 1776, Commodore Hopkins, the first Commander-in-Chief of the United States Navy, ordered John Barry to hoist the American flag on the "Lexington," and to sail from this port as the very first warship that ever flew our colors.

Congress must have had its troubles with the budget in those days, too, for it took over twenty years to get enough money appropriated to build two docks at Philadelphia, and for six ships of war to be laid down. This activity was mainly due to our determination to have done with the Algerian and Tripolitan pirates, who, thinking us to be weak and unable to protect our merchant ships, were levying tribute on our merchantmen. In 1801, the Secretary of the Navy bought some land, at what is now Second and Pine Streets, and extending eastward to the Delaware River, for the first site of the Philadelphia Navy Yard. Various buildings were erected from time to time, to take care of our increasing Navy, and these buildings included two "frigate-houses," in which the ships were protected from the weather while being built. These houses were a hundred feet high, and for a century or more were the sky-scrapers and landmarks of the city.

A list of the various officers who served as Commandant of the Yard in those days includes many names famous in the early history of our country. The first Commandant was Commodore Murray, who hoisted his flag in 1819 at the dockyard near the foot of Pine Street. Others were Bainbridge, who commanded the "Constitution," the famous "Old Ironsides," during many of her battles, Biddle, Stewart, DuPont, Preble, Read, and Hull. Another, who was perhaps more notorious than famous was Commodore J. D. Elliott. To return to "Old Ironsides" again, in Boston for repairs, a new figurehead was needed to replace Hercules who had been shot away before the harbor of Tripoli. Elliott de-

cided upon a figurehead of Andrew Jackson to adorn this ship, built in New England, and manned almost entirely by New Englanders. A storm of protest went up, but the figurehead was finally placed, and a constant watch kept over it. However, some staunch New Englander stole up during a rain squall, sawed the head off the body, and, after thorough celebration with other Federalists, sent the head to the Secretary of the Navy. Another head was finally put on, but not until after the ship sailed from Boston, and the figurehead is now at the Naval Academy.

During the Civil War, the Navy Yard needing more room for expansion, the City of Philadelphia transferred its title of League Island, together with its northerly shores including about 1300 acres in all, to the Federal Government for the sum of one dollar, a sale somewhat on the same order as that of Manhattan to the Dutch for a barrel of whisky.

League Island was then low and marshy, and submerged at high tide, but as work progressed its advantages as a site for a great Navy Yard became more and more apparent. Its location on the Delaware River makes it accessible even to the largest ships, while at the same time it is less vulnerable to attack than if it were on the coast. The fresh water here checks the underwater growth on vessels, and in the present day of steel-hulled ships it also helps to check their corrosion and deterioration. The proximity of the Yard to a large labor market and to a great industrial district



are further advantages of League Island as a Navy Yard site.

The oldest set of officers' quarters in the Yard are the ones just to the right of the gate as one enters. These were originally used by the Commandant, but due to an unexpected development had to be abandoned. In dredging the channels around the Yard, the mud was pumped in to raise the level of the Island above tidewater. From the dredged material coming into the basement of the Commandant's house, came unpleasant odors, and the Commandant moved down to another house facing Delaware River. This occurred in 1902, but as yet no one has been brave enough to move back into the original house.

Additions have been constantly made, until the Yard today employs about five thousand men, and has a monthly payroll of three quarters of a million dollars.

During the last war, expansion was rapid, and among other things, a Naval aircraft factory was established. The first flying boat was in the air four months after the ground was broken for this factory. The factory is now used mainly for developing and testing new engines and equipment for airplanes before they are put into general use aboard ship.

At the same time an emergency hospital with 200 beds was constructed, and this was later increased to 2,000 by the addition of several temporary buildings. These buildings are still in service, being occupied mainly by disabled veterans, but they are only makeshifts, and it is hoped that they will be replaced in the near future by a complete hospital of permanent character.

Q-M. SCHOOL QUIZZES

By C. C. Ward

Perhaps you are wondering what has become of us Marines who left happy homes in posts scattered halfway 'round the world and departed for the Quartermaster School to seek higher knowledge. This is to let you know that we are all here and doing fine, thank you.

We are stationed at the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, and the school is located on the sixth floor of the Quartermaster Depot at 1100 South Broad Street. Three modernized U. S. A. trucks are our means of transportation to and from the school. Due to the fact that all have canvas tops over the entire body, we call them "The Covered Wagons." The tops are supposed to protect us from the rigors of the weather, but really have the effect of keeping the fair sex from mobbing our trucks when we are stopped by a traffic signal. If you doubt that Leathernecks are popular here you should have been at the St. Patrick's Day dance given by the Marines at the Navy Yard.

Every morning we answer roll call at 7:30, climb aboard the trucks, and are whisked away in a cloud of carbon monoxide gas to school. The schoolroom is very well situated and is all one could want in the way of a place to carry on his studies. From the front wall of the classroom, photographs of the august countenances of Major Generals Neville, Fuller, and Lejeune look down upon us. As a further inspiration and urge to realize the responsibility of our position, pictures of the last seven classes to graduate from the school, decorate the walls of the room. The thirty-five desks are neatly arranged in rows and the



Class of 1932, Basic School, Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.

floor is covered by heavy linoleum which eliminates noise and is easy to keep clean.

Just above us, on the seventh floor, is the cafeteria where dinner is served to the employees of the Depot and men who are going to school. This cafeteria is a very interesting place and well worth an hour of the time of anyone who is interested in Marine Corps traditions. Empanelled on the walls are large paintings portraying important events in history in which Marines have played noteworthy parts. At the tops of the columns, the great seals of all the states are painted. The Depot stands on the site of the old Tun Tavern where U. S. Marines were first organized and this fact is brought to your attention by a conspicuously placed bronze plate. However, do not think that all these decorations detract from the quality and quantity of the food served. A variety of dishes is always available and the cooking is fine, the quantity served, ample. We don't growl about it at all, and you know that when Marines do not growl about chow, it must be good.

To get back to the class, let me introduce you to our instructor, Q. M. Sgt. Hayes Rainier, an old-time, fightin' Devil-Dog, now proving every day that a fighting man need not necessarily be only that. He dispenses knowledge in a way that is painless, and yet he seems to anticipate the very points which would be the beginners' weakness, and covers them doubly well. Perhaps you Marines who have never worked in the Q. M. have the opinion that its personnel is a bunch of shylocks whose only thought is to keep you from getting the necessary supplies and equipment, which you are constantly needing. Well, that is not the policy we are taught here. We are here to learn to do the work of the Quartermaster department, which is the handling and furnishing of supplies to the Marine Corps in such a manner that everyone may receive the greatest benefit with the least amount of waste, either in the furnishing or in the use. It is not expected that we are so clever that we can assimilate all that it has taken the men who have gone before us years to learn, but it is expected that we shall be better able to cope with the problems which come up in everyday work than we would be without such a course of instruction. The many members of the past classes, who are now Quartermaster-Sergeants, Supply-Sergeants, or

on the list for the latter rank furnish convincing evidence of the usefulness of this course.

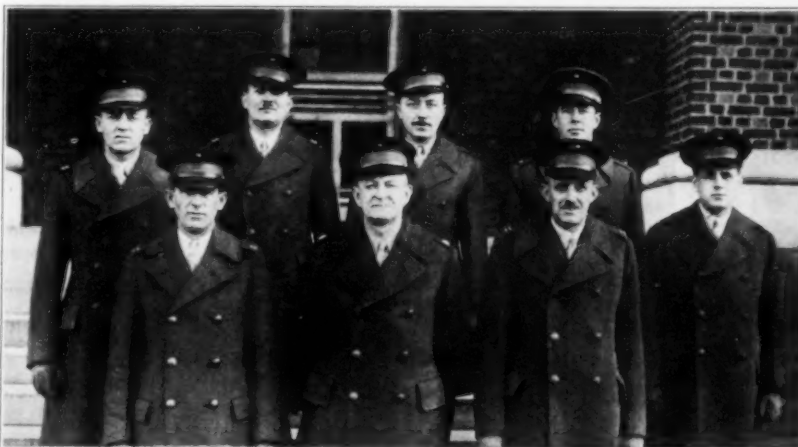
As for the personnel of the present class, we have eight sergeants, namely: W. H. Eastham, J. Fuksa, J. L. George, C. R. Hill, J. Hudson, C. A. Irwin, J. L. Kidd, and J. E. Lawter; thirteen corporals, as follows: H. L. Bailey, H. A. Conge, W. P. Gorsuch, R. L. Green, J. F. Holzer, H. W. Hughes, V. K. Kleponis, R. J. Martin, J. T. McEvoy, W. P. Smith, G. C. Toth, G. F. Turner, and C. C. Ward; nine privates first class: M. H. Barnes, T. R. Dooley, W. A. Hobkirk, M. J. Lane, A. S. Lemon, C. O. McNicol, P. E. Newhouse, A. A. Nobles, and W. O. Taylor; and four privates: R. K. Hale, W. J. O'Connor, H. W. Moody, and A. F. Thompson. This makes a total of thirty-four, the largest class for this course to date. While arithmetic was one of the studies, it was a common sight to see the boys working nights and scratching their heads trying to solve elusive problems. In fact many of us did as much studying at night as in the daytime, and that's not supposed to be a joke either. The spelling was another thing; it could not be studied as we did not know what words were to be spelled. There were some catchy words

and it is a good thing we had a chance to find out which ones we were in the habit of misspelling. Speaking of spelling, Corporal Conge insists that the plural of knife is knives, since things are to be carried as they appear in the Price List where it is printed in the singular form.

We are to cover the ten chapters (14-23 inclusive) pertaining to Quartermaster work in five months. A glance through these chapters will convince the most skeptical that we have enough to keep us busy. However the fact that the successful completion of this course is a task worthy of our best efforts is a constant encouragement to study faithfully and to apply ourselves wholeheartedly to the performance of the practical work. We are grateful to Colonel Seth Williams, the Depot Quartermaster, Lieutenant Colonel E. W. Banker, Executive Officer, and Captain F. D. Creamer, the school supervising officer, for the fine classroom and the excellent management of the school. Not every Marine is given an opportunity to come to this school and we are trying to show that we appreciate the fact that we are the lucky ones to be chosen.

Among current topics is the question as to what Cpl. Hughes would do without his daily game of accey-deucey. Wonder if he's ready to challenge all comers yet? Hughes now has the necessary avoirdupois that is considered traditional of the first pay grade so all that he needs is the rank. Still one member of the class has him beaten in this respect. That is Cpl. Chubby Holzer, recently of China, who weighs 230 lbs. and is about five feet eight in height. He was recently overheard singing, "Why not take all of me?" Why, indeed! Chubby is also noted for his musical snore, although he denies this talent vehemently. We wonder if he has it copyrighted. He has been requested to stay awake until 10:30 every night so that all of the rest of us may get to sleep before his concert starts. Even then the vibration is bad for the nerves of those of us who were in the Managua at the time of the earthquake. Pfc. Newhouse has an awful time with his teeth. He puts them

(Continued on page 52)



Commanding Officer and Instructors, Basic School Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa. Front row, left to right—Capt. John T. Walker, Lt.-Col. William Dulty Smith, commanding; Capt. Joseph T. Smith; 2nd Lt. Jaime Sabater. Back row—Capt. Graves B. Erskine, Capt. Merritt B. Curtis, 1st Lt. Walter A. Wachtler, Capt. Louis G. DeHaven.



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Memorial Day

On May 30th the United States honors its illustrious dead, paying tribute to the men who eagerly answered its call for protectors.

From the dawn of its history there has always been a mighty rush of citizens to defend its consecrated principles. And on this national holiday a grateful nation pauses in the midst of vigorous activity to decorate the graves of heroes and to render homage to those who gallantry offered their lives to uphold the noble and lofty ideals of a great people.

"Memorial Day" originated in Columbus, Mississippi, on April 25, 1866. Three ladies of that city visited the graves of Confederate dead and decorated them with flowers. This expression of sentiment aroused a hearty response from many other persons. No distinction was made between Confederate soldiers and forty Federal dead who lay buried in the same cemetery. The ceremony drew praise from the entire nation, the New York Tribune saying, "The women of Columbus, Mississippi, have shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memories of their soldier dead. They have strewn with flowers alike the graves of the Confederate and of the National soldiers in the Columbus Cemetery."

Thus the observance grew from a municipal to a national observance, from an obscure gesture of respect to a vast demonstration symbolic of a whole people's gratitude. Cemeteries throughout the country are crowded on Memorial Day; churches of all creeds eulogize the departed soldiers.

Today, when pessimistic utterances disturb the hearts of many persons, it is inspiring to summon from the memory of the honored dead renewed courage and unwavering faith in the cherished beliefs and worthy institutions which time itself has pronounced imperishable. The message is clear: it is one of strength and faithfulness.

Members of the Marine Corps salute their distinguished predecessors, recalling with pride their participation both in great battles and inconspicuous skirmishes.

From their stirring deeds the Corps receives its glorious traditions, preserves, protects, and adds to them, so that the glamorous story of the Marines shall always be enshrined in the history of the United States.

Comptroller General Decisions

A-41319. (S) Medical treatment—Naval Reserve. To be entitled to civilian hospital or medical service at Government expense a member of the Naval Reserve must be on active duty at a place where Government facilities for furnishing him hospital and medical service are not available. Orders of the District Commandant issued pursuant to authority of the Bureau of Navigation, purporting to place a member of the Naval Reserve who is ill and incapable of performing service "on active duty without pay" at a civilian hospital for the purpose of receiving medical and hospital treatment therein, do not place such member on active duty and the United States is not obligated for the expense of such treatment. *Morrow v. United States*, 65 Ct. Cl. 35.

A-41049. (S) Packing and transportation of household effects—Navy officer. The authorized allowance of household effects of an officer of the Navy that may be packed and crated at Government expense is the gross weight of the goods when packed and crated, and there is no authority of law for charging the appropriation with an amount in excess of the cost of packing, crating and transportation of such gross weight.

A-18844, Aug. 9, 1927. The question whether an officer's household effects turned over to a supply officer of the Navy for packing and shipping were properly packed or whether there was excessive tare is a matter for naval administration; but negligence on the part of the supply officer or his subordinates relative to the packing and shipping may not be corrected by payment in excess of that authorized by law and regulations.

A-2000. (S) Quarters and subsistence allowances—Navy enlisted men occupying public quarters—Duty at Panama City, R. P. There is no authority for the payment of a cash allowance for quarters to enlisted men of the Navy who are furnished public quarters in kind. Sec. 11, act of June 10, 1922, 42 Stat. 630. Neither the Canal Zone nor Panama City, R. P., is in South America, and enlisted men of the Navy on duty at Naval Radio Station NHC, Panama City, occupying public quarters at the Balboa Radio Station, C. Z., are not entitled to subsistence allowance at the rate provided by Executive Order No. 4728, dated Sept. 29, 1927, for enlisted men on duty in South America. 5 Comp. Gen. 402, distinguished.

A-41078. (S) Subsistence allowance—Enlisted men—U. S. Marine Corps. Enlisted men of the Marine Corps in a travel status for a fractional part of a day are entitled, under section 11 of the act of June 10, 1922, 42 Stat. 630, and Table II of the Executive Order of Sept. 29, 1927, to have their subsistence allowance computed on the basis of the number of hours absent from station in a travel status.—*Army Navy Journal*.

Dewey's Great Victory

May I recall the stirring victory of Dewey at Manila.

Events of the fateful year of 1898 moved with incredible rapidity. During the first few months, American citizens were horrified by the atrocities suffered by the Cubans under Spanish tyranny. Tales of savage cruelty and merciless oppression came from the little island whose proximity to the United States has made its welfare an American concern.

The sympathy of the American people was drawn toward the afflicted Caribbean possession. This deep feeling was augmented by a terrible catastrophe which soon followed. On the evening of February 15, 1898, the U. S. S. "Maine," lying in the harbor of Havana, was sunk with its crew of 260 men by an explosion. Believing the destruction caused by Spaniards who resented the protective attitude of the United States, American citizens clamored for retaliation.

On April 19 a determined Congress recognized the independence of Cuba, demanded the immediate withdrawal of Spain from the island, and authorized President McKinley the use of the military and naval forces to enforce the resolutions.

The United States fleet lay at Hongkong on the Chinese Coast. With the passage of war measures, Dewey sailed with a squadron of cruisers and gunboats to the Caribbean. Sighting the Spanish fleet off Cavite, he pursued them, hurling a destructive and accurate fire at the enemy vessels. In flawless battle formation Dewey's ships annihilated the entire Spanish fleet, the vessels of which were either sinking or lying helpless in flames, over 600 of the defenders losing their lives.

The American lost neither a ship nor a man. It was an unparalleled feat of naval strategy and a stroke which had far reaching consequences. It destroyed the morale of the Spanish opposition and inspired subsequent American campaigns. Admiral Sampson contributed his famous blockade which sounded the doom of Spain's remaining naval opposition.

Mother's Day

Sunday, May 8, 1932, will be observed throughout the United States as Mother's Day.

Every man whose mother is living should dedicate to her at least a letter of appreciation for her noble sacrifice and enduring love. He who is less fortunate, whose mother is no longer living, must content himself with recalling her beautiful memory.

Homage to mothers should not be, nor is it, a mere annual commemoration. Their influence, be they living or dead, is present always; in moments of darkness the thought of their lofty unselfishness enlightens all, giving life meaning and purpose.

From stumbling boyhood to tottering age, a man stays close to his mother. That mutual love transcends the passage of time and the divisions of boundaries. Unconsciously, she becomes an incarnation of all that is worthy.

Mother love is that very real and lasting something which even the greatest of poets have found difficult to describe. But you can make her immeasurably happy, just by telling her that you understand and are grateful.

THE LOOKOUT

Any desired book may be purchased through the LEATHERNECK BOOK SERVICE, and we especially recommend the following:

HURRICANE. By Nahum Sabsay (Scribners). A novel of the mad orgy and chaos of the Russian Revolution. \$2.50

ONE WOMAN'S FREEDOM. By Helen Zenna Smith (Longmans). A story of a woman's revolt against the fetters of post-war England, and her fight to live her life as she wished. \$2.00

MUD AND STARS. Edited by Dortha York (Holt). A collection of World War songs and poetry, more or less carefully expurgated. Nearly three hundred selections are included. \$2.50

AMONG THE TRUMPETS. By Leonard Nason (Houghton-Mifflin). The author of "Chevrons," "The Man in the White Slicker," etc., back again. This time he offers eight rollicking yarns about the leather-pounding cavalry. \$2.00

SIR BILLY HOWE. By Bellamy Partridge (Longmans). Revealing after the passing of many years some interesting sidelights on our Revolutionary War. \$3.50

THE ROBIN HOOD OF ELDORADO. By Walter Noble Burns (Coward-McCann). The author of "Billy the Kid" has penned the saga of Joaquin Murrieta, a bandit whose fame transcends that of legendary heroes. So great was his notoriety that thousands paid admission to see his head exhibited in San Francisco. \$2.50

HAPPY DAYS. By Capt. Alban B. Butler, U. S. A. (Coward-McCann). One hundred and fifty laugh-producing cartoons sketched in the A. E. F.. Captain Butler has captured the elusive humor of the Yank at war. \$3.00

THE EAGLES OF DEATH. By Major G. F. Eliot (Frederick Warne). A story of Nicaragua, written primarily to interest the adolescent. It is, however, not puerile, and the more mature reader can follow with interest the story of two lads, too young to enlist, who stow away on the transport and follow the Marines to adventure in Nicaragua. \$1.00

SQUADS WRITE! Edited by John T. Winterich (Harpers). A selection of prose, verse and cartoons from the great newspaper of the A. E. F., "The Stars and Stripes." \$4.00

AMERICAN FIGHTERS IN THE FOREIGN LEGION. By Paul Ayres Rockwell (Houghton-Mifflin). A story of the hundred or more Americans who fought under the French flag in the World War. \$5.00

BEST SHORT STORIES OF THE WAR. Introduced by H. M. Tomlinson (Harpers). Sixty-six stories of the great war. A few of the authors: Conrad, Captain Thomason, John Galsworthy, Nason, Ernest Hemingway, Laurence Stallings, Somerset Maugham. No finer representative of war fiction could be collected. \$3.50

MEDALS OF HONOR. By James Hopper (John Day). Twelve tales of heroic action and Medals of Honor. \$3.00

BOOKS—Passing in Review

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow

AN INSPECTION OF SERVICE LITERATURE

CHINA SEA ROVERS

I SAILED WITH CHINESE PIRATES. By Aleko E. Lilius (Appleton). \$4.00.

The diversity of adventure is wide, and its quest has taken man all over the trackless world. Men have sought adventure in the wastes of the north-land, the swamps and jungles of the tropics, they have followed adventure on the fields of many battles, and through the seething maelstrom of rioting cities. Driven by the unquenchable spirit, they have conquered the skies and spanned the oceans, until it seems that nothing has been left untried.

Many adventurers have recorded their stories, yet it remained for Mr. Lilius to chronicle an experience of almost unbelievable magnitude.

Armed with a camera and an assignment from a group of periodicals to gather information pertaining to the activities of Chinese pirates, the journalist set out for Bias Bay, sixty-five miles east of Hongkong, and "inhabited by the most infamous gang of high-sea pirates that infest the South China coast."

He could get no one to transport him to the pirates' stronghold. One expedition after another failed. He landed in prison, and after many difficulties finally persuaded Lai Choi San, a notorious female pirate, to carry him to the rendezvous of the sea rovers. That was the beginning of one of the strangest adventures that has ever befallen a white man. He made friends with the lady brigand, a friendship that stood him in good stead later. He was held captive by rival pirates, and not only effected his own escape but that of a native girl.

One incident after another follows swiftly in this series of remarkable adventures, and more than once Mr. Lilius had reason to believe that the worthy journals would never receive the stories he had been sent out to get. He returned at last, not only as a writer, but as a blood brother, solemnly enrolled in a pirate guild.

Fifty-nine photographic illustrations enhance the veracity of the adventure and add to the interest of one book that hasn't a dull page.

THE EASTERN FRONT

THE UNKNOWN WAR. By Winston S. Churchill (Scribners). \$5.00.

Dwarfed by the titanic struggle on the Western Front, the Eastern theater of war has invoked comparatively few authentic records. "I am surprised," states Mr. Churchill, "how dim and often imperfect were the impressions I had sustained of the conflict between Russia and the two Teutonic Empires. It was not until I studied its problems from this new angle that I began to see the tragedy in its completeness. I believe that British and American readers will also find the narrative of these events necessary to a true understanding."

It is always interesting to watch the mechanics of any machine being carefully adjusted and put into motion, and from the very beginning of the book we can sense the mobilization and adjustment of the Teutonic war machine.

Mr. Churchill has written with remarkable consideration for a vanquished enemy. And we somehow feel that he is not entirely in accord with the popular belief that the responsibility of the war rests entirely upon the German Emperor. Even prior to the annexation of Bosnia by Austria, Franz Conrad and other Austrian militarists were pleading for war, war against Serbia, war almost against anyone. Only lack of direct assurance from Germany that she would ally herself to any Austrian movement kept the raised sword from striking.

Even when the Serbian student, Princip, lighted the powder train at Sarajevo by assassinating the Archduke Ferdinand and the Duchess Sophie, there was hesitancy in declaring war. But an ultimatum, so strong that it was not an ultimatum at all, for it reserved no alternative, was drafted by Austria and ratified by Germany. It meant war, the like of which had never before eaten into the heart of the world.

The successive battles for strategic positions, the invasion of East Prussia, are recorded deftly and in great detail. We follow the vicissitudes of an alternately defeated and victorious army on to the ultimate collapse of the Russian government; the death of Francis Joseph, and the end of hostilities on the Eastern Front.

ORDER BLANK

THE LEATHERNECK,1932
Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

Enclosed please find.....for.....Dollars.
Please forward to the address below the books checked on this sheet.

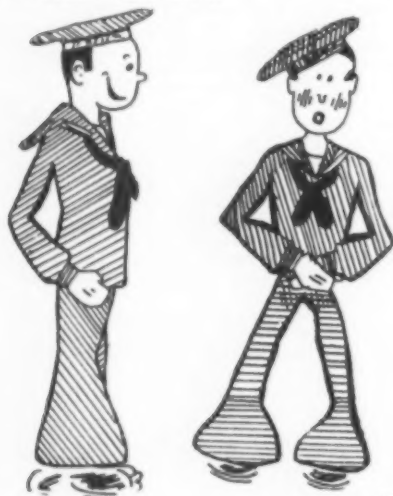
WRITE ADDRESS
PLAINLY

Address.....



'SA BULL

One of these women who during the war went about asking, "Why are you not in khaki?" was passing near a farm when she saw a man milking a cow. "Why aren't you at the front?" she demanded. "Why you see it's this way, ma'am, we get the milk from this end."—Carolina Buccaneer.



16

"Why is a woman like paint?"
"Because she has to be stirred up before she's any good."
"Yeah, an' when you're through with her she's so hard to get off your hands."

Wise Marine: "I was out with a nurse last night."

Wiser Jane: "That's great! Don't let the doctor know you're crazy and they'll let you out without one tonight."

Marco: "Say, did Pete ever find his Austin?"

Polo: "Yeh, under the Sunday papers."

Caller: "Is the colonel in?"

New Orderly: "Are you a salesman, a bill collector, or a friend of his?"

"All three."

"He is in a conference. He is out of town. Step in and see him."—A. & N. Journal.

TWO OF A KIND

Two casual golf acquaintances were walking toward the green when they sighted two women coming over a hill.

"I say," remarked one of the men, "here comes my wife with some old hag she's picked up somewhere."

"And here comes mine with another," retorted the other, icily.—Tit-Bits.

A freshman at Indiana University, taking out a permit to use his car while in residence, found himself confronted by the following question:

"Purpose for which car is to be used?" In the blank he wrote:

"To ride in."—Indianapolis News.

"Pardon me, lady, but you have lost one of your garters," said the polite young man.

"Garter, nothing," replied the girl, "that's my union suit."—The Cub.

Jack: "I don't want to get married for two years."

She: "Why, of course not, Jack. I think we ought to get married for five years at least."—College Life.

Night Club Hostess: "This new pianist starts in to play and the song he picks is the 'Missouri Waltz' an' inside a minute a fellow at the last table leans over on his chest and starts to sob. So I goes up and says, 'Whatsa matter, pal? You a Missourian?'"

Friend: "What did he say?"

Hostess: "'No, madam,' he pipes, 'I'm a musician.'"—Jokes.

While Dad was reading to his five-year-old son, after supper, the new colored maid entered.

"Daddy, why does Fanny black her face like that?"

"That's not paint, son, she's that color all over."

"Gosh, Dad, how did you find that out?"—Pearl Harbor Weekly.

Traffic Cop: "Say, there you! Where do you think you're going?"

Lady driver: "Why, officer, I didn't see any light so I thought I could go on through."

Traffic Cop: "I'm it."

Lady driver: "Well, how's to turn green?"—Selected.

OPTIONAL

A city girl was visiting in the country. She became rather friendly with a young farmer. One evening as they were strolling in the fields they happened across a cow and calf rubbing noses in the accepted fashion.

"That sight makes me want to do the same," said the farmer.

"Well, go ahead," said the girl encouragingly, "it's your cow."—Selected.

Diner: "You seem to keep the hotel remarkably clean."

Waiter (beaming): "I'm glad you think so, sir."

Diner: "Yes; everything I eat tastes of soap."—T. S. N.

Aft: "There is a girl at home whom we call Postscript."

"Fore: "How come, Old Salt?"

Aft: "Well, you see her name is Adeline Moore."—Newport Recruit.



Her: "I made this meat loaf right out of the cook book you bought me."

Him: "Oooo. I just finished chewin' up one of the covers."

Out of the Brig

By Lou Wylie

MY MADNESS

Go grab yourself a slice of chow
To celebrate the day, and how!
The month of May arrives.
Go search the decks of battleships
For violets and gay cowslips,
For butterbeans, and chives.

Go seek the maybes in their lair
And maybe catch yourself a pair
To tie up with a chain.
Go join the children's maypole dance
Clad in your best blue blouse and pants,
And do not mind the rain.

Go trade your cap for a strawhat
And ask your skipper "what of that?"
If he should disapprove.
Go buy yourself a steel guitar
And underneath the evening star
Go croon some songs of love.

And if they call the cops and say
That you are bughouse, shout "hoo-
ray!"

And throw a glad handspring,
Then if they lock you someplace where
The walls are high, with country air,
Just lay the blame on spring.

Dear Fellows: As this colyum goes
to press we are recovering from the second salary cut



Lou Wylie

are back to 15c ice cream sodas . . .
Joe's Restaurant has come down to 60c
on the 75c sirloin steaks . . . and won't
somebody kindly break the news to
this column's landlord, who don't know
the war is over yet?

Maybe you have noticed it, but ever
since that snappy little paper "A Num-
ber One" edited by Company A, 1st
Battalion of the 19th Marines, started
coming out, it and this colyum have
carried on a cute little game. First we
would say something nice about A Num-
ber One, and then in the next issue, just
like that, A Number One would come
right back and say something nice about
this column. And now they have gone
and changed A Number One's name.
It is now called the "Gyrene."

Which reminds us, what with old
age and such, this column is getting that
absent minded that any morning now
it is apt to scratch the breakfast pan-
cakes, and pour the maple syrup down
its own back.

What with flu, double working hours,
and the trying to get out a book of
poems, this column has lost contact with
the singing Marines over at the Navy
Yard. But after the middle of May,

when it begins to thaw out enough in
this climate for us to discard the winter
coat and the four sweaters we have been
wearing under it, and toss the goloshes
back under the bed, we expect to be
able to stage a couple of affairs in
which these fellows will be asked to
participate.

Which reminds us —

That Angelo John Cincotta, com-
mandant of New York Detachment No. 1
Marine Corps League, has gone in for
shadow dancing. You fellows of course
know a lot about shadow boxing. Well,
as Monsieur le Commandant can tell you,
it is very similar except the dancing
is done on the ballroom floor, and pre-
ferably when it is crowded.

* * * *

Over at the organization of the d'An-
gelo Poetry society last week Edwin B.
Wilson of the Brooklyn Eagle was made
a member of the board of trustees, along
with Carl Van Doren of the Nation, Wil-
liam Rose Benet of the Saturday Review
and Prof. Richard Cabot of Harvard.
Milton Solomon of New York Detachment
No. 1 was made vice-president, A. J.
Cincotta secretary, and this columnist
historian. In listing over the offices
it was discovered that Wilson had served
over seas with the Marines in 1918.

Milt Solomon (referred to in news-
papers as a prominent Brooklyn at-
torney) leaned back to remark "Seven
offices, and four taken by Marines."

* * * *

Over at New York Detachment No. 1
they have a slogan, given the detach-
ment by Fred Lambert. The slogan is
"There are no ex-Marines." Just what
it is, in this day of machines, material-
ism, struggles for food, for good gov-
ernment, and things that take up time
and annihilate sentimentalism, that
keeps men who long ago discarded the
uniform as loyal to the corps, as in-
terested in its well being, and as proud
of its exploits as when they were in
active service, cannot be defined. The
only thing that keeps the men on active
service from enjoying as perfect a com-
radeship with the fellows who have left
active duty for business, is the men in
the corps.

If the fellows, officers and men, on
active duty could be made to understand
the sincere friendship that the men on
the U. S. S. Outside feel for them they
would realize what they are missing.

When all is said and done, a man is
richer in the friends that he makes than
in the money he accumulates. There is
no need for a Marine to ever feel lonely
and strange in any town where there is
a detachment of the Marine Corps
League. What he is going through in
the service, the honors he is striving
for, the handicaps he is fighting against,
are all known to the men in the League.
They have been through all of your ex-
periences, and they have found enough
of good in the service to make them
honor it, and to feel the same comradeship
for you that you feel for the men
in your company.

Shoulder to shoulder with the Marine
Corps as it goes marching along the
years, goes an ever increasing file of
men in mufti, men who love and are
willing to serve the Corps as an organi-
zation, and who are glad to enjoy the
comradeship of the men in it. And the
whole branch of the service would profit
by it if you were just as loyal to them
as they are to you.

SCURVY CURE

By "Fouranda Butt"

There wasn't a man who escaped the
wrath of the mate of the "Rollicking
Sue";

He had hammered them all with fists
and boots
And had challenged the Captain too.

But the skipper declined with hasty
thanks,

(He was not what he might have
been).

So the bucko went back with a marlin
spike

And battered the crew again.

When the "Sue" arrived at the whaling
grounds

Scarcely a man could stand;
Many were ill with scurvy pains
And cried for a sight of land.

But the mate stood by and loud guffawed
As the wretches in agony writhed
And one by one till ten were left
They gave up the ghost and died.

But shiver my eyes! To their great sur-
prise

The mate became gentle and meek!
His tongue swelled up and his teeth fell
out

And he lost the power to speak.

With effort supreme he painfully wrote,
"Take me, O shipmates, to land;
Dig me a hole and cover me up
To my armpits with dirt and sand."

"And when I have cured this scurvy
disease

I'll be like a father to you."

So they took him ashore and covered him
up

And went back to the "Rollicking Sue."

But when they returned to the beach
next morn

They fell on their knees and wept
For they couldn't find a sign of the mate
Disappeared!! With his promise un-
kept!

And they never thought, these simple
men,

As they loud lamented and cried
That the spot where they buried the mate
at night

Was now thirty feet under the tide.

BUNKER HILL TO WOOSUNG

By Charles G. Wilson

The dwarfish men of Nippon
Took Woosung fort last night,
And hung their sunburst banner
Upon the corpse-strewn height.

The broken men of Canton
Tossed empty guns away
And left the shell-tossed craters
Where dead companions lay.

And as they stumbled backwards
Sullen, dogged, brave,
Methinks a corpse turned over
In far New England grave.

And in a Yankee churchyard
Old Israel Putnam heard
The ragged volleys falter
As in his tomb he stirred.

From Bunker Hill to Woosung,
From Boston to Shanghai,
By River Charles and Yangtze
Brave men knew how to die.

Around Galley Fires

By "Doc" Clifford

A remainder this month from one of the old gang says, "Do you remember the cold foggy morning the week early



Dawson Photo
"Doc" Clifford

in April, 1918, when you persuaded me to go with you into "no man's land" to fetch bunches of forget-me-nots for Mother's Day?" I not only remember it but also cannot forget the nervous, shaky feeling that gripped each one of the group as suddenly the fog dispersed, revealing us to the folks in the opposition trenches outside the ruins of the little village of Eix at the back of Verdun where Captain Yowell and the Sixteenth Company held the fort. I also vividly recall the "bawling out" the Captain gave us when he learned where we had been. After all though I think the joy with which so many of the mothers received the tokens on Mother's Day more than repaid us. Don't forget that "Day of Days" again has reached us and Mother still looks for the supreme token of the year, a real good letter on Mother's Day.

It is not often these days that I can take a book and read it through at a sitting, but last week Lieutenant Carl Gardner, the editor of "Our Navy," lent me a copy of "The Eagles of Death," written by Major George Fielding Eliot. I glanced through the first pages, after which "believe it or not" I commenced to read and simply devoured it to the last of its 282 pages. There are not many folks who really grasp the significance of the spirit that has made the Corps the envy of every other fighting group throughout the world, but in this story the Major produces that spirit as portrayed in the life of the Marine and passed on to that of his son and on the life of that boy and his companions descends the mantle with all its power and force showing forth a resourcefulness, a dogged determination, and a bravery and devotion of almost unbelievable character to any but those who know that these are shown forth in every campaign where Marines have been a part of the force. Only one blunder appears to one who really knows and that is on page 15 where this Army Major permits the young Marine trumpeter to stroll around the deck whistling "Anchors Aweigh" when, as everyone leaving Parris Island for the Nicaraguan campaign knows full well, the "Halls of Montezuma" would be the only one that the "Music" would really know at such a time. Hearty congratulations! Major.

Our old friend, Floyd Gibbons, is back from the Far East and as usual is full of the exploits which he is famous in getting and giving firsthand and reliable human interest stories about. The following is worthy of repetition and I append it as recorded.

"A United States Marine lieutenant who calmly stared down three Japanese naval officers brandishing automatics did more to keep the United States out of the Sino-Japanese war than any other single individual."

This was the stirring tale brought to the ears of American radio listeners by Floyd Gibbons. Universal Service Special Far Eastern correspondent, who spoke over the WJZ chain of the National Broadcasting Company yesterday from Station KGU in Honolulu.

He described the carnage of the Far East's undeclared war, and told how the armies of militaristic Japan and pacifistic China were both spoiling for real warfare, and then pictured the incident which might have plunged the United States into battle. Gibbons said:

"Those Japanese planes that took off six and eight times daily loaded with tons of death-dealing bombs might have started something to bring the United States into their own little war had it not been for a young American Marine lieutenant not long out of Annapolis.

"It all happened the day a Japanese pilot made the mistake of pulling his bomb-release lever before clearing the International Settlement on his way to drop some high-powered death into the Chinese lines in Chapel.

"Those bombs caromed off the roof of a Chinese-owned cotton mill in which the Japanese knew a detachment of the American Fourth Marine Regiment was quartered. Six Chinese were killed and twenty wounded.

"Hurried protests were lodged with Admiral Nomura, who sent three wild-eyed Japanese naval officers, guarded by a truckload of armed Japanese sailors, to the ruined cotton mill.

"The three naval officers, all carrying automatics, brushed past the Marine sentry who had a perfect right to challenge them, and burst into the guard room occupied by the Marines.

"Busting up to Lieut. Jesse F. Cook, Jr., they said they were going to inspect the mill to report the damage back to their headquarters. But Lieut. Cook looked right into their eyes and asked: 'You mean, gentlemen, that you would like our permission to inspect the mill? You certainly don't mean you are 'going' to inspect it?'

"When the Japanese finally admitted that, then Lieut. Cook sternly commanded them:

"Put up those guns! Put 'em up! 'His orders were obeyed, and then Lieut. Cook sent an escort with them.'"

Abian A. Wallgren, known to thousands of former doughboys as Wally, the cartoonist of "Stars and Stripes," wartime publication of the American Expeditionary Forces in France, in which he caricatured trench life, is to be the recipient of a special gold medal from the President if Congress passes a bill proposed by Senator James J. Davis, of Pennsylvania.

"Wally," resplendent in tilted derby and spats and some fifty pounds heavier than his wartime weight of 160, sat on the roof of 5 Columbus Circle yesterday before an easel, drawing one of his typical lantern-jawed top sergeants. His audience, which consisted of five rats and six cockroaches in "The Stars and Stripes" offices in Paris fourteen years ago, was changed to a battery of movie cameras fitted with sound equipment to

celebrate the former Marine's recognition as the "humorist of the A. E. F."

"Wally" was a cartoonist on the staff of "The Philadelphia Public Ledger" when the United States entered the war.

"Six months in France," he said yesterday, "gave me a taste for vin rouge and a distaste for bayonet drills. The combination was pretty terrible, so I ended up in the brig. After I'd about covered the walls of the brig with cartoons of the Looney who sent me there, along came a messenger with an order from H. Q. to ship me into Paris for work on the 'Stars and Stripes.' I expected a promotion, but merely fell heir to a dark hole in the wall for an office and did my best to keep the rats from chewing off my ear while I slept over the easel."

"Wally's" cartoons became famous with the first issue of the paper. Every soldier who saw service in France knows his characters and his fame spread throughout the fronts.

The ex-private cartoonist has the distinction of being probably the only man in the army during the war who told General Pershing to "g'way and let me alone" and who got away with it. The General, on a tour of "The Stars and Stripes" office, asked to meet "Wally." The classic remark was made in the presence of his horrified editor before "Wally" observed who his visitor was. But "Wally" came through.

"Oh," he said. "So it's you, is it? Well, I haven't got much left to offer you, but you can kill the bottle."

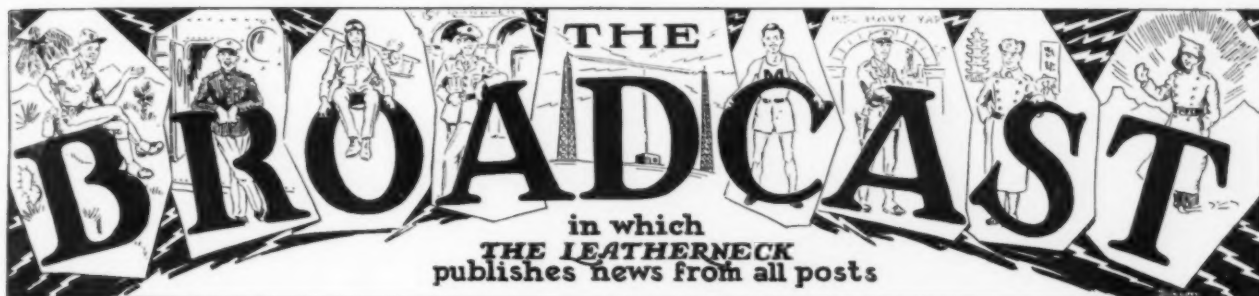
General Pershing left the office smiling.

"Some of the New York boys wanted to throw me a big stag party, and invite all my friends last week," said "Wally," "but I wouldn't let them do it. There are two men who would be invited, and they sure would create a problem. One of them's Senator Davis, who is wet and doesn't swear. The other's General Butler, my old boss, and he's dry and . . . well, we just couldn't do it."

What would you do if after getting your "Galley Fire" gossip ready for despatch to the editor, to find to your dismay that the whole lot had surely disappeared and that at the last moment all the inspiration had also gone with the notes as also the references and the memories of what was to be read in the May issue? I could not write as did Private Mike Zelouka of the "Texas" in recording his farewell from Bremerton so I fell back on Mike's imaginings in addition to the record of others who have spoken of real things and happenings in the life of the Corps. Mike says:

"If you could have seen the many girls who were gathered at the Navy Yard to bid me Goodbye and could have seen the large automobile that carried me back to the ship on the eve of sailing, if you could have seen the hundreds of people who cheered me as I walked up the gangway and the thousands of tear drops that fell from the cheeks of the women and children as I stepped onto the old ship—you would have seen a darn sight more than I did."

I am having a birthday party on May 11 and so by the time I write again I may also have discovered the notes I should have sent and possibly find something therein worthy of being salvaged for June.



Quantico News

"BLUE NOTES"

By Johnson

Well here we are again boys after an absence from the columns of the "Leatherneck" for a few months. The old Post Band of Quantico now known as the Regimental Band, resumes its tale of activities.

We've had quite a few changes since you fellows last heard from us. Lots of new faces but still a few of the old ones, among whom F. J. Loudiana, our drum-major, and R. M. Hamilton, our bassoon artist, are perhaps the only old-timers here in the band.

Ham is quite a bridge fan also, but then just drop in at the Hostess House any night around 6:30 and count the bandsmen playing bridge. E. C. Risley, A. J. Atkins, S. H. Passink, H. G. Spencer, Polly Parrett, are among those present almost every night.

H. F. Robinson and Chas. V. Foreman dropped in on us last month and took us by surprise when they announced that they had returned to the fold after an absence of a year or more. They seem rather glad to get back in uniform again. Looks like the old adage, "Once A Marine, Always A Marine," still holds good.

H. W. Mast, M. J. Kloppel, G. Kranick and W. D. Logan have recently returned to us after quite a sojourn in the Orient. Lucky boys to have missed the trouble over there, or shall we call them unlucky to have missed the excitement.

Three of our boys sailed from Hampton Roads today for Port au Prince, Haiti. They are W. A. Storey, C. H. Davis, and O. E. Geissberger. All three recently shipped over, Storey and Davis from the outside and Otto, upon returning from China. J. A. Grove also came back from China.

Colonel Lyman attended his first concert by our band here last week in the Post Gymnasium, and received the pleasant surprise of hearing the Colonel Lyman March, played for the first time and written especially for him. Colonel Lyman, after the rendition of this number, personally thanked the band.

Copies of the march may be obtained by addressing The Post Band Office, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.

Other Marine Corps Marches, written by Gunner Talbot, are "General Fuller," "General Butler," "General Lee," "General Russell," "General Feland," "General Bradman," "General Breckenridge," and "Colonel Lyman." Gunner Talbot also wrote "University of Virginia," "Georgetown University," "Herbert Hoover" and the "Studebaker March" for

which he is now sporting a big new seven passenger President Eight.

Copies of these marches may be obtained from the Post Band Office.

Now that the summer is approaching we are getting prepared for our yearly trips to various schools and holiday celebrations about the country.

Our notice of the usual two-day trip to P. M. C. at Chester, Pa., is in and several more of these interesting trips are pending, among which is the journey to Winchester for the annual Apple Blossom Festival.

We lost one of our best boys last month when H. E. Bayes, our genial solo trombonist, was notified that he had made the grade and is now a member of the U. S. Marine Band in Washington, D. C. Here's luck to you Harold. You are young yet and you should go far up the ladder of success.

W. L. Weaver has taken over the trombone section of the orchestra with Spencer, LaRock, and Trisler on the saxophones, Strickland on drums, Knorr on bass, Robinson and H. C. Weaver on trumpets, and Polly still presiding over the piano.

Joe (Tropics) Staretz is getting short. He says he is going out but we tell him to ask Nelson about it. Nelson shipped over after battling the outside for two years.

Dorey extended two years. He is at present holding down the repair shop for Blackstock, who is on furlough. One of the others went out to Indiana and one to Iowa, while Blackstock started to Georgia but had the misfortune to suffer a sprained ankle through an accident on the way home.

The writer is also thinking seriously of extending his enlistment for another two years. Wonder how some of us would look if we had as many "hash" marks as our bass drummer, Nathan H. (pop) Fox. Fox is nearing the thirty mark. He sports quite a collection of service stripes.

See you next month boys.

BROWN FIELD BULL—E—TINS

By A. Bozo

The largest migration of "Brown Birds" since the campaign days of 1927 has taken place here during the month of March up to the present writing. The field has been a general clearing house for the receiving and transferring of men and officers to foreign posts, to schools of the various technical orders, old officers coming back again to Aviation, and boots that "ain't scratched yet" just fresh from Parris Island.

Captain Francis P. Mulcahy, accompanied by First Lt. Paul A. Putnam, co-pilot, Master Technical Sergeant Ira

Brock, radioman, and Staff Sergeant Ellis J. Johnson, flew here from Nicaragua and on to Philadelphia Naval Aircraft Factory, arriving here on the 23 of March. But Old Man April Fool caught them dead to rights on Friday 1 April when they mired up in the mud with Fokker No. 7661 as they attempted to get off for their return trip to Managua. But they got away on Saturday and landed in Managua on Tuesday 5 April.

Our Commanding Officer, Major Ralph J. Mitchell, is to depart early in May for a month's leave and then to Newport, R. I., where he will be a student at the Naval War College. Major James T. Moore cleared the field on March 31 for a 30-day delay leave and will report in at Hampton Roads to catch the "Kittery" for V O Squadron 9-M, Haiti.

Second Lieutenant June has been transferred to V F Squadron 9-M and Lt. D. L. Cloud has gone to V O Squadron 6-M to help in the gunnery and bombing practices of that squadron. Lieutenant June will first take his first lieutenant's exams and the first of June will be transferred to Nicaragua. First Lieutenant Ivan Miller, the engineering officer, will also go to Nicaragua in June and First Lt. Clayton C. Jerome will go to the Naval Academy in June as a student in the engineering school. The Adjutant, Lieutenant T. G. Ennis will go to Haiti in June where it is hoped that he will get out from under the paperwork and get in some flying. He has been an excellent adjutant here and at C. O. Headquarters Company since his graduation from Pensacola two years ago.

Major Francis T. Evans, a very popular C. O., is en route here and later comes Major Ross E. Rowell who was very well liked by those who served under him in Nicaragua in 1927-29. It started out bad with the famed V O Squadron One or the Ace of Spades Squadrons there as his pets, but we finally got around and thought so much of him when he left Nicaragua that we had some wings wrought out of pure gold coins and presented them to him. Many will be glad to see Majors Evans and Rowell come to the East Coast.

Second Lt. David F. Peggy O'Neil went to Pensacola on the 3rd of March; Second Lt. Archibald D. Abel arrived from Hampton Roads prelim training and was transferred to Key West on the 30th of March; and Lts. W. H. Fromhold and James M. Daly are standing by for the class at Pensacola after some fledgling time here. Marine Gunner Kenneth F. Bubier left on the 28th of March for Nicaragua and Chief Marine Gunner Harold Odgen cleared for Haiti on the 12th of March. Chief Marine Gunner Charles H. Eurlton, an old time avia-



MAJOR RALPH J. MITCHELL, COMMANDING BROWN FIELD
Awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for Nicaraguan Service

tion officer, is back in the fold, reporting here on the 7th of April from San Diego.

Master Sergeant Charles Chick Reynolds arrived from Haiti on 31 March with Sergeant Alfred B. Bowman, Corporal Frederick J. Glatz, Sergeant Fred Clement, Corporal William Nolan, and Private James A. Tweed. Chick is one of the old wheel horses of Marine Aviation and is recognized as one of the best aviation carpenters in the service.

On the 5th Corporal John Donato, Corporal John H. Olsok, Pfc. Harry Goldmintz, and Private William E. Drewes arrived from Haiti and checked out on furlough.

The following arrived from Nicaragua on the 7th of April: Privates First Class William H. Lester, Orin N. Smith, Myron C. Knapp, Earl E. Whitehill, and Privates Louis A. McGuire, I. B. Wall, Frank P. Craig, Z. J. Brown, Daniel Conley, and Frank Rosenberg.

Sergeant Beall Starr and Corporal Benjamin Anderson left on the 8th for

Haiti and Gunnery Sergeant Ike S. Smith and Walter E. Scofield, and Private Norris Snyder took off for Nicaragua on the 28th of March.

Master Sergeant Benjamin F. Belcher, who reported here from the Naval Hospital on the first, left via automobile on the 11th of April for San Diego. We all hope that the wonderful California weather will build Ben up again and that he will be back to flying soon.

Sergeant J. K. P. Hoffman left on the 14th of March for Haiti, where he will tell the trade winds the kind of weather he wants for next week. Private Lowell M. Witt has come back to the fold after being paid off last fall. Private Harry G. Barnes transferred by his own request to the Navy Building Guard at Washington, and Corporal Charles Rosso is en route to the West Coast for duty there.

Private Rudolph Stiska is back from radio school at Hampton Roads and Privates Yardley and Carl W. Weissner were

transferred to the Navy school on the 4th of March.

First Sergeant Fred "J"—not Ben—Turpin almost met himself coming back from Nicaragua as he arrived here on the 10th of March and is ordered back there in June. First Sergeant Little Lee Bowen and Master Technical Sergeant Oscar L. George also will go to Nicaragua in June.

With all these changes there are many of us who know that we are up mighty high on the list and feel that any mail might bring orders to go somewhere.

First Lieutenants Lawson H. M. Sanderson, Hayne D. Boyden, Franklin G. Cowie, and J. F. Plachta will finish the Company Officer's School the last of this month and will return here, it is reported.

Lest we forget the Quartermaster, there is also a change in the personnel there. Captain H. C. Carr will go on leave the 15th of April to report to Haiti after 30 days' leave. Quartermaster Sergeant Joseph New Mexico Berger will go to the West Coast via Chevrolet on the 7th of March. It is doubted if Sergeant Berger and Quartermaster Sergeant Homer Sterling on the West Coast have any peers in the Marine Corps when it comes to handling Navy property. They both know their stuff and it is always good to have either one of them on the station. The desk vacated by Berger will be taken by Sergeant Jimmy Buckle. Buck is snapping in like a veteran and, with his annual hunting trip to Dismal Swamp for bear, we hope he gets along fine in his new job. Quartermaster Sergeant Repenhagen is handling the Marine Corps property and Quartermaster Sergeant James Tenny has taken charge upstairs with Gunnery Sergeant David I. Williams as his assistant.

We might mention here that a recent requisition filed at the Tenney home was an eight pound James Tenny, Jr. If the little boy grows to be as pretty, handsome rather, as his sister Jacqueline, the movies will be looking for him at a tender age.

At the Sick Bay on the Field there are certainly no signs of depression. The flight surgeon Dr. Ernest Ward recently made Lt. Commander dated from 1 July, 1931, Pharmacists Mate First Class Victor Harris Zook made Chief and Pharmacists Mate Second Class Carlton R. Larkins made First Class. The other Corpsman here, Percival Spray has only been on the station a short while, not long enough to get his promotion as yet. The foursome just named are certainly the most accommodating group of Corpsmen ever assembled and we list the Doctor here for he puts out the service just as his men do. It is never too late or they are never too busy to fix 'em up. It is said that the gang were going to wet down Chief Zook's new stripes and buttons when he received them on the eighth of April, but enough men to throw the new Chief in the "drink" could not be mustered.

Someone has said that if a dog bites a man, that is a common occurrence of no news value. If a man bites a dog that is a front page yarn, but if a caterpillar tractor chews the tail off a dog that is real news of streamer importance. Sergeant Spic Santos has the habit of

carrying a little dog named Nellie on the tractor with him as he does the various jobs about the field and the other day Nellie, in mounting her perch on the machine, caught her tail in one of the cogs and it was amputated just as close to the rest of her anatomy as possible. Spic is now searching the field in an effort to find an excuse to tell his wife of the missing antidote.

We have another auto-gyro here that is being groomed to make the elections in Nicaragua this fall. Lieutenant Pugh is the only pilot permitted to handle the new plane and it is believed that he is practicing pick-ups with the rotor in an effort to pick-up the election returns in the spiggoty country in a true Don Quixote fashion. The first auto-flyro that we had came to naught at the hands of Staff Sergeant Heritage when, after landing on the apron, one of the rotor blades collapsed as he attempted to leave the field again. Jim Ray came here and showed the errors of his ways about flying gyros and then Lieutenant Pugh was sent to the factory to get all the dope on the windmill airplanes. The plane will be flown to Hampton Roads in the near future, there it will be crated and shipped to Nicaragua.

Sergeant Curtiss Goehring has a \$60 paving brick that he will gladly exchange for his overcoat and that of Sergeant Starr. One night last week two in company with Sergeant Jesse Melear drove to Washington in Goehring's free stopping Buick, after parking the three secured their overcoats in the car by locking the doors. Returning to the car after attending a lecture on prohibition, both door locks were found pounded off and, reclining on the plush upholstery where the overcoats had been, was a large red paving brick, the instrument used in gaining access to the car. Melear's coat, a 1929 model, was left and the two new top coats belonging to Starr and Goehring were nowhere to be found. After checking up on the trademarks of several coats worn by gun metal Washingtonians, the boys placed the expensive brick on the rear seat and returned to the field with a brick for sale.

The Aviation Dance held on the night of the first of April was one of the most attractive affairs ever held at Quantico, it is reported. With a motif of sesquicentennial ideas, three huge pictures, one of Mount Vernon, one of Wakefield, and the other an exact replica of the Washington Monument, were placed about the gymnasium and the whole hall was hung in red, white and blue streamers. The pictures of Wakefield and Mt. Vernon were painted by Corporal Lotteridge of the paint shop after Master Sergeants George Morgan and Harry Blackwell had flown to Wakefield and taken aerial photographs of the birthplace of the Great American for a pattern.

The dance, as stated, was a big success and was just as it would have been in the times of Washington without the good old refreshments that the boys had in those days before the Volstead family came to the colonies.

Staff Sergeant Tommy Basden from Headquarters, Washington, was a visitor of Gunnery Sergeant and Mrs. Larry Darnar at the dance and he reported that the dance eclipsed all of the service

dances that he has attended here including the Aviation dance held here last winter.

Gunnery Sergeant Draner made the "turtle sergeancy" on the first of April, a nice April Fool present.

George Harold Smith's latest venture in speed in gasoline engines is the Ford some hooked-up with the grader that he is leveling off the lawns of V O Squadron 6-M with. George will be remembered as the crew chief who groomed Lieutenant Schilt's entry at the Pulitzer races in 1926 at Hampton Roads. George also had a race of his own last fall when the steering wheel of his special Fronty Ford came off while he was making a speed run of 80 miles an hour. After taking to the boondocks and sheering off two telephone poles, George woke up and thought he was in Heaven, for the telephone wires were all entwined in his fingers and he thought he had been issued his harp. Other than his little eight Buick and his little son's billy goat, George does not go in for so much speed these days.

We expected to see Gunnery Sergeants Georgia Williams and Andrew Paszkei- weicz put in their appearance from Nicaragua on the opening day of the baseball season here in Washington but they didn't get through for some reason. But we are sure that if the A's repeat that the two will make the trip this fall when the series open.

The flight class of enlisted men has simmered down to four with another man added recently. Those who are still hoping that the class will materialize are Corporals Gaston D. Davis, Troy A. Lawrence, Arthur H. Lilly, and Privates James C. Harr and Robert K. Longanecker. Longanecker is the last to be added to the list after an examination at the Sick Bay last week. The mental given by the engineering officer eliminated two of the prospects that were passed by the flight surgeon.

V O Squadron 6-M is in the throes of another gunnery season. The preliminary bombing and camera gunning will be done here on the home field and on the 9th of May the Squadron will locate at Hampton Roads to do the record gunnery practices. Lieutenant C. J. Chappell, with First Lieutenant D. L. Cloud and Second Lieutenant Hopkins are the regular officers with eight reserves and two enlisted pilots; Master Sergeant Harry Blackwell and Duke Gear are the pilots who will do the firing.

With the late arrival of the new F4B4s that are coming to V. F. Squadron 9-M it is doubtful whether the gunnery practices will be carried out by the fighting squadron this year.

In finishing we want to thank Second Lieutenant F. H. Smith, who is responsible for the "cuts" of Major Mitchell and Staff Sergeant Heritage. When Lieutenant Smith goes on inactive status in July, "The Leatherneck" will be minus one of the best artists for lay-outs who has ever contributed to its pages.

MIRRORS OF BROWN FIELD

By Pvt. G. M. Nasium

This column is conceived enough to believe that you are disappointed because there is no column this month. . . . Your disappointment is as nothing compared with the disappointment you are causing that old lady who waits for that letter you do not write. . . . No man ever gets so old or big that he becomes anything more than a boy to his Mother. . . . Listen, boys, ere another "Leatherneck" goes to press Mothers' Day will be past. . . . Write that letter this Mothers' Day. . . . We have disappointed you intentionally this month in order that it might remind you that Mothers' Day is the day when every man should write to his Mother. . . . Every MAN will write. . . . Are you going to be a man? . . . And we'll be seeing you next month with a double column.

Nicaragua

FIFTH MARINES, MANAGUA

With the concentration of all activities of the Second Brigade, the need for additional recreation facilities has been met by the installation of an excellent swimming pool in the immediate vicinity of the "Loma" and adjacent to the golf course and baseball diamond. Facilities for outdoor exercise are now complete embracing a wide variety such as baseball, tennis, golf, swimming, handball, hiking, and hunting.

The swimming pool, lately completed, is rectangular in shape 50 feet by 61 feet, and has a depth of something over six feet. It has sloping sides with a "landing platform" all the way around suitable for landing or diving. The water is chlorinated and is changed twice weekly. It is kept clear by the use of copper sulphate. Once each week the pool is thoroughly dried and cleaned. Life guards and instructors are provided for the benefit of the less experienced. Except for the day each week during which the pool is being dried and cleaned, it is available for the enlisted personnel from 1 p. m. to 6 p. m. daily, and from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. on Sundays and holidays.

Probably no country in Central America is richer than Nicaragua in small game. Water fowl abound in many varieties. Small wild animals, strange in appearance and habits and sometimes dangerously aggressive, larger ones offer unusual inducements to the hunter. The demands for such sport have sometimes made it somewhat difficult to provide adequate facilities, but by pro-rating the allotted number of hunters among the several companies a great many have been afforded opportunities to hunt and to participate in sight-seeing jaunts of one kind or another. The last trip was so successful that we think it worthy of comment. We left forty-five strong in the Marine motor boat to cross over Lake Managua to temporary quarters at a ranch. The water trip requires about six hours and the men seem restless to see the animals. The lack of a dock on the northern side of the lake requires that we take all our supplies and personnel ashore in small boats. The fun then starts when one man drops his shoes over the side here while another man drops something else over the other



The "Ole Swimmin' Hole" at Managua

side. The usual custom is to start preparations for some nourishment for all hands. That completed, one group starts to climb the active volcano, Momotombo, and the other group starts either afoot or horseback to hunt. The use of native guides is essential and what those guides don't know about the habits of the animals is not worth knowing. By day we hunt the "cats" (small tigers) and ducks while at night we lie in wait for the deer to come to water. We were very lucky on the last trip and received for our trouble and time, alligators and several tigers. The skins were brought back to Managua to be tanned. The men seem to be seasoned hunters by their looks in the pictures, but in reality they are seasoned Marines out having a good time. Count the one hundred and twenty ducks in the one picture if you can. These pictures were taken at the ranch.

We cannot forget the one responsible for these trips and only wish that all you men could accompany us sometime. Chaplain Witherspoon, our "sky-pilot" is surely as good a Marine as any of us and we all are thankful to him that he makes it possible for us to enjoy these trips.

In the following issues of "The Leatherneck" we hope to be with you again and a reorganization of our newsgutters assures us that we will have interesting articles to present.

MUTINEERS KILL OFFICER

BLUEFIELDS, Nicaragua, April 7.—Sergeant Charles J. Levonski, United States Marine Corps, of Dolgeville, N. Y., a lieutenant in the Nicaraguan National Guard, was killed early yesterday in a mutiny led by discontented native sergeants at Kislava, a guard outpost at which he was in command. His lieutenant, Carlos Rayes, a Nicaraguan, was wounded. After the officers had been attacked ten loyal guards joined the nearest garrison, while the fifteen fully armed insurgents went toward Jinotega. Colonel Lloyd L. Leech, area commander of the Atlantic Coast, is making every effort with airplane reconnaissance and ground patrol work to capture the mutineers.—N. Y. Herald Tribune.

Detachments

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

By Earland J. Lakin

There is more fun in giving compliments to a man who doesn't expect them, so the Business School congratulates Lieutenant Peter A. McDonald of the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Boston, Massachusetts, on his excellent work in completing the Post Exchange Bookkeeping course of seven difficult lessons in one month, having been awarded the highest grade on every lesson. That's something to shoot at.

Our last social function, a dance, went off exceptionally well on March 19. That finishes up the season of '31-'32. Paddy Doyle (Irish, obviously) dedicated the dance to Saint Patrick, and pleased that august personage with a program of Irish airs (mostly hot.) The crowd was large and a festive spirit prevailed. Paddy had an attack of ideas and formulated what he called a "chair dance." He and another member of the dance committee grew blue in their respective faces trying to explain the dance to enough people to insure its success. Our efforts were in vain. So we gave it up as a bad job and instituted instead a prize waltz. Pfc. Moeger, playfully known around here as "Football Freddie" was a bit disappointed in not being acclaimed "Our Hero." An old couple carried off the prizes. The band was complimented for its work (Work, is right!).

Every year it seems that new holidays



Nimrods of Managua

are discovered or invented so that we may be paraded before the public. Army Day is the latest. On April 6, we donned our white caps for the first time this year and turned out to parade down the Avenue with some 75,000 others. If you don't think the Marine Band is a hot outfit, just catch a look at "them there red coats." Hot-cha! And while we think about it, why must the cavalry be placed first in the line of march? These parades do alleviate the hunger of the birds.

As has often been expressed, some fellows have all the luck. Here we have a detail, the only one we've seen that could have obtained volunteers. Of course you might guess it; it was a "chow" detail. The twenty-five men who were present at the services held in the Church of the Immaculate Conception on February 22 were invited to a show and a banquet. Tables were reserved at the Noble Restaurant and a steak dinner went the way of all such flesh. After the feast, the boys were taken to the Palace Theater where entertainment was provided by a stage show and the picture "Arsene Lupin." And to think, one girl had charge and acted as hostess! (From a confidential source it is learned that Corporal Goldsmith and Sergeant Dupris had surveys on the steak.)

A notable service in commemoration of the George Washington Bicentennial was held in the Bethlehem Chapel of the Washington Cathedral on Sunday, April 10. Among the dignitaries present (other than the Marine Corps Color Guard—ahem!), were Ambassadors Claudel of France, Prittwitz of Germany, May of Belgium, and Filipowicz of Poland. The service was sponsored by the Daughters of the Cincinnati and was the first of a series of special religious observances in tribute to the two-hundredth anniversary of the First President's birth in cooperation with leading patriotic organizations which will be conducted at Washington Cathedral during this year. (That last sounds like more details. Oh, well!).

Let's get down to our personnel. Private Jack B. Hobbs has joined the Business School as instructor in Bookkeeping and Accounting from Cavite, P. I., via Mare Island.

The Industrial School lost one man this month. Corporal Tear received a special order discharge.

In the Academic School, Corporals Van Berg and Dana obtained own convenience discharges. Gunnery Sergeant Inglee is marking time at the Naval Hospital. Possibly the bridge tournament just finished last month was too much for him; he is so delicate.

Corporals Neidhart and Neuhaus of the Barracks Detachment were paid off via E. of E. Neidhart shipped over.

Gy-Sgt. Kapanke of the Registrar's Office added a third hash mark on March 26. He is now on his way toward a fourth.

Here we have been neglecting to pass on some "vital" statistics. Gunnery Sergeants Deckard of the Industrial School and Gosnell of Civil Service are proud fathers. They won't have to worry about their offsprings enlisting; both are girls.

We congratulate Master Technical Sergeant Foster on his promotion from Staff Sergeant; Corporal Piercy on his haircut; Private Jalickee on his new pipe; Corporal Reeves on his return to the M.

C. I., Corporal Harris on the success of his operation.

Sergeant Schwalke went to Milwaukee on a 90-day reenlistment furlough in a Chevrolet roadster. The expense must have been terrific; he returned sans the Chevy.

First Sergeant Barron tells one on himself. While he was in Chicago one dark night he felt a gun shoved in his back. "Now here," remarked the hold-up man, "is where I go over the top."

Listening to the radio the other eve we heard an orchestra finish up with "How Long Will it Last," immediately after the announcer had elaborated on the fine points of a new car. So Johnny Ahern pipes up with "Why doesn't the Elgin Watch Company use as their theme song, 'Every Movement Has a Meaning All Its Own'?" Oh, John, howcudja?

The boys are determined to make this broadcast a family affair so let's give them a break.

Corporal Long says:

"I've made a great discovery; 'twould make old Darwin blink; I looked beneath the locker and found the missing link!"

Private Eldridge horns in with some figures labeled "Salaries of notable persons":

President Hoover\$75,000

Babe Ruth 70,000

Private, U. S. M. C. ... 21.

As an expiring gasp of "Shorthand" Richardson, we copy:

Famous Charges
_____ of the Light Brigade

Pickett's _____ Bayonets!

Dis _____ it.

MARINE BARRACKS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

By W. B. E.

When the Capital of the United States was moved from Philadelphia to the "mud hole" on the Potomac, as Washington was known in those days, the Headquarters of the Marine Corps moved with it.

Lieut. Col. William Ward Burrows instructed that a site be secured in Bladensburg for barracks or that suitable quarters be rented. Because of the slow methods of travel, this plan was abandoned, and when the Marines left Philadelphia, "by water, stage, and hiking," no definite camp site awaited them.

The Marines pitched their tents on the hill where the Naval Hospital now stands. Here the Marine Band rendered many concerts which were attended by an audience composed greatly of persons distinguished in national life.

Several plans were proposed for the housing of the members of the Corps, but none was considered practical. In March, 1801, President Jefferson and Lieutenant Colonel Burrows surveyed the surrounding territory and the present site on Eighth Street was chosen.

The Commandant offered a prize of one hundred dollars to the person who submitted the best plan. After the specifications had been chosen, the Marines aided the civilian employees in the erection of the quarters. The detachment moved into its new home with eagerness.

The Headquarters of the Marine Corps was located in what is now the Commandant's house. Each department

of the Government was its own banker; the funds of the Corps were kept in a Money Chest which was closely guarded.

In February, 1803, The Marine Corps consisted of twenty-six officers and four hundred and fifty-three enlisted men. Their duties were much the same as today; guard and drill were the most important military activities.

With their meals the men received a ration of grog, the excessive drinking of which, the Commandant disapproved. The tendency of several men to drink immoderately resulted in reduced quantities.

Since its earliest days the Marine Band has been stationed at the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C. President Jefferson was its first sponsor; he was very eager that it be a fitting representation of the new and vigorous nation. The Band participated in the inaugurations of our earliest presidents, as it does today, and gave public concerts on the White House Lawn and in front of the Capitol. Its stirring music has encouraged the maintenance of national patriotism.

In 1809 the Barracks were used for a school where recruits might be taught

ADVANCE ORDERS



Beginning in the next issue, "The Leatherneck" presents the first installment of **THREADS OF REFUGE**. This is a true account from the pen of Anton Reuter, a German infantryman who was captured by U. S. Marines at Soissons and turned over by them to a British prison camp. The privations he endures and the sacrifices he makes to effect his escape evolve into a true story surpassing in thrills and adventure most works of fiction.

Translated by Martin Lichtenberg, USMC., this story is an important contribution to war literature.

DON'T MISS THIS TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE PERILS AND ADVENTURES OF AN ESCAPED PRISONER IN A HOSTILE COUNTRY.

their drills. Since that date instruction has always been available there, culminating in the Marine Corps Institute where all the Corps goes to school. The motto of the Institute truly expresses its great aim: "The best educated military service in the world." Here the members of the Corps receive without charge academic, business, and industrial instruction, combining the knowledge of the learned with the active life of the sea soldier. It is truly a floating university with students scattered throughout the world.

During the War of 1812 the British troops defeated the American forces at the Battle of Bladensburg and occupied Washington. The British withdrew after destroying most of the public buildings

with the exception of the Marine Barracks.

A chronicler states: "Cockburn had ordered Colonel Wharton's and Captain Tingey's houses and the barracks and the arsenal burned, but on remonstrance from the citizens and the assurance the fire would destroy public property he desisted. 'I want to injure no citizen,' said he, 'and so your barracks may stand.'"

Other authorities give General Ross credit for saving the Marine Barracks. "A delegation from the Navy Yard urged that if the closely situated Barracks were set on fire their dwellings would be jeopardized and the General countermanded the order to destroy it."

The Commandant did not leave until the very last. When he saw the impossibility of stopping the victorious British troops, he secured a boat and left for Fredericktown, with the Paymaster and the enlisted men. The members of the Band rendered invaluable assistance in the saving of the archives; it is to the untiring efforts of this distinguished organization that we owe most of the credit for the preservation of the early records of the Corps.

All writers of that period praise the valor of the Marines and Sailors who fought at the Battle of Bladensburg. They were overwhelmingly outnumbered by the advancing British troops, which consisted of several thousand regulars.

During this battle the Marine Corps went "broke." The two sentries guarding the Money Chest decided their services were needed in the fields. Burying the money, they joined their companions and fell in the struggle. An extensive search was made, for it contained all the money for military appropriations; however, no trace of the concealed treasure was found.

The official magazine of the Corps, "The Leatherneck," is published at the Marine Barracks. It was started in 1917 for the purpose of disseminating information concerning the Marine Corps Institute which was then in its infancy. At the present the Institute is well known, so the magazine is filled with the activities of the entire Corps. Although "The Leatherneck" has grown from a periodical of only a few sheets, from the very first good reading matter has occupied its pages. In its pages are mirrored the adventures and achievements of one of the most colorful military organizations of the world.

MARINE BARRACKS, NAVY YARD, WASHINGTON, D. C.

In March, 1800, Captain Tingy, the first Commandant of the Navy Yard, requested a company of Marines to guard the government property. In compliance Sgt. Jonathan Meredith, with a detachment of twelve Marines, was ordered there from Baltimore. The march lasted two days, the new arrivals, under the command of Lieut. Thomas Barclay, constituted Washington's first Marine Detachment.

Members of this post participated in the defense of the Yard during the War of 1812. When further resistance was acknowledged futile, the Yard was destroyed to prevent its capture from benefiting the victorious British attackers.

In 1876 Marine Headquarters proposed to abolish the Marine post at the Navy Yard, but the Commandant protested strongly, declaring that the Marines

were the only men who could be depended upon to supply extra sentinels and to be ready for any emergency.

The present Marine Barracks were built in 1882 to secure adequate space for the command. The original framework remains although the inside of the buildings has been changed several times.

The Navy Yard Marines were among the first to see service in the Spanish-American War. A small detachment was sent from here to make up part of the original battalion which occupied Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, in the early stages of the war.

During the World War, this post was used for a training camp for Marines. All available room was given to the vast number of men who were preparing for the great struggle in France.

QUAKER TOWN NEWS

By W. W. Wood

Although we have been absent from these columns for several issues we are glad to get back in touch once more with our friends in the distant posts of the Marine Corps. Life is always very eventful in Philadelphia and we are never in want of excitement. We boast the best liberty town in the U. S. and the duty is hard to beat.

Lieutenant Colonel Harold F. Wirgman was recently ordered here for duty and is now Executive Officer at this post. For the past two years he has been the Fleet Marine Officer of the Asiatic Fleet.

Another newcomer from the Asiatics is Sergeant Major William Rider. Rider reported here as relief of Sergeant Major Gough who was transferred to the West Coast where he is going out on "20."

Preparations are now being made for another strong Elliot Trophy Team. This post won the trophy last year, and from the number of bull's eyes the boys are getting at the indoor range with the .22 rifles, we stand an excellent chance of retaining the trophy for another year. First Lieutenant L. E. Marie is coaching the team and we have great confidence in his ability.

Recently, First Lieutenant R. W. Conkey was awarded a letter of commendation from the Secretary of the Navy for commendable service in Nicaragua. A parade was given in his honor and Colonel L. M. Gulick read the award in the presence of the command.

Sergeant John M. Miller was recently promoted to the rank of Staff Sergeant. Miller is the instructor in the Clerical School and is quite an expert in teaching the intricacies of military forms and correspondence to the future company clerks of the Marine Corps.

This barracks has been giving a series of dances that have been memorable events in the social life of this command. The dances are well attended and the music is excellent. Invitations are ex-

tended to all Marines in the vicinity of Philadelphia, ashore and afloat. When your ship is in port it would pay you to drop around and inquire when the next dance is to be held. Invitations may be had for the asking from our First Sergeant's Office.

MANHATTAN MELODIES

By J. A. McFellin

Staff Sergeant Edwin D. Curry who has been performing the duty of chief clerk in the Sergeant Major's office is at present spending a thirty-day furlough out in the Bronx prior to his departure for foreign duty with the First Brigade in Haiti. Curry expects to depart from New York via the Panama Railroad Steamship Company Line on the "Cristobal" and will consequently miss a delightful cruise on the "Kittery" from Hampton Roads.

Sergeant William H. Crater, having completed over sixteen years service in the Marine Corps, has made application for transfer to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve and expects to reside in Vine-

SEND IN THE NEWS OF YOUR DETACHMENT TO THE LEATHERNECK.

land, New Jersey, if his application is approved.

Quartermaster Sergeant Alton B. Trapnell is at present sporting a new Franklin car.

Pfc. Edgar J. Jones, our Post Exchange bookkeeper had a desire to see how things were progressing in the new Amusement Center and moving picture theater at the Marine Barracks, Naval Ammunition Depot, Dover, N. J., and wishing first hand information, he availed himself of the opportunity to make an inspection trip with the Paymaster's Deputy on the regular pay trip with the result that he found things satisfactory and his curiosity regarding Dover and its surroundings is satisfied.

Corporal Carl A. Nielson, Pfc. Victor Tate, and Private Gus. A. Council, who recently were discharged by reason of expiration of enlistment, looked the depression situation over very carefully and decided that four more years in the Marine Corps would not do any harm. Now they are spending reenlistment furloughs.

Captain Yoshinor Nogaya, a reserve officer of the Imperial Japanese Air Force, who was to attempt a flight across the Pacific Ocean in the near future, met with a fatal accident while taking off from the Floyd Bennett Field, Brooklyn, New York, on Tuesday, March 29, 1932.

Haiti

U. S. SERVICE CLUB, PORT AU PRINCE

By I. Schneider

The United States Service Club was launched at a general meeting of enlisted personnel of the U. S. Marine Corps below the rank of non-commissioned officer, and enlisted personnel of the U. S. Navy below the rate of petty officer on duty with the First Brigade, U. S. Marine Corps, Port au Prince, Republic of Haiti, on March 11, 1932, after being sponsored by the Brigade Commander, Colonel L. McCarty Little, U. S. Marine Corps.

Major Louis E. Fagan, U. S. Marine Corps, Executive Officer, Second Regiment, acted in an advisory capacity to a committee made up of representatives of the different organizations within the Brigade, and, with the help of First Lieutenant Edwin J. Farrell, U. S. Marine Corps, Brigade Morale Officer, the machinery for the organization of the club was put into motion.

The site selected for the clubhouse was the old Nanking Gardens Restaurant, situated on Champ de Mars next to the Commissary. The building contains five large rooms, is of the bungalow type and has a wide, covered porch on three sides. Rose gardens adorn either side of the entrance which is a 150 foot concrete driveway.

It took two weeks in which to renovate the building and clear up the grounds. An up-to-date bar, perhaps the best in Haiti, was installed. A general color scheme was effected for both the interior and exterior of the building, thanks to the kindness of Mrs. Lee Brown who gave up much of her time and effort in having the scheme perfected. Details from the various organizations in the Brigade made the renovation and the 101 other things possible and many thanks are due the respective commanding officers.

Thus on April 1, 1932, the club doors were thrown open to all men who were eligible to join as members, together with Major Fagan and Lieutenant Farrell, who worked so hard to help us get going. Everything was free. We simply refused to ring up the cash register. In all, 112 gallon of Tom Henry's good old Brasserie Nationale Beer was consumed; 15 gallons of soda pop went the way of all good pop; and some thousand sandwiches were downed. Through the goodness of his heart and that the club might start off with a clean slate on the morrow, Lieutenant Farrell, the Brigade Morale Officer, footed the bill.

The object of the club is to promote social intercourse, good fellowship, and to maintain for its members a place of



meeting. Further, the Staff of the former Chinese proprietor of the Nanking Gardens Restaurant was retained, thus affording the members excellent American and Chinese cooking served by clean Chinese waiters.

When the club opened for business on April 2nd, over three hundred men had already joined. Besides these members all officers of the U. S. Marine Corps, U. S. Navy, and U. S. Foreign Service, on duty in Haiti, may use the club as honorary members.

Members of the club are entitled to special liberty. This liberty permits them to remain at the club until 11:00 p. m., the liberty expiring at 11:15 p. m. Bus service is in effect from 10:00 p. m. until closing time for members from the Docks, Motor Transport, Aviation and Signal.

At the general meeting the following officers were elected:

Board of Officers:

Colonel L. McCarty Little, U. S. M. C.,
Honorary President.

Major Louis E. Fagan, U. S. M. C.,
Honorary Vice-President.

First Lieutenant Edwin J. Farrell, U. S. M. C.,
Honorary Vice-President.

Isadore Schneider, V0-9M,
President.

Frank Marco, Bg. Hq. & Hq. Co.,
Vice-President.

Stephen A. Adalac, Hq. & Hq. Co. 2d
Regt.,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Board of Governors:

William L. Smith, Brigade Hq. & Hq. Co.
Clarence T. Espeland, Motor Transport
Co.

William D. Keller, Second Regiment.

Waldo Harris, Aviation.

Henry C. King, Signal Company.

John R. Culberson, U. S. Navy.

PORT AU PRINCE NCO CLUB

By Hossintoffit

The newly organized NCO Club of Port au Prince makes its first appearance in our pages. Organized on Dec. 20, 1931, the Club has become a social and financial success. It has been equipped with modern comforts, an electric stove and electric refrigerator having been added to the abundant furniture.

One hundred and seven members have joined already; this number constitutes over sixty per cent of the non-commissioned officers in the Brigade. This splendid enrollment was achieved less than ninety days after the organization's formation.

First Sgt. Raymond B. Quinn was elected president; for the position of vice-president Qm. Sergeants H. L. Flynn and Morris E. Miller and Corporals John W. Wells and Cecil R. Brentlinger have been nominated. First Sgt. Frank Martz is treasurer and Sgt. Ralph B. McKinley is the steward.

The Club gave a picnic at Bailey's Beach, where the members and their guests enjoyed refreshments, sports, and music. The Naval Hospital Team won the indoor baseball games, winning three straight to eliminate the other organizations.

Weekly card tournaments attract great interest. Qm. Sgt. Tommy Dougan and Gy.-Sgt. Dominick Paul won first place in a recent contest, Staff Sgt. Fred H. Kelsey and Phm3c. John C. Black taking second place. Sgt. Harold K. Jack-

son won at rummy and Qm. Sgt. Tommy Dougan and Corporal Rhem were first in the pinocle games. The cribbage series were won by Staff Sgt. William Wells.

Other enlisted men of the Brigade are organizing the United States Service Club under the direction of Major Louis E. Fagan. We wish to offer them our hearty support and our eagerness to see the success of their organization.

PRINCELY PERSONALITIES

By Stephen Adalac

We break our silence which was caused by yielding to the listless effects of Port au Prince's climate. Its monotonous heat is a boon to idlers, reaching perfection in the person of Corporal Golden. Marines come here filled with vim, vigor, and vitality; in a short time they must fight the indolence which gives them a desire only to eat and sleep.

We have plenty of parades, but their invariable success makes us proud to participate in them. There is nothing like a snappy formatoin to make a fellow realize that he is a Marine.

The baseball season approaches, and we recall the intense interest in last year's competition. The various organizations here form a close rivalry with their evenly matched teams.

Swimming, tennis, handball, riding, boxing, and pool attract many of the men. The library and the "talkies" are always well attended.

Our dances are always crowded. What Marine would miss out on sandwiches and coffee, and the cake and ice cream which follows?

Who do you think is down here with us? None other than the famed "Charlie the Greek." Now that I revealed his presence, none of the privates will wish to come to Haiti, for Charlie's administration as police sergeant is known and dreaded throughout the Corps. He has used up more paint in one month than the quartermaster has issued during the last five years. The trees have been given a haircut; every available piece of wood painted; even the barren ground may be painted green to give it that grassy appearance. So far Charley has missed only the President's Palace.

Port au Prince will be represented by its best at the matches at Camp Perry, Ohio. If your heart is set on making the team, prepare for an arduous task when you compete against our Marines. We want the Corps to walk away with honors as it has done in the past.

Our officers can't be beat. Colonel Manwaring, our Commanding Officer, will soon retire. It is a pleasure to serve under him, and we shall be sorry to see his departure. Our Regimental Executive, Major Fagan, has always been a very popular leader among the enlisted men.

Captain Pearce is the Adjutant. What a racing enthusiast! With his and Captain's Halla's support of horse racing, it is not strange that the sport is attracting numbers of the Haitian notables. This activity brings the Marine in contact with the native, and friendliness results. Beautiful women attend the races, and in the eyes of many of us the horses cease to look interesting.

Sergeant Major Simmons will soon retire to an Indiana farm. I am a fortunate fellow because I know that he will offer me a position as a farm hand. Coming from Pittsboigh, I'll be a great

help. Oh well, such is life without a wife. Wonder what it would be like with one.

We have formed the United States Service Club, which is composed of men in Haiti below the rank of non-coms and naval petty officers. We are deeply grateful to Colonel Little, Brigade Commander, who sponsored the rise of the organization.

The Club held its first meeting on March 11, 1932. Acting as Counselor, Major Fagan read the names of the men who constituted the committee. "Nanking Gardens" was chosen for the site of the Club.

Private Schnieder was elected President, Frank Marco, Vice-President, and Private Adalac, Secretary and Treasurer. The Board of Governors consists of Pfc. William L. Smith, Pvt. Keller, Pfc. Espeland, Private King, and Seaman 2cl. Culberson.

First Lieut. Farrell, Brigade Athletic and Morale Officer, is assisting us generously. He has promised us the Regimental Band for our formal opening and the use of the post dance floor. Much of the success of the Club is due to the splendid interest shown by the officers.

THE GARDE D'HAITI AND THE ELECTIONS

By F. Belton and J. Rogers

Leatherneck readers have been informed of the progress of the Garde d'Haiti up to September, 1931, when "The Leatherneck" so kindly devoted a great deal of space to a Garde Number. Since September the Garde has carried on in a fashion that has earned paeans of praise from the Haitian Government, the Haitian people, and the Haitian press.

In October, 1931, the stage was set for the election of Haitian representatives in the National Assembly and for the choice of mayors and other city officials. In a country such as Haiti, where there are but three principal professions for the educated man—the law, medical profession and politics—candidates are always many.

The registration of voters commenced on October 1st. Candidates for the various offices appointed their ward leaders and sought the votes of the population with every means in their power.

Throughout the excitement that prevailed prior to and during the elections, which were held on January 10, 1932, the Garde was increasingly busy. The maintenance of order at registration booths was one of the main duties of the Garde. Vigilance had to be constantly maintained against the maneuvers of politicians who sought to inveigle members of the Garde, especially the chiefs of rural sections, into politics.

Officers and men of the Garde held firmly to their duties, and maintained order in an entirely impartial fashion. When at last election day arrived, the Haitian people were confident that the Garde d'Haiti would maintain order and permit each citizen voter to exercise his prerogative of aiding in the administration of his country without hindrance or dictation as to how he should cast his vote.

Election day passed quietly. Throughout Haiti in the 171 posts of the Garde d'Haiti all men not actually on post stood by to answer riot calls and to suppress disorder, but their services

were not needed. The few minor quarrels and disturbances were quickly suppressed by the street patrols. Haiti had experienced an exemplary election rivaling in orderliness the vote of January, 1930, which brought unstinted praise from all sides on the Garde for its preservation of order and discipline. The following letters of commendation are recognition of the part the Garde d'Haiti played in assuring the people of Haiti a free and peaceful election:

**"THE PRESIDENT
OF THE
REPUBLIC OF HAITI**

Port au Prince, 11 January, 1932.

General R. P. Williams,
Commandant of the Garde d'Haiti,
Headquarters.

General,

The legislative and communal elections of January 10th were held yesterday throughout our territory in the most perfect calm, and the entire nation, due to the measures of order taken by the Garde d'Haiti, was able to vote under conditions of liberty and sincerity which cede absolutely nothing to those of October 14th, 1930.

I strongly desire to tell you in a particular manner of my vivid satisfaction and to beg you to commend all officers and men for their assistance in assuring tranquillity on the memorable day of yesterday, tranquillity which is certainly due to the wisdom and need of peace of all citizens, more and more conscious of the value of their ballot, but also to the powerful discipline, the correctness and the absolute impartiality of the Garde d'Haiti.

Accept, General, the assurance of my very distinguished sentiments.

STENIO VINCENT."

**"HEADQUARTERS, FIRST BRIGADE,
U. S. MARINE CORPS,
PORT AU PRINCE,
REPUBLIC OF HAITI,**

16 January, 1932.

From: The Brigade Commander and Senior Officer Present.

To: Colonel Richard P. Williams, U. S. Marine Corps.

Subject: Efficient functioning of the Garde d'Haiti.

1. Due to the effective execution of your well laid plans for the Garde d'Haiti, the legislative and communal elections held throughout this country on 10 January, 1932, passed without incident. It is a source of deep satisfaction to the undersigned and to all officers of the Marine Corps to know that the Garde has in all respects fulfilled the purpose of its organization in preserving law and order in all parts of the Republic. This is the result of the system of training and discipline enforced by you as Commandant of the Garde. The accomplishment of the Garde in the preservation of order during the elections is a fitting reward for your earnest and successful efforts as the officer responsible for its efficiency.

2. The Brigade Commander and Senior Officer Present extends his hearty congratulations to you and the officers of the Constabulary Detachment on the excellent results obtained by the Garde d'Haiti.

L. McCARTY LITTLE."

The press of Haiti was unanimous in its praise of the Garde. Following are a few translations of the articles which appeared in the various newspapers, both government and opposition, after elections:

"L'OPINION"—January 11, 1932:

The legislative and communal elections were held yesterday in the most complete order. No incident worthy of attention occurred at Port au Prince. We must, without delay, render public homage to the Garde d'Haiti—the independent attitude of which and the measures taken by it have led to the maintenance of order on the streets. One may continue to argue, but it is undeniable that these conditions were less the result of the wisdom and discipline of the groups than that of the fear of the drastic and summary measures mentioned in the Commandant of the Garde's last circular. This circular, which was the object of various comments, had, therefore, its effect."

"LE TEMPS"—January 11, 1932:

"YESTERDAY. — Yesterday passed without deplorable incidents, both in the capital and in all the country districts. In one or two places, the fight was hard but nowhere and at no time was order disturbed. While using much tact and savoir-faire, the Garde displayed the necessary firmness. It deserves commendation of all."

"LE MATIN"—January 11 and 12, 1932:

"THE DAY OF JANUARY 10TH: The elections were held in the most complete order, with the exception of some incidents which were the cause of nothing serious while justifying police interference. . . ."

"LE NOUVELLISTE"—January 14, 1932:

"THE GARDE AND THE ELECTIONS.—It is impossible not to render homage to the Garde d'Haiti for its attitude on January 10th, 1932, in the course of the great national elections. At Port au Prince, the conduct of the gardes was impeccable. Moreover, the people's wisdom reduced to a minimum the number of cases necessitating their intervention. Information received from the country districts has confirmed to us that the same conditions prevailed in all places, and order has been maintained everywhere throughout the Republic with tact and energy. To have so well fulfilled its task, the Garde deserves our most complete congratulations."

And the most valuable accolade of all: "01063-1&3

HEADQUARTERS, U. S. MARINE
CORPS,

Washington 13 February, 1932.

From: The Major General Commandant.

To: Colonel Richard P. Williams, U. S. M. C., Commanding Constabulary Detachment, U. S. M. C.

Subject: Services of Garde d'Haiti in connection with recent elections.

1. I have read with gratification a copy of the letter addressed to you by the President of Haiti under date of 11 January, 1932, expressing his great satisfaction with the orderly and impartial manner in which the legislative and communal elections of 10 January, 1932, were held.

2. It is apparent from the President's letter that the successful conduct of the elections reflects much credit on

you and on the officers and men of the Garde d'Haiti under your command, and that the excellent training, discipline and absolute impartiality of the personnel of the Garde contributed largely to the absence of any disorder and to the fairness with which the elections were held.

3. I take pleasure in commending you and the members of your command for their excellent services and in congratulating you and them on the success which attended their efforts.

4. A copy of this letter will be filed with your military record and with the record of each officer and enlisted man of the Marine Corps serving in the Garde.

B. H. FULLER."

* * * * *

As a concrete expression of the gratitude of the Haitian Government to General Williams for the valuable service he has rendered the Republic of Haiti during his tour of duty as Commandant of the Garde d'Haiti, on Sunday, March 27, 1932, in the presence of a brilliant assemblage of government officials and civic leaders, the President of the Republic awarded (subject to the approval of the United States Government), the Haitian Medaille Militaire, Haiti's highest military decoration, to General Williams. The citation reads as follows:

"To Major General Richard P. Williams Garde d'Haiti, for the superior military conduct he has demonstrated as Commandant of the Garde during the period of the National Elections of 14 October, 1931, and of 10 January, 1932, and for the perfect discipline and the remarkable correctness which, under his orders, the officers of this Corps have acquired."

MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS

By Charles L. Follett

Perhaps for an organization as important to the Marine Corps as is the Marine Corps Schools, not enough is known about it. This school provides the United States with better officers, better talent, and helps to provide a safe and sound policy of military organization.

The Marine Corps Schools are divided into four classes of schools: Correspondence, Basic (located at Philadelphia), Company Officers', and Field Officers' Courses. Of the four, three are located at Quantico, the only one away from Quantico being the Basic School in Philadelphia.

The Correspondence Schools of the Marine Corps Schools provide a number of courses in military work and are used by members of the regular Marine Corps and members of the Marine Corps Reserve.

The Company Officers' Course provides a course of instruction in the various functions necessary for a company officer to have knowledge of. Junior captains and senior first lieutenants comprise the students of this course of study.

The Field Officers' Course provides a course of instruction for field officers and the students are composed of junior majors and senior captains.

The curriculum of both classes include courses in tactics, landing operations, equitation or animal management, law, besides other courses of study peculiar to the different classes. In the Company Officers' Course a detailed course of

study in weapons is given. The course of study in weapons involves actual firing of the weapons and firing a qualification course for record.

The Basic School at Philadelphia is for the instruction of newly appointed second lieutenants in their function as Marine Corps officers.

Connected with the schools and of vital importance to their functioning is the Reproduction Department. Here are printed and reproduced lessons, maps and a multitude of pamphlets and texts

for use in the schools. Not only school work is done but also forms and other types of reproduction for the post as a whole. The Reproduction Department is one of the most important parts of the Marine Corps Schools.

Under the direction of the Adjutant of the Marine Corps Schools comes the functioning and making possible the education of the children of the post. The Post School is conducted by the Marine Corps Schools, and while not an actual part of it, it does involve the proper supervision of the Post School.

The Department heads are listed below and it is their duty to see that the schools maintain their high degree of efficiency: Commandant, Lt. Col. John R. Henley. Director, Company Officers' Course, Lt. Col. J. R. Henley. Director, Field Officers' Course, Lt. Col. C. F. B. Price. Director, Correspondence, Major Roger W. Peard. OIC Reproduction Department, Major Raynor. Assistant OIC Reproduction Department, Captain R. M. Montague. Schools Quartermaster, Captain Hobbs. Adjutant-Secretary, Captain D. E. Campbell (CO).



MARYLAND MANEUVERS

By Fred Wilkinson

With sea battles, attacks on fortified islands, condition watches, midnight fire alarms, and a thousand other things filling our days and nights, please don't ask whether we've been busy.

Even the patient life buoy sentries were rewarded by shooting over the mechanical life buoys a few times. And from all reports, Private V. C. Miller actually hit the water with the buoy. These buoys must be remarkably accurate.

It is well known that "Big Mary" was a unit of the "Blue Fleet" in the maneuvers held in Hawaiian waters from the fifth to the thirteenth of February. As the fleet proved itself decidedly efficient in landing troops on the island of Oahu (big island), so did the Marines display their versatility, covering the landing parties with shells from the ship's guns. Most of the detachment landed and skillfully deployed, helping in the "recapture" of the island.

At last the mud-hook was dropped off Lahaina Roads, Island of Macu (Island of Valleys). When liberty was granted, it seemed like a reunion. Everyone appeared to be there: sea soldiers, grizzled veterans of the tropics, doughboys and sailors.

As usual the inevitable "breeze" started blowing; stories that had accumulated since the last meeting were told, each version becoming more fascinating with the narrator's elaboration.

Speaking of stories, our Detachment was saddened by the loss of Corporal Spud Irwins, who has reported for duty at San Diego. And at Hawaii, Corporal Balmos and Pfc. McGraw were transferred to the "Henderson." They were good men and we certainly miss them. Being their good friends, we hesitate to besmirch their reputations; but as story tellers, we offer Spud and McGraw, and we are willing to back them against any men in the service. Now we do not doubt their veracity, but our demon statistician, Corporal Henderson, has compiled figures to prove that both these young men would need three score years to experience all they relate. Well?

I wonder whether, like myself, others have wondered at the large number of newlyweds who choose Hawaii for their honeymoon. The answer is clear an

hour after landing here. Throughout the year the island is unrivalled in its beauty. Even the Marines, cynical, blasé, hardened travelers, are loud in their praise. Dynamite Ketchum, the obnoxious music, was heard to twitter that he too would some day be big enough to go on honeymoons. There really is romance here. I bet not one person in the fleet (fortunate enough to be single) has not vowed to come here on "my honeymoon, when I get out."

Here are the many curios, souvenirs, and novelties which make these island towns so attractive. Real hula girls liven things with their picturesque songs and dances. When things become dull, there is the traditional taxi-driver to argue with. Although their vocal arguments are difficult to understand, their gestures are quite plain; these communications afford us many laughs.

Liberty is about over now and in a few days we start back to "rainy California." We are undergoing instruction in extended order under the tutelage of Mr. Hill. At present we are organizing a landing party which is to operate for the Admiral's inspection. We have already passed the remainder of the inspection with flying colors.

We expect a real bit of simulated warfare when we "attack" the Pacific Coast on our return. But after it is over we shall have the pleasure of renewing our friendships with the members of the scouting fleet. We take this opportunity to welcome them to the West Coast and recommend that they take all the liberty available in San Francisco when the fleet sails there in the middle of April. This metropolis is aptly called "the city that knows how."

While ruminating over my being a mere Pfc and my having to take so many different orders, I decided that our present bunch of non-coms is the best I have "contacted" in my short time in the service. For the benefit of the old-timers I shall name them. There are First Sergeant Hudley, Gunnery Sergeant Jefferson, Platoon Sergeants E. Nixon and John Lewis, Ship Service Accountant Sgt. Maynard Sorenson, and Police Sergeant Jerry Karynaske, the fleet's outstanding gun captain and plugman, Corporals Stearmer, Lindemann, Whisner, Duffy, Henderson, Ruth, Luckel, and Sealey.

Our vote for the two non-coms whom

we have found most capable in performing their duties goes to Corporals Duffy and Sealey. In addition to mingling freely with all the boys, they are very efficient members of the guard. Although it should be added that, if our top-kick could, he would probably prefer to spend most of the time "fanning" the breeze with some private.

OKLAHOMA SOUNDS OFF

By Rufus

At last we are headed back to our old stamping grounds, which will be a pleasure for all hands, even though we are departing from the "Paradise of the Pacific."

Since we were last heard from, we have been fairly busy and perhaps our shore-side buddies will be interested to know some of the things we have been doing.

First, there was the annual whaleboat races. Of course, we were represented and our boys did their best. However, with a light crew competing against heavier ones, the result is inevitable. We did not win the race, but we'll be out next year, so here's hoping.

Then we took off for the attack on the Hawaiian Islands. Old Jupiter Pluvius did his best to keep the boys from getting back to their ships, but he was licked when the San Pedro shore boats took a hand in the affair. The Fleet heaved anchor on schedule, and the war was on.

Our passage was anything but smooth. We ran into bad weather the first day out. Heavy swells made this old pig-iron do some plain and fancy rolling and pitching. About the third day out, we ran into a real storm. We lost one of our whaleboats off of the davit, a hole was smashed into one of the motor-launches, and it looked, for a while, as though old Neptune was going to wreck all our boats.

As we neared Hawaii, we went into Condition II. The short-timers began to sound off. Sergeant Miller was the loudest, but he was ably echoed by Sergeant Tracy, Corporals Carraway and Hopkins, Privates First Class Blumh, Bowersox, Drake, Patterson and Carpenter, and Private Roose. For some unknown reason they were all particularly interested in a certain U. S. S. "Henderson." The writer fails to under-

stand their interest, as he has made some trips on that ship, and found it to be just an ordinary naval transport.

Because of his knowledge, not once, but many times daily he was called upon to answer numerous questions concerning living, eating, sleeping, and every other imaginable condition that was to be found aboard the "Henderson." However he managed to keep his right mind until we finally arrived, and on February 15th, the "Gang" said Aloha to the "Oklahoma," and took with them the good wishes of their shipmates.

Enroute to Hawaii, we were told that we were to enjoy the extreme pleasure of the Admiral's Annual Inspection. Immediately everyone aboard became industrious and serious. An air of expectancy prevailed—similar to that of a convicted prisoner. The morning of the 24th arrived and at about 8:15 the word was received that the Admiral would not appear until next A. M. Naturally we were very much pleased at the prospects of getting ready all over again, but we managed to conceal our mirth.

The next morning arrived and with it came a lovely storm—er—shower, and of course the Admiral did not show up, but sent word that he would arrive sometime in the near future. That was lovely; but the writer can testify, and furnish ample proof, that the ensuing week was anything else except lovely.

At last the morning of March 3rd appeared in a blaze of sunshine that would gladden the heart of the most confirmed Californian. And, at the proper time, the Admiral made his appearance. Apparently he was satisfied, for the list of faults noted at inspection was very brief. More about that when we receive the report.

For various reasons, already known, the Fleet anchored at Lahaina Roads; and, except for one week-end at Hilo, all of our liberties were made at that place. From Lahaina it was possible to go by bus or taxi to Wailuku, capitol of Maui. Except for hikes, curios, hula dancing and bicycle riding, there was very little

to find in either place. The people, however, tried to make our stay enjoyable and their hospitality was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The real thrill was enjoyed upon attempting to return to our ship. The dock accommodated only one boat at a time; there were about ninety ships in port, the majority of which had a liberty party ashore. Liberty expired at 6:53 P. M. on the dock, and everyone seemed ambitious to return to his ship only when liberty was up. There's the picture—the rest is left to your imagination.

Finally the morning of the 10th arrived, and the Fleet started on the last lap of the Maneuvers. Although there were prospects of much Condition II and III, no one was sorry because it meant that ultimately we would arrive at San Pedro, and HOME.

The writer overheard the following shortly after we got under way for the return trip. A Division Officer was explaining to some men of his division what was anticipated when the Black Fleet met the Blue Fleet. He called it the Major Engagement. One of his listeners remarked "Maybe you call that the Major Engagement; but when we get to San Pedro, there's going to be plenty Major Engagements."

LEXINGTON GROUND LOOPS

By Rojo

Hearken to the latest news from the Aviation Detachment aboard the "Lexington." It seems like years since we embarked to participate in ye old game of war.

Among those present when we counted noses were 1st Sgt. Paddy Costello; MT. Sgt. John Primm (Salt Herring behind his back); Gy-Sgts. Egonut and Norris, and thirty assorted Marines. The last mentioned can be seen anytime putting in "stick time" on the flight deck. In fact they are almost convinced that A. P. stands for airplane pusher.

We have just finished one war in a big

way, coming in a close second. The umpires claim we were bombed, but I didn't know anything about it. My ignorance probably was due to my being down four decks at the time. A compass should be standard equipment for visitors and recruits. I've got a buddy here somewhere, and I hope to see him before I shove off. But give me time; I've been here only a couple of months.

It seems that a decent war can't be fought without our ship. Whitey Hobbs thinks wax bullets should be used in the next conflict, so the enemy would know when it was shot down. He still thinks the umpire gave him a bum score in the last scramble.

The squadron is piloted by 1st Lieut. W. O. Brice, who is aided by Lieutenants Cooley, Willis, Koonce, Fox, Dyer, Roberts, and Sherman. When a person wants to "cork off" the percentage is all against him.

Most of us have recovered from the hay fever acquired in Hawaii. The epidemic of "Ukes" is still going strong; we expect to get rid of it as soon as we reach Long Beach. The "Lexington" without Long Beach would be like Lindy without a plane, judging from the gang that crowds in the shore boat.

So far we have had our share of the breaks. No, I don't mean planes. At present we are searching for something that will clean paint work without effort.

As all things must stop somewhere I'll pipe down with the famous words, "Put it, in the hangar."

ARGONNE ANTICS

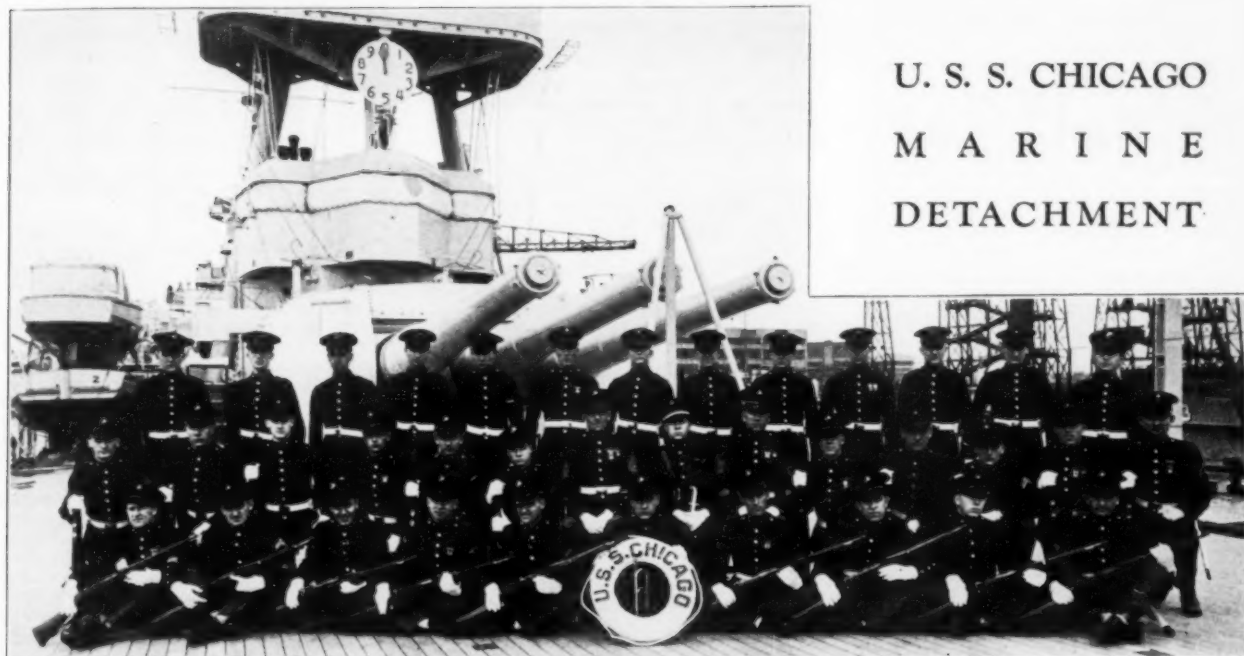
On March 10th, at 9:00 A. M., the "Argonne" lifted anchor and we were underway for San Pedro from Lahaina Roads, T. H. Several days of rain and rough weather, some wind and plenty of fog were encountered on the return voyage. As we were "At War" we had "Darken Ship" most every night until our arrival in Los Angeles Harbor, March 21st.

AVIATION SQUADRON VS-15-M U. S. S. LEXINGTON



Front row (left to right): Pfc. Edmondson, James W.; Pvt. Burt, James D.; Mt. Sgt. Primm, John W.; 2nd Lt. Roberts, Deane C.; 2nd Lt. Dyer, Edward C.; 2nd Lt. Koonce, Allen C.; 1st Lt. Cooley, Albert D.; 1st Lt. Brice, William O.; 1st Lt. Willis, Donald G.; 2nd Lt. Fox, Clinton E.; 2nd Lt. Sherman, Paul D.; 1st Sgt. Costello, Philip J.; Sgt. Schaller, Lewis M.; Pfc. Stoffel, Harold N.

Standing (left to right): Sgt. Berg, Martin W.; Stf. Sgt. Hobbs, Ralph H.; Gy. Sgt. Norris, Luther G.; Stf. Sgt. Watson, William F.; Sgt. Reynolds, Frank H.; Cpl. Howard, Joseph A.; Cpl. Chambers, Charles W., Jr.; Pvt. Daly, Milton L.; Pvt. Long, Harry F.; Pvt. Farland, George H.; Pvt. Eason, James G.; Cpl. Howell, Ray J.; Pfc. Ebner, Lee J.; Pfc. Grand, John F.; Pfc. Smith, Walter S.; Pvt. Hamilton, Vincent F.; Pvt. Hodo, Kenneth E.; Pvt. Crosier, Fred H., Jr.; Stf. Sgt. Billings, Edwin O.; Cpl. Walker, Charles W.; Sgt. Salcedo, Ferdinand G.; Pvt. Ferbert, Charles; Pvt. Sester, Edward L.; Pvt. Pullen, Jack C.; Cpl. Smith, James A.; Stf. Sgt. Roberts, Lee E.; Pvt. Dawdy, Ollie B.; Sgt. Bourne, Arthur H.



U. S. S. CHICAGO MARINE DETACHMENT

Standing—Conley, Orville C.; Crapo, Henry G.; Brown, Dillen E.; Pethel, Addie A.; Frank, Tony C.; Bowles, Theodore; Segars, John W.; Sweekata, Stanley J.; Wilson, Durward D.; Page, Donald D.; Nahory, Joseph, Jr.; Richardson, Eldon B.; Rosander, Clarence. Kneeling—Sgt. Hogan, Burk A.; Ruth, Emral; McFarland, Bill; Washington, Frank L., Jr.; Barbee, Henry L.; Dixon, Horace M. Sitting—1st Sgt. Reynolds, Howard E.; 1st Lieut. Hogaboom, Robert E.; G'y Sgt. Ostlick, Charles T. Kneeling—Ward, Ruel E.; Ushinsky, Anthony; Cpl. Kiefer, Benjamin E.; Wolzsmott, Milton D.; Sgt. Fort, Sam W. Sitting—Roach, Earl; Cpl. Mortier, Emile F.; Baker, Herbert F.; Tomlinson, Roy M.; Cartwright, Floyd M.; Matteson, Robert W.; Schmid, Lester P.; Marsh, Joe K.; Wheeler, Ben B., Jr.; Cpl. Harris, Edward E.

Enroute Pvt. C. E. Myers was on the receiving end of a Corporal's warrant, the only promotion during the month.

Soon after we arrived, our popular Sgt. D. B. Tassler, who left us about a month ago to shoot in the Western Matches, returned aboard for duty. We are very glad to have him back. Along with him came Cpl. B. L. Arnold, an old timer, and Tpr. M. V. McArthur.

Corporal Arnold has to his credit seventeen years in the Corps, also some time in the Army. His friends will recall having served with him in Pearl Harbor, China, Gaum, Haiti, and Nicaragua.

Corporal Wm. Casey and Pvts. E. M. and W. K. Joubert (brothers) left us for San Diego to await a transport for the Orient, Shanghai being their destination. Casey was with us only a short time. He is well into his third cruise and has seen service in Guam and China. The Joubert Brothers will doubtless see something "new" as they embarked upon a military career in 1931 and have been doing duty aboard the Argonne since leaving "Boot-Camp." Our best wishes go with them to their new station.

First Sgt. B. L. Burnham is still the guardian of our records, pay-roll, clothing and equipment. In addition he gives us some favorite selections on his "Bango" as only Burnham can render them. He also has a "Brand-New" idea in regard to causing men to see and do things as they should; it is known to us as "The First Sgt's Working-party List." Take it from the writer and several others who know, IT WORKS.

Preparation for Admiral's Inspection is at its best. Being only six days hence, we have "Fresh Paint" signs in all directions. Sgt. G. E. Walden and his assistant, Cpl. C. W. Colwell, are gradually whipping things into ship-shape in

the compartment while Sgt. D. B. Tassler and Cpl. Robt. E. Erwin are performing a like accomplishment on the boat-deck cleaning station. Two of (Ty-Wink) Walden's pet phrases are "Up Hammocks" and "Turn-To."

At this writing we have two men aboard the Hospital ship "Relief," Pfc. J. M. Given and Pvt. J. U. Tamplin. In the Sick-Bay at this time we have Pfc. Spencer "L" Stovall. Stovie has hit it pretty tough; a series of boils and fever have kept him aboard for the past five months.

Pfc. J. W. (Pollock) Repetosky takes Corporal Casey's place as Corporal of the Guard. Pvt. Max A. (Germany) Kirschke is still "fixing des tings" in his locker. Pvts. L. M. Willcut and C. M. (Brute) Brough are slinging the hash this month. Pfc. Gahr and Dahl look forward to the Great Lakes; some of the rest of the gang to New Orleans, San Diego and Bremerton. Pfc. P. S. Smith and Pvt. Jay (Sparky) Adams are back "in the line" after a month on the mess-deck. A certain Pfc. by the name of Stephens from "way down in Georgia" has this saying handy most of the time, "In Coco Solo it may be different."

IDAHO HELL-CATS

"The Leatherneck" is now received by the Marine Detachment aboard the U. S. S. "Idaho" at Norfolk Navy Yard. It is eagerly read by every member of the command. The muster roll shows 40 enlisted, with 1st Lieutenant A. V. Gerard in the position of honor. Our genial Lieutenant is popular with everybody on board and he can be met frequently on the quarter-deck when the liberty party is shoving off.

Our First Sergeant is still taking care of the Guard. He is always on the run, arranging working parties, making

guard sheets, and doing everything in general.

There have been a number of promotions in the Detachment recently: Hutchins and O'Connor to sergeants; "Cavalry Horse" King and Taylor to corporals. The new P. F. C's include "Slug" Perlick and "Noise Maker" Clark, Field Music "Hoot Gibson," "Artistic" Gould, "Stew" Arndt, "Speedy" Quick, "Alfalfa Bill" Edmonson and others may be seen threading needles and cutting off and sewing on the precious dog's legs, four inches from the seam on both sleeves.

New members with almost thirty years to serve are: Privates Hall and Ruth from the Norfolk Sea School; Pfc. Northcutt from Nicaragua and way points; Private Griffith, who, on arriving, asked for a hash mark, and Private Barker from Haiti and St. Julien's Creek. We extend a hearty welcome to them all.

Pvt. John Smith, better known as "Box Car Kid," is still holding down mess cooking (weight, 200 pounds), and he says that he may spend his entire cruise at his present occupation. Well, "Box Car," four years is a long time and you may change your mind.

Speaking of cats, somebody took pity on a stray cat not long ago. The next morning the kind benefactor heard a peculiar noise and, upon investigation, discovered that he had four cats instead of one. This happened nearly two weeks ago; the papers have been out and the cats are looking forward to a transfer any day. "Ain't that the cat's whiskers?"

The Detachment is turning out for baseball and, as usual, is showing up fine. We expect to win the Ship's Baseball Trophy and already have a place picked out for it. From the looks of

(Continued on page 50)

Parris Island

♦Giggle Gas♦

By F. G. Otis

He who laughs last may laugh best but he soon gets a reputation for being dumb.

"Patty" Wells, who retires soon after 30 years' service, was telling me that in all that time he was only on report once. That was back "in the good old days" when he was put on report for having a rusty bow and arrow.

A Marine's life is just one undarned thing after another.

"Red" Prescott, our august fire chief, informs me that the firebarn has a new motto: "A match may be down but it's never out."

Several of the boys returning from furlough report that "prosperity is just around the corner." All that we ask is that it be "just around."

Earl Hardy says he wonders on what grounds people got divorces before bridge was invented!

I hope they clear up that Chinese situation before long, so I won't be getting another avalanche of Chinese novels at the Library.

We nearly had a fatal catastrophe in the Post Cafeteria the other day. A cat fell in the milk can, and only quick action on the part of "Steve" saved it from a watery grave.

I ran across "Red" White, looking blue, and when I asked the reason for

his apparent sadness he gave me the startling news: "They're not making anyone."

If anyone makes any cracks to you about our laws not being enforced tell them to try parking next to a water hydrant in Beaufort.

Hope is really a wonderful thing. "Pop" Harris says one little nibble keeps a man fishing all day.

A "boot" walked into the Post Garage to be interviewed for possible assignment there. "Are you a mechanic?" he was asked. "No, sir," was the reply, "I'm a McCarthy."

Heaven may protect the working girl—but who will protect the Marine she's working?

Morris Newman says he's a little green at golf—in fact he even goes so far as to admit that he doesn't know one end of a caddie from another!

Jimmie Kerr, our strike-out king, wants to follow in the footsteps of Al Capone—and be a multi-millionaire!

When Corporal Richard Hooker told a bunch of raw recruits that he had personally fed the Lion of St. Mark they stood gaping with their mouths wide open—but when he related how he had filled his fountain pen in the Black Sea they all removed their hats.

Judging from the looks of things, most of the fair sex on the Post here must have thought Easter was Decoration Day.

You boys who got your pants all daubed up getting the place ready for the A & I will be glad to learn that the paint may be removed with a bottle of ordinary turpentine, a stiff brush, and a pair of scissors.

DRAMA AT PARRIS ISLAND

For the benefit of the Post Schools the Parris Island Marines presented at the Naval Prison Theatre a lively comedy, "When A Marine Goes Roman."

The play was written by Doc Otis and directed by Lieutenant McPherson. Walter Dailey, in addition to his designing the costumes, distinguished himself by his splendid singing and dancing. The names of the cast follow:

Caesar	Jack Rauhoff
Cleopatra	Herbert King
1st Dreamer	William Cross
2nd Dreamer	Preston Barrett
Roman Officer	Howard Hawkins
Violin Solos	Angie Luther
Whistling Novelty	W. E. Reid
Comedian	Homer Gable
Egyptian Chorus	Mary Lanier
	Lulu Firesheets
	Juanita Hightower
	Roberta McMillan
	Evelyn Firesheets
	Mary Trotter
	Kate Morgan

Roman Soldiers Privates Shisler, Dailey, Shull, Merica, Burch, Mulligan, Kiltie, Catterton, Middleton

Beaufort Chorus Jane Tucker, Hedvig Morrall, Mae Fordham, Sally Kitchens, Elma Rogers, Cora Kitchens

Children's Chorus (Directed by Stella Mathias) Peggy Carlisle, Freddie Williams, Eleanor Harley, Pat Jetter, Evelyn Williams, Francis Mahoney, Ann Terrell

Because the play was so great a success, it was presented by request in Beaufort at the Community Club the following week.

The committee extends its sincere appreciations to the many persons who made possible its production.

Miscellany

NAMED EMERGENCY CORPORAL; DOES HIS STUFF WHEN PILOT FAINTS

When the Marine Corps made Himer M. Torner an emergency corporal, it did not realize he would take his rating literally.

Torner, a novice in the air, went aloft as a passenger in a training plane with Staff Sgt. Orla S. Hofer, taking off from North Island. Over Camp Kearner, at an elevation of several thousand feet, Hofer became ill, fainted, and fell forward against the controls of the plane.

Torner saw the plane begin a quick but crazy descent toward the camp buildings. Realizing an emergency existed, he crawled out of his cockpit, pulled the unconscious man away from the controls—and the Marines, or rather the Marine, had the situation once more in hand.

Although his maneuvering would not have qualified him for a pilot's license, Torner brought the plane out of its spin with the ground but 500 feet away, shot it up to 3000 feet and then, feeling he had mastered the plane, brought it to an awkward landing on the wrong runway.

When army officers reached the plane to inquire the reason of the unscheduled maneuvers over their buildings, they found Torner had lifted Hofer to the ground, and was applying first aid treatment, which quickly revived him.

—San Diego Tribune.



Gautier wrote "One of Cleopatra's Nights," way back when; but it took Herbert King to show how she welcomed Caesar (Jack Rauhoff), in the Parris Island production "When a Marine Goes Roman." Photo by Henry



CHANSON DU SOIXANTE-QUINZE

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow

The section chief is done for
And his red blood stains the trail.
Hot shrapnel splatters from the sky
Like burning, biting hail.
They've caught us in a bracket
And we can't last very long,
But we'll keep the pieces barking
And we'll sing a little song:
*"For wherever we go the folks will always
know
That the caissons are rolling along."*

Half the gun crew's wounded
And the other half is dead.
There's Jerry's first wave breakin'
Through the red-ringed mist ahead.
Give 'em muzzle-bursts, an' damn 'em,
They're hard to stop, these Huns.
It looks like we can't stop 'em—
But they'll find us by our guns:
"Keep those caissons a-rollin' along!"

The guy that's supposed to do this
column shoved off on a business (mon-
key) trip and left me holding the over-
worked sack. I can't find his pal Hymie,
and the scissors are worn out and the
paste pot was emptied with the last
issue. I ask you, hown'll can a guy con-
duct a column without a pair of shears
and a pot of paste? Looks like we're
in a tough spot.

If Hymie could be found he'd tell us
about Brother M. K. Smith. Smith was
so anxious to get to China before the
League of Nations stopped the war that
he traveled all the way from Washington
to Hampton Roads before he remem-
bered he hadn't brought his rifle along.
Almost as bad as a sergeant of "The
Leatherneck" who got out to the range
and then discovered there wasn't any
bolt in his boomstick.

You know that fellow we told you
about who couldn't get spliced because
he lost his ten bucks pay? Well, he's
smoking Murads again. Her old man
hasn't any shells for the shotgun after
all.

Bessman, the latest addition to our
staff, has made great progress with the
printer's lingo. He recently learned that
a pica isn't a guy with one-way pockets.

Corporal McElroy either got up in
time, or came in early enough for break-
fast the other morning. At all events he
was there. Someone saw him examining
some hardboiled hen-fruit. "What you
looking for?" pipes up one of the quid-
nuncs. "Hash marks," Mac solemnly
avers.

The story circulated around that only
four men have ever received two Medals
of Honor is all wet. Seventeen men have
had this distinction. This included two
who received a bar in lieu of the second
award (as prescribed in the regulations),
and five Marines who were decorated
with both the Army and the Navy Medal
of Honor. The score stands: Marines,
7; Sailors, 7; Soldiers, 3.

Twenty years ago General Pershing,
then commanding the Department of
Mindanao recommended that money re-
wards for rifle proficiency be done away
with. General George Richards, USMC,
who was then a colonel, went to bat for
the shooters and declared that the prac-
tice "Worked to the great good of the
service." Them that hits—gits.

One of these "Ask me another" maga-
zines wants to know what three great
generals were never defeated. Their
answer is, "Alexander the Great, Julius
Caesar, and the Duke of Wellington."
We can't ever remember hearing about
General Pershing taking it on the lam;
but then maybe they don't rate him as
a "great" general, even if we do.

"My Sweetheart is a Leatherneck," is
the latest song about the Gyrene. It
was composed by Mrs. Michael M. Ma-
honey. She ought to know, her husband
is an officer in the Corps.

Hymie just phoned in and says he is
down at the movies getting an interview
from Rin Tin Tin. "Got a great story,"
he reports, "and here's something even
Walter Winchell muffed. Rin Tin Tin
has got a weakness for Helen Twelve-
trees."

The West Coast reports that Master
Monte LeHew Brink was added to the
family muster roll of Lieutenant Francis
H. Brink on February 26.

Tom Boyd, who Marined with the Sixth
Regiment in France, is out in Holly-
wood checking errors in a forthcoming
picture of Belleau Woods. "Through
the Wheat," one of the first and out-
standing books of the war was written
by Boyd.

Hymie just phoned. "Won't be able
to get in after all," he says, "but I got
a swell yarn for this edition. It seems
the sailors aboard one of the ships
adopted a baby hyena for a mascot and a
near-sighted Marine got tossed in the
brig for saluting it."

"Never mind the bunk," we snap back,
"You get down here pronto."

"Oh, I can't," Hymie answers, "there's
a guy here at the movies what lost his
pocketbook and I can't leave until he
shoves off."

"What you got to do with that?" we
wanted to know.

"Well, you see," Hymie explains pa-
tiently, "I got the damn thing hid in the
lobby."

Congratulations to Lieutenant Ernest
R. West. He traded his corporal chev-
rons for a Sam Browne belt last week.

With this, our first (and no doubt last)
attempt to conduct a column, we bow
out of the picture.

Hair-Trigger Hop.

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Stewart H. Reid

MARINE DIES IN CRASH

The many friends of Stewart Reid will
regret his death which resulted from
injuries sustained in an automobile acci-
dent seven miles east of Waukesha, Wis-
consin, on March 2, 1932. The car which
he was driving hurtled into a ditch and
struck a tree. Reid suffered a fractured
skull and died without regaining con-
sciousness.

Reid served as a trumpeter of the
Marine Corps from 1925 to 1929, part
of which was spent in Nicaragua. After
his discharge, he enlisted in the Marine
Corps Reserve of Chicago, Ill.

THE BROOKLYN AT SANTIAGO

By John J. Rooney

On the day of the battle at Santiago,
Cuba, July 3, 1898, Yeoman Ellis was
standing alongside Admiral Schley on
the "Fackill" with a sundial, taking the
range on the Spanish ships as they came
out of harbor. He was struck with a
projectile, which tore away half of his
head. Being in the thick of the battle,
some of the men, wanting to get him
out of sight of the others, asked the
Admiral if they would throw him over-
board. He said, "No; he was a brave
man and we will give him a brave man's
burial." One Marine was slightly
wounded in the leg on the fighting top
of the ship. The ship was hit about 44
times, mostly from rifle or machine
guns. We were only eleven hundred
yards from the mouth and directly in
front of the harbor.

There was only one large shot that
hit us, about a 6 or 8-inch projectile.
It struck the "Brooklyn" in exactly the
center, about one-half inch above the
armor. It cut the 3-inch thick deck for
about 2 feet in a cone shape. It looked
like a lot of tooth picks. It also smashed
pieces out of the wire mesh closet and
fire alarm box. That was outside to the
left of the drying room. It cut a hole

(Continued on page 48)

The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

FROM THE SHORES OF FIFTY-SECOND STREET

By William McK. Fleming

413th Co., U. S. M. C. R., reporting: On March 14th the Annual State Muster for the New York Militia (of which this company is also a unit) was conducted at the Armory. Immediately following the Roll Call, this outfit was ordered to post guards, etc. The company proved its efficiency in this respect and was further commended by the naval officials for the splendid condition of the men's lockers.

Additional proof that the world is cock-eyed was evidenced on April 2nd when this company of Leatherneck Reserves participated in the ARMY Day Parade. Starting at 34th Street, New York, at Fifth Avenue and continuing along that tall-chapeaued boulevard to 72nd Street, the 413th Company caused many a ripple of applause throughout the entire course of the dress hike. At 54th Street the line of dress-blue'd Marines eyes-lefted for the admiration of the dignitaries in the reviewing stand. General Pershing scrutinized the outfit closely.

Between rifle practice on Thursday nights, non-com schools have taken the spotlight, due to the vacancies for chevrons-bearers. Lieutenant Kessenich, Commanding Officer, and First Sergeant Stenhouse are the instructors and many of the fine points of soldiering are gone over in the West Point manner.

Another party and dance was scheduled for April 30th under the auspices of the company magazine. Plans are also being made to get the week-end cruises under way, weather permitting. As for athletics, the foamy art of Weismuller-ing seems to be the most popular sport. Needless to report, the men are undoubtedly preparing for the cooling waters of the Niantic River come this camp.

With the ninth edition of the company publication the name, "A No. 1," was changed to "The Gyrene," for reasons as set forth on the first page of that number. The cover design by Pvt. William Lopez caused considerable comment as did the editorial by Rentfrow, U. S. M. C., Associate Editor of "The Leatherneck" magazine. The First Sergeant's treatise on Powder and the gunnie's story on Haiti lent more interest to the miniature journal. All in all, we're proud of "The Gyrene" and if you'd care to learn why, we'll mail you a copy with our compliments. Yours'll come later. Sez us!

Among the things you might deem interesting are following: The forthcoming movie, "Come On, Marines," will feature Chester Morris and Richard Arlen and will be about China.... In France it's not the Navy. It's the Army of the Sea.... Times are so bad that it's been said that when they put Mahatma Gandhi in the brig, the warden told the

keeper, "Just give 'im a pillow—he's GOT a sheet!".... Until the year 1515 all firearms necessitated the use of a burning taper attached.... If times continue as they are, new typewriters will be sold without the \$ key. And the only ribbon used will be the red one.... The reason so few skyscrapers today peak their buildings with Old Glory is the gigantic upkeep of flags. The average life of a skyscraper flag in New York City is three weeks.... For more years than you can remember, efforts were made to make "The Star Spangled Banner" the official national anthem. Finally, last year it was accomplished. Now there are plans under way to supersede it with "The Stars and Stripes Forever." Why not "Time on My Hands"?.... So long, mates.

301st RESERVE COMPANY BOSTON, MASS.

By John B. Hinckley, Jr.

How do you do everybody? We've been more or less a minus quantity in this publication during the past year. As the saying goes, "still water runs deep," we have been a very active outfit and have had little time to enumerate our efforts.

Our position has been similar to that of a champion baseball club which has annexed three or four pennants in a row, and then starts to hit a decline, or in other words they have reached the peak of their triumphs and must start on a reorganization campaign.

During a period of success, an organization of any description becomes temperamental and difficult to manage.

From the time we were taken off the pay-status over two years ago, transfers had a telling effect on the interest and gradually expiration of enlistments added noticeably to our plight.

All this has past now, and we find ourselves numbered among the present

again. Shortly before Christmas, Lieut. William M. Shedden, (MC) U. S. N. R., was assigned as Company physician. We were authorized to do our own recruiting, thus relieving a part of the duties of the Marine Corps recruiting office here.

Since that time thirty-three new men have been sworn in, bringing our total strength to fifty-seven officers and enlisted men; only eighteen short of our allotted quota. By the middle of May this will be accomplished.

Particular effort is made to recruit only men who have had previous military training, especially C. M. T. C. students. In this statement we serve notice on the 19th Marines, with whom we are assigned for active duty again this summer. Just watch our smoke.

The 301st Company will be one of the best trained outfits on the Atlantic seaboard, and all our preparation is aimed toward that goal.

Recently the Company suffered one of its hardest blows, Lieut. Arthur L. Andrews, USMCR., was transferred to the Marine Reserve, Aviation Squadron, at Squantum, Mass. Lieutenant Andrews is a mighty fine officer and man and his leaving was keenly felt by every member in the outfit. He has often been referred to as the best drill instructor in the entire Marine Corps Reserve, and is almost wholly responsible for the large collection of trophies which ornament the office at our Headquarters in the Boston Navy Yard. One of his most notable victories was over the Lawrence Light Guards, crack unit of the Massachusetts National Guard at the Metropolitan Theatre in Boston during a week's engagement after which he was presented with a trophy by Lillian Roth, beautiful Hollywood movie actress, for "Efficiency in Drill and Exemplary Soldierly Conduct," awarded by the Massachusetts State Department of the American Legion.

We regret to say that what is our loss is the Aviation Squadron's gain. However he has our heartiest congratulations and we wish him untold success in his new assignment.

RESERVISTS RISK LIVES TO AID JAP FLYER

Heroically risking their lives, 1st Sgt. Leroy E. Turner, F. M. C. R., and Pvt. John F. Bachman, V. M. C. R., extricated from his burning plane the body of Captain Yoshinori Nogaya, reserve officer of the Imperial Japanese Air Force, who was killed when he crashed at the Floyd Bennett Air Field on March 29.

Immediately after the impact, the alarm was sounded. Turner and Bachman rushed to the scene of the catastrophe. Familiar with aviation, both men knew the peril of approaching a burning plane. Indifferent to the cautionary advice of bystanders, they waded knee deep through the icy waters of the marsh, pulled Captain Nogaya's body

RESERVE PROMOTIONS

Pvt. Will R. Behrend to First Sergeant.
Pvt. Roy H. Beird to Supply Sergeant.
Sgt. Clement D. Brownscombe to Staff Sergeant.
Pfc. Anthony J. Collins to Corporal.
Pfc. Alf J. Daniels to Sergeant.
Cpl. Winston E. Glantz to Gunnery Sergeant.
Pvt. Allie D. Graft to Corporal.
Pvt. Edward J. Harvian to Corporal.
Pfc. George W. Harris, Jr. to Corporal.
Cpl. Coy M. Kochanski to Supply Sergeant.
Cpl. Alfred J. Kennedy to Sergeant.
Pvt. Oscar S. Knudson to Sergeant.
Pfc. Walter S. Krasneski to Corporal.
Cpl. Andrew C. Loell to Paymaster Sergeant.
Pvt. Charles P. Mason to Corporal.
Cpl. Matthias P. Monson to Sergeant.
Pfc. Timothy P. O'Donohue, Jr. to Sergeant.
Pfc. James T. Reilly to Corporal.
Cpl. William P. Ritchie to Sergeant.
Cpl. August W. Schaefer to Sergeant.
Cpl. Grifith W. Sherrill to Sergeant.
Pfc. Martin W. Storm to Sergeant.
Pvt. Bradford Swope to Corporal.
Pvt. James M. Wainwright to Corporal.
Pfc. William J. Walsh to Corporal.
Pvt. Harry J. Zimmer to Corporal.

RESERVE PROMOTIONS—OFFICERS

The following-named officer has been promoted to the grade indicated:
Captain Maurice R. Harrison.

from the demolished and partly submerged plane, and reached a safe distance a few seconds before the wreck exploded and shot flames high into the air.

Their futile but gallant attempt to save the life of the Japanese airman received the gratitude and admiration of Japan, in addition to the commendation of the Marine Corps and the praise of American citizens. The two Marines faced great danger with bravery worthy of the highest traditions of the organization they serve.

Captain Nogaya was one of a triumvirate of fliers who were preparing for a race across the Pacific from Seattle to Japan, for a prize of \$25,000 offered by the Japanese newspaper, Hochi.

The plane had been flown from the factory at New Castle, Del., to the flying field a few days previous, and Captain Nogaya was preparing to return it to the factory for a few minor adjustments.

He took off from the airport after a run of less than a thousand feet. At two hundred feet the ship went into a nose dive. The captain pulled it out and climbed about one hundred feet higher. Then suddenly the big red monoplane went into another dive, crashing to the earth in view of horror-stricken spectators.

Following is one of the commendatory letters received from the Japanese:

Cable address:
Hochi, Tokyo,
March 31, 1932.

Commanding Officer,
Naval Reserve Aviation Section,
Floyd Bennett Field,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

As the representative of the Tokyo Hochi newspaper, I wish to submit respectfully herewith my sincere appreciation and gratitude for the brave assistance rendered by your First Sergeant Leroy E. Turner and Private John Bachman at the time of the fatal accident to Captain Nagoya in the morning of Tuesday, March 29, at the Floyd Bennett Air Field.

I am told by Sergeant Asai, who was the co-pilot of the late Captain and who witnessed the accident, that when the accident occurred, Sergeant Turner and Private Bachman jumped immediately into the mud and braving the fiercely blazing plane, they extricated the Captain's body under seemingly impossible conditions. This heroic deed, I must testify, was the outcome of their great chivalrous quality which has been trained under your excellent discipline. Their brave efforts merit the highest praise we can bestow upon them.

I reported already to Japan by cable the minute details of this and I am in firm belief that Mr. Noma, the president of our newspaper, who sponsored this fated non-stop flight over the Pacific Ocean, as well as the Japanese people, will be thankful for these two heroes.

Trusting that you will be kind enough to convey my deepest gratitude to them, I have the honor to remain,

Most Sincerely yours,

(S) RETUS KIYOSAWA.

1st Sergeant Turner received cablegrams from Tokyo expressing the appreciation of the Japanese people.

PROMINENT FIGHTING RESERVIST

Daniel O'Connell Pyne, a member of Headquarters Company, Sixth Brigade, Washington, D. C., is establishing an enviable record as a heavyweight fighter.

In the earliest days of his pugilistic career, he won both the light heavyweight and heavyweight boxing championships of the Twentieth Marine Reserves held at Quantico in 1930. At Virginia Beach in 1931 he was victorious over all challengers from his own Brigade. In a series of matches between members of the other branches of the service, he defeated all of his opponents, which included representatives of the Navy and Coast Guard. Later, Army fighters suffered a similar fate, being vanquished by the husky Marine.

Representing the Catholic University of America, where he is a sophomore, Pyne has won all his intercollegiate bouts during the past two years. In the Olympic Intercollegiate boxing trials held at Pennsylvania State College, Pyne



Daniel O'Connell Pyne

defeated Buckner, the Pacific Coast champion. Having reached the semifinals, he is eligible for the Olympics of Los Angeles.

SIXTH MARINES EXPAND

Two of the time-honored maxims of the Marine Corps are: "Do the best job with the tools you've got," and "The Corps makes its own specialists."

As officers of the regular corps become familiar with the "new" system of Marine Corps Reserve training, they begin to appreciate that the Reservists are living up to both maxims. The Reservists are training men despite the scarcity of "tools."

To assimilate properly the picture of just what the Sixth Marine Reserve Brigade is doing, it is necessary to know the records of the officers and to serve under them in camp, where activities reach their greatest height.

Major Earl C. Lane, Commanding Officer of the First Battalion, 23rd Marines, is a veteran of both the Spanish-American War and the World War. From 1899 until his departure for the conflict in Europe, where he served as an infantry captain, Major Lane was

active in several National Guard organizations. He is prominent in Washington business activities.

The Second Battalion, 23rd Marines, is under the command of Major Lucian H. Vandoren, a graduate of Georgetown University, and a Captain of Marines during the World War, where he was thrice awarded the Croix de Guerre for bravery at Bouresches, Soissons and Blanc Mont, respectively. After the armistice Major Vandoren practiced law, becoming Assistant United States Attorney for the District of Columbia. He is now First Vice-President of Columbia Bar Association.

The Commanding Officer of the First Battalion, 20th Marines, is Major Harvey L. Miller, who entered the Reservists after resigning his commission in the Naval Reserves. He participated in the campaigns of Cuba, Nicaragua and Vera Cruz. When he is not engaged in military functions, he is occupied as an editor and publisher.

Major Vincent E. Stack, who saw service at Vera Cruz, Haiti, San Domingo and overseas, commands the Second Battalion, 20th Marines. He is an executive of the Shell Oil Company.

Under the supervision of these splendid officers, the Brigade has received the praise of the Major General Commandant and the congratulations of the regular branch of the Corps.

In 1929 the Marine Corps Reservists consisted of only one company. In 1930 it grew to a regiment; in 1931 it became a Brigade.

Under the present system, it is essential that a company commander be a successful recruiting officer, for he must organize his own detachment. Without any pay he must devote two nights a week to the activities of the armory, while his men must buy their own shoes, attend the drills and the training camp, receiving no financial reward for their service.

Similarly, the medical officers offer their skill without charge, although their duties are often strenuous.

Much of the Brigade's equipment is purchased by the officers and men; the books show such items as motor trucks and ambulances which did not cost the government a thin dime.

The Sixth Marine Brigade has had several opportunities to compare itself with the National Guard. Many of the Guard's officers, as well as graduates of West Point, have praised the Marine Reservists' performances.

It seems like a hard task to emulate the Guard with its years of experience, its armories, government-furnished equipment, and its pay.

But the Marine Reserve is paying off in service and patriotism. Service, as any regular knows, is never for sale at its actual value; in the Reserve it has been found that the "dollar per drill" man does not fit in with the fellow who pays dues and buys part of his uniform for the honor and glory of being a Marine.

Sacrifice and service are nothing new in an organization which receives its glorious traditions from generations of sacrifice and service. It is fitting that the attributes of the regular Corps be enshrined in the fabric of its Reserve forces.

No Marine is prouder of his globe and anchor than a Reservist. He takes his duties seriously, studies under the in-

(Continued on page 50)

Sports Biographies

CAPTAIN FRANK B. GOETTGE,
U. S. M. C.

By H. S. Griffin

Football in the Marine Corps has become a tradition. For a period of thirteen years, from 1917 to 1930, Marine Corps football teams have made an enviable record for themselves. From the war-time Mare Island days to the halcyon Quantico days, these teams have met and defeated many great college and independent aggregations.

Probably the peak of greatness was reached during the years of 1921 to 1924 when the Leatherneck machines played 42 games, winning 38, losing 2, and tying 2. In this renaissance of Marine Corps football, the outstanding service football player, and, incidentally, one of the greatest of all time, rose to unparalleled heights and carried the teams with him. Unheralded, practically unknown prior to 1921, Captain Frank B. Goettge quietly reported at Quantico in the fall of 1921 and began a football career that has been unsurpassed in service athletics.

Frank B. Goettge was born on December 30, 1895, at Kent, Ohio. After attending the grammar schools, he entered Barberton High School, where his gridiron prowess immediately attracted the attention of the school officials. Upon graduation, he entered Ohio University in Athens, Ohio. His athletic abilities and his dynamic personality soon made him one of the most popular campus figures; a member of Delta Tau Delta and the shining star of the football team. That he remained in obscurity may be traced to the facts that the deeds of Oliphant and Pollard were in the limelight and that his school was very small. War interrupted his college days and in May, 1917, he embarked upon his military career by joining the Marine Corps.

Thirteen months later, in June, 1918, he was commissioned a Second Lieutenant. Lieutenant Goettge served with the Fifth Regiment. That fall he resumed his athletic endeavors with Captain Eddie Mahan's famous Second Division team. Again his playing suffered a brief respite when he was sent to Haiti for duty in 1920.

However, the following year found this modest, quiet, "Smiling Lieutenant," Goettge, leading an undefeated Quantico team through a hard season capped by a brilliant performance against the Third Corps Army that placed his name on the lips of football's followers.

The next fall proved to be the best season of all, both for the team and for the smashing spark-plug of it. Playing through a difficult schedule, Goettge time and again snatched victory from the jaws of defeat with his crashing drives and accurate passes. The final game of the season found him pitted against Gene Vidal, former West Point star, of the Third Corps Army. This game dedicated the new Venable Stadium before a capacity crowd. Vidal was great that day, but Goettge surpassed any performance ever seen on the gridiron. Single-handed he wiped out a six-point lead, and gave the Marines a one-point victory.

At this point it is interesting to note what the leaders among the coaches and football lights thought of the star. Captain E. C. Ewan, star end at Annapolis in his midshipman days, said, "Greatest



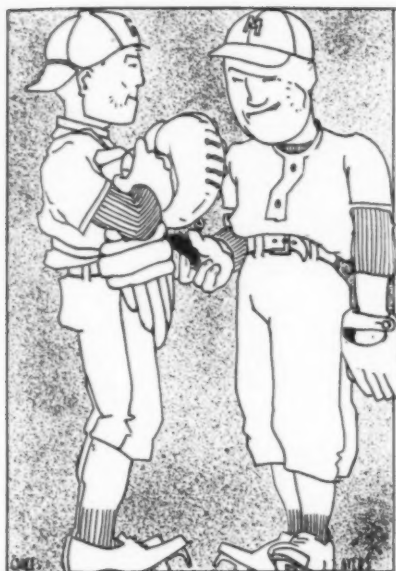
back the game ever saw. Nobody like him before in the game." Bob Folwell, ex-coach at Annapolis, said, "Finest back I ever saw."

Perhaps the best compliment of all came from the late Walter Camp, dean of American football and originator of the All-American idea, whose testimony following the game gives a brief account of Goettge's ability: "Columns will be written about Goettge the great, and well may his praises be sung. He is easily the greatest football player of the present day. He is, indeed, the nearest approach to Jim Thorpe of all time. Owen of Harvard, Jordan of Yale, Kaw of Cornell—he is better than any of these. Much has been said of the triple threat. Goettge is that and more. He kicks, he passes, he skirts the ends, and he hits the line with terrific force. And that isn't all. He is the GREATEST defensive back I ever saw. One minute he stops a plunge at the line of scrimmage, next he throws a cross-buck for a loss, and then he snatches a forward pass from the arms of an Army man far to the side. And he smiles all the time. If ever a football hero should be crowned

he is the man. He can do everything and he does it with an enthusiasm that is refreshing. A HIGH TYPE OF PLAYER AND A HIGH TYPE OF MAN IS GOETTGE."

For the next two seasons he continued the excellent work and became known throughout the country as one of football's greatest. Among his accomplishments was scoring upon the Michigan University team, a feat that was not duplicated during the playing season. In 1923 and 1924 the teams led by Captain Goettge traveled far and wide and compiled a wonderful record. But in 1925 the Captain was forced to retire from active participation on the gridiron due to a four-year ruling that was put into effect by Headquarters. He remained at Quantico as coach that year and also coached in 1929.

And, in conclusion, as we gaze back upon Mr. Camp's words, do we wonder that the Major General Commandant should choose Captain Frank B. Goettge, wonder man of Marine Corps football, for his aide, and that we of the next decade should read and marvel at the exploits of a man's man?



SAN DIEGO MARINES HOT AFTER FLAG

The baseball pennant is up and the San Diego Devil Dogs are hot on the trail. They've picked up the scent and are yelping in full cry. The season isn't fully underway yet, but seven scalps are dangling from the old belt, seven victories in as many trials.

Coach Lieutenant Shapley says his men are rounding out in great form, and although some are wearing the San Diego colors for the first time, the teamwork is slicker than an oil rigger's pants. The present line-up includes Sonnenberg, Laughridge, Hriszko, Lail, Turck, Haney, White and Seifert.

To open the season the San Diego Marines cracked down on Hover High, 7 to 1. Sonnenberg started the home run list by poling one over the fence in the third inning.

The next victims were the boys from the St. Augustine School. The Marines goose-egged them and gathered seven tallies themselves. Shapley added to the list with a circuit clout.

Four hits was all White gave the National City Club. Eleven batters took their three wiggles and went back to the bench, and the game ended with the Leathernecks on top, 5 to 2. Turck did most of the hitting for the Marines, collecting a triple and a single.

San Diego State Frosh took the next lacing from the Marines, 6 to 3. Hriszko and Turck each turned in a pair of doubles, and Athos Sada, on the mound for the collegians slapped out a four-bagger that had the Gyrenes worried for a while.

White took the slab in the next game and held the San Diego High School club to four hits, fanning ten. The High School chalked up one run, but the Marines marked four times. Hriszko fattened up his batting average and helped himself to a four-base hit.

Trailing by three runs in the ninth stanza, the Marines put on a rally and tied the score, forcing the game into extra innings, and finally taking the State College Varsity nine into camp to the tune of 5 to 4. Two errors by the collegians in the tenth paved the way

SPORTS

for the Marine victory. Laughridge featured with the stick for the home-towners, and Joerndt and Luscomb took the honors for the Varsity.

The San Diego Marines downed the U.S.S. "Detroit" team in a hitfest, 11 to 8. Bing starting twirler for the visitors, binged out a homer, while Lail, Sonnenberg and Laughridge starred with the stick for the Marines.

FOURTEEN YEARS AGO

By H. R. Heath

Perhaps a few of the old-timers who are still with the Marine Corps will remember the faces of the above members of the 149th Company's baseball team, stationed at St. Croix, Virgin Island, in 1918. In such event, it is always interesting if data is forthcoming regarding the whereabouts and welfare of men with whom one has associated and whose comradeship has been enjoyed in such capacity.

It was through the courtesy of Supply Sergeant E. K. Irwin, now on duty at the Depot of Supplies, U. S. M. C., San Francisco, Calif., that this writer acquired the above photograph. According to Sergeant Irwin, Shellenbach, Busby and Sylvis are all professional ball players at this time. Shellenbach is known to be a pitcher in the Pacific Coast League, and is also the proprietor of a garage business in Los Angeles. Busby is a member of the Southern League. Tregoning is a farmer some-

where in Colorado, and Price is a radio entertainer in Baltimore, Md. So far as the remaining enlisted members are concerned, no trace of them is obtainable. The contributor was not certain as to the Company's Commander's first name, so we are wondering if Captain Bartlett of 1918 as shown in the photograph is Lieutenant Colonel Harry D. Bartlett of the present-day Marine Corps.

DIAMOND DUST FROM P. I.

The Parris Island nine opened the baseball season on March 29th and were very nearly shut out by the speedy Catawba College bunch. The leathernecks, however, squeezed in one run while their opponents crossed the plate thrice.

On March 31st the P. I. aggregation came back and defeated Catawba, 5 to 4.

March 31, the Guilford College outfit and the Marine nine tangled in the first of a three-game series. The collegiates turned back the Marines 8 to 6.

In the second game, April 1, the leathernecks played April Fool pranks on the opposition and romped home with a 10 to 4 victory.

The final tilt, April 2, saw the Marines on the short end of a 7 to 5 count.

After a five-day lay off the P. I. team took on the gang from Lenoir-Rhyne College and found the collegiate sticks too strong, being thrown by the L-R Club for a 3 to 2 loss. The gyrenes had things



Base Ball Team, 149th Company, USMC., St. Croix, Virgin Islands, 1918.
Standing, left to right—Waggoner, Capt., 3rd Base; Irwin, 2nd Base; McLaughlin, C.F.; Busby, 1st Base; Tregoning, R.F.; Shellenbach, Pitcher. Sitting, left to right—Sylvis, Catcher; Price, L.F.; Gill, Substitute; Captain Bartlett, Company Commander; Johnson, S.S.

their own way once, but the coach at third base held up a runner to play a home run safe in a triple, and the healthy swatter perished at that corner.

Wearry of being short-ended, the Marines came back on April 8 and trounced the Lenoir-Rhyers 5 to 4 in a tenning contest.

On April 9, with Middlebrook on the mound, the leathernecks shut out Lenoir-Rhyne players 3 to 0.

A summary of these eight games shows that the Marines have split even, have scored 37 times against a total of 33 count by opponents. The April first and April 9 games were the only ones in which less than two runs were needed to put the contest in the bag. The Marines have won two and lost one by single-margin scores.

Coast Guard Withdraws from President's Cup Games

Because of economic necessity, the All-Coast Guard Bears withdraw from competition for the President's Cup. Their departure from the colorful football rivalry with the Marines is marked with great regret, decreased appropriations and a scarcity of available men making it imperative.

"I want the Services to understand," said Admiral Billard, Commandant of the U. S. Coast Guard, "with what extreme reluctance the Coast Guard is dropping out of the President's Cup game. The Coast Guard's allowances have been tremendously cut and with new ships building every man counts. The team would be a severe drain on men and money and careful thought was given before the announcement was made to drop out of All-Service football competition. It is simply a case of demanding utmost care in administration and in the handling of men and money."

In 1924 President Calvin Coolidge made the first award of the President's Cup to the winning Service football team. Since then all the branches of the Service have at some time played for it. The Marines have been extremely successful, losing it only twice in their seven attempts. The games have attracted huge crowds, thousands of civilians adding to the attendance of the enthusiastic supporters of the teams.

So 1933 finds the Marine Corps without a certain rival. It is opportune for either the Navy or the Army to renew its participation in the annual Service classic. An end to the contests would be greatly regretted; the coming of the fall months has been anticipated always as the season when the mightiest football

teams of the nation's forces meet to contend for a coveted award sponsored by the national executive.



A trophy with no contenders

P. I. SPRING FOOTBALL

Head Coach Swede Larson is holding spring practice with the members of his Parris Island Football Team, which faces a formidable schedule during the fall.

Sept. 24
Oak Ridge Mil. Institute....Home
Oct. 1
Lewisburg College.....Home
Oct. 8
Norman Park College.....Home
Oct. 15
Newberry College.....Home

Oct. 22
Georgia State College.....Home
Oct. 27
Campbell College.....Home
Nov. 5
Southern College.....Home
Nov. 11
Bowden College.....Savannah
Nov. 19
Appalachian State Teachers
CollegeHome
Nov. 24
Univ. of Miami (tentative).Miami

P. I. TANGLES WITH MIAMI U.

On the evening of February 13, 1932, the University of Miami and the Parris Island Marines wrestling and boxing teams were thrown into the hempen square to do battle. The University of Miami carried away the honors in the wrestling while the Devil Dogs won the boxing crown. Great credit is due "Mitch" Mitchell for the manner in which his boxing proteges conducted themselves in the face of such stiff, well trained opposition.

The results:

WRESTLING

125 pound class
Jerry Cohn (Miami) defeated Major Archibald Young (USMC).

135 pound class
Neupert Weilbacher defeated Private H. B. Cain, Jr., (USMC).

145 pound class
Al Kurtzon (Miami) defeated Private C. I. O'Brien (USMC).

165 pound class
I. J. Varner (Miami) defeated Private C. B. Castleman (USMC).

175 pound class
John Howard (Miami) defeated Private G. R. Stewart (USMC).

Unlimited class
John Peterliche (Miami) defeated Private A. J. Grua (USMC).

125 pound class
John Abras (Miami) defeated Major Archibald Young (USMC).

155 pound class
George Reichgott defeated Private C. I. O'Brien (USMC).

BOXING

135 pound class
Bob Nations (Miami) won from Private W. C. Szolwinski (USMC), on a technical foul.

160 pound class
Private Louis Colombo (USMC) outpointed Stanley Phillips (Miami).

145 pound class
Ph.M.l.c. E. B. Blue (USN) outpointed Dick De Mikus (Miami).

125 pound class
Private Douglas Fairbanks (USMC), outpointed Billy Eavenson (Miami).

175 pound class
Private R. A. Petrie (USMC) outpointed Robert Burnett (Miami).

145 pound class
John Bates (Miami) outpointed Private C. E. Jones (USMC).

FOOTBALL SWEATERS AWARDED

A beautiful Maroon and Gold sweater was presented to the following members of last years football team by Brigadier-General Harry Lee, on the evening of February 13th, during the intermission between the wrestling and boxing events:

Lieutenants Larson, Hunt, Paige, Allen and Evan. Pierce, Golden Sadler, Gotko, Paulsbau, Bell, Campbell, Davidson, Kerr, Herron, Herman, Hartley, Giargiari, O'Brien, Smith, Henderson, Shumway, Peasley, Thomas, McKenna, Vatour, Kimber, Grua and Bartlett.

Establishing a new record, the Parris Island Golf Team defeated the Fort Moutrie players 23 to 3. Corporal De-Pishon set a new mark for the Moultrie Course when he shot a 66, beating the previous record of 69. In a return match the Marines again beat the Soldiers, 28 to 11.

Bowling

MAPLE SPILLERS

By E. J. Lakin

Winning two out of three while the Paymasters were losing two, the Marine Barracks team clinched the championship of the Marine Corps League with six games left to play. It marked the second straight win for the MB.

There is still a scramble for the remaining five positions. Even the last place Commandants can take third place if a miracle occurs.

The Quartermaster tied the Marine Barracks for high set with 1647 and romped off with high game by a margin of four pins. Sutphin took the team and league lead of high individual set with 378.

Corporal Konopa, our Barracks' boy who cast his lot with the Inspector's team, is leading that outfit with an average of 101-7 for 24 games.

The MBs. manage to hold a few individual honors through the efforts of McElroy, Ellwanger and Dupris. Mac has high strikes and spares; 43 and 157, respectively. Ellwanger holds high game with 150. Dupris is pressing McElroy with a 106-41 average.

STANDINGS TO APRIL 12

Team	Won	Lost	Ave.	High Game
Marine Barracks	51	33	.607	577
Paymasters	44	40	.524	576
Inspectors	43	41	.512	542
Adjutants	39	45	.464	528
Quartermaster	38	46	.452	581
Commandants	37	47	.440	553

In the Post League the Quartermaster team took a firm grip on first place by downing the Industrials. They continue to hold high team game and set.

FIGURES TO APRIL 11

Team	Won	Lost	Ave.	High Game
Quartermaster	31	20	.607	543
Registrar	28	23	.549	535
Industrial	23	28	.450	506
Business	20	31	.392	511

Shorts on Sports

In a fight abundant with knockdowns, John C. Reed, an ex-Marine, lost to Joe Goeders. The bout, held at the Coliseum Athletic Club of San Diego on April 1, 1932, was the most thrilling of the entire program. With a series of powerful right and left hooks, Reed floored Goeders three times during the third round. Though somewhat groggy, Goeders arose and forced Reed to take a count of nine. A strong finish gave Goeder the decision. Previous to his encounter with Reed, Goeders lost to ex-Marine Ramage, the conqueror of Ace Hudkins and Steve Hamas.

Marine Conner, formerly stationed at Quantico, and now serving with the Marine Detachment, Charleston, W. Va., dropped a close decision to Young Legore of Oak Hill, W. Va.

"Tiger" Billy Phipps, leading welterweight boxer of the 14th Naval District, Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, punched and hammered Sailor Del Rosa of the Submarine Base for four rounds, only to have the referee call the fight a draw. The verdict displeased many of the fans who thought that the Leatherneck should have been given the decision.

INTER-FLEET SPORTS

After a week of hard battling for U. S. Fleet Championships, April 1 finds:

Scouting Force takes swimming races by top-heavy score.

Scouting Force takes All-Navy in baseball as U. S. S. "Wright" defeats U. S. S. "Tennessee" in two games: 10-6; 18-2.

Battle Force takes All-Navy in basketball as U. S. S. "Tennessee" defeats U. S. S. "Augusta" in two games: 29-23; 50-33.

Battle and Scouting Forces divide honors in Whaleboat Regatta; Battle Force taking two out of three events. The "Wee Vee" Marines won first event leading the "Lexington" Marines by a hair; these two being far in advance of the rest of the pack. The "Arizona," "Richmond," and "Wee Vee" finished in that order in a gruelling hair-raising finish in the Selected Whaleboat Crew Race, while Scouting Force took the other event when "Chester," "Richmond" and "Arizona" crossed the line at one second intervals in the first enlistment crew race.

As a result of the races—a three way tie in points; so each of the three winners will have custody of the Trophy Cup for four months—in alphabetical order, thus: "Arizona," "Richmond," "West Virginia."

Boxing

Flyweight, H. Echavez, "Lexington," second round technical kayo over A. Domapias, Blakeley; bantam, "General

SPORT SCRIBES

Front and Center

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PROMINENT ATHLETES
and sports activities of
Your Post

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The Leatherneck

Padilla," "Nevada," second round technical kayo over J. Tapia, "Raleigh"; feather, Leo Dardeen, "California," six round decision over Benny Friedman, "Northampton"; lightweight, Jordan, "Trenton," six round decision over Pete Pico, "New York"; welterweight, Wally Gray, "Whitney," decision in six rounds over Jimmy Walsh, "Pennsylvania"; middleweight, J. T. Ylinen, "Whitney," six round decision over Al Christy, "Maryland"; light-heavy, J. Thomas, "Augusta," six round decision over R. E. Waterman, "Waters"; heavy, V. R. Zemar, second round technical kayo over A. Higgins, "Salt Lake City."

Wrestling

Bantam, C. H. Smith, "California," decision J. Bradshaw, "Louisville," in 5:24 top time. Feather: J. Conley, "Tennessee," fall in 8:01 over V. B. Bandon, "Salt Lake City"; lightweight, C. Harris, "Pensacola," decision F. Brown, "California," in five minutes top time; welter, Max Schmeling, "California," decision W. Gibbka, "Augusta," in 1:37 top time; middleweight, G. Ylinen, "Whitney," pinned W. Palmer in 2:32; light-heavy, D. Davidson, "California," pinned L. J. Fisher, "Augusta," in 8:03; heavy, F. Emilio, "Chester," fall over B. Jordan, "Tennessee," in 2:22.

Basketball

CAMP MEADE DOWNS MARINES

Dotson Stars for the Tank Men in Court Victory.

The Quantico Marines closed their home stand March 5, 1932, by losing to Camp Meade, 38 to 33, the Soldiers winning in the last few minutes on some great shooting by Dotson, who scored 17 points for his team. Bell and Keller also helped the scoring by getting 19 points for their team. The game was very fast throughout and was well played. It was anybody's game until the last few minutes when the soldiers took the lead to hold it until the final whistle.

Shelton, McIntire and Zeher starred for the losers. But they could not hold the lead. Again the Marines played without the services of their star center, Locke, who is still in the hospital. The Marines close their season at Carlisle Barracks, Pa.

The score at half-time: Marines 15, Camp Meade 12.

MARINES

Posik, F.	G.	FG.	P.
Shelton, F.	3	0	6
Selden, F.	0	0	0
Sleight, F.	0	0	0
McIntire, C.	5	2	12
Gann, G.	0	1	1
Zeher, G.	3	3	9

CAMP MEADE

Miller, F.	G.	FG.	P.
Coleman, .	0	0	0
Bell, F.	3	3	9
Keller, C.	4	2	10
Hodson, G.	0	1	1
Lamney, G.	0	0	0
Dotson, G.	8	1	17

Referee: Kail. (AB).

Shorts On Sports

Corporal Harmon, Pearl Harbor middleweight, put Sailor Berg of the Submarine Force to sleep in the first round of their four-round go.

Johnnie Jones, featherweight champion of the 14th Naval District for 1931, dropped the decision to Sailor Lubrico after four rounds of furious milling and fast stepping.

Marine Peters of the 117th Company took a fast fight from Sailor Konkka; and Marine Rose was awarded a technical knockout over Sailor Shadix in the first round. These men are welters.

The 1932 boxing tournament of the Navy is over and Sailor "Pickles" Heintz of the U. S. S. "Idaho" won the heavyweight championship of the Battle Fleet from Corporal Ray Spiker of the U. S. S. "Lexington." Later Heintz took a decision from Sailor Flinker for the All-Navy Championship.

Billy Vidabeck and Ad Stone are two former Marines who made a name for themselves in the fisticuff world. Eight years ago both of them were headliners in the heavyweight division. Billy hung up the gloves in 1927 and went into business. Ad lost his sight following a bout with Young Stribling and has also retired. His vision has recently been restored to him, but the ring has no romance for him any more.

Marine Jimmy Murphy of the U. S. S. "Pennsylvania" is going great guns and has not lost a fight since he took up the game last year. Formerly a lightweight, he is now a full-fledged welter and hopes to be in the race for the honors in the next Fleet boxing eliminations.



Leroy Brown receiving some sage counsel from his manager, Steve Gabriel

LEROY BROWN

By James C. Barnett

Leroy Brown, an ex-Marine, is one of the most promising middleweight fighters of today. He is known as "The Blond Tiger" to southern sport writers who, when writing of his pugilistic achievements, always mention his former service in the Marine Corps.

Brown's first entrance into the ring was in Tientsin, China, during 1928. While a member of the Corps, he boxed with varying success under the management of Pete Roman and George Beck, respectively. Obtaining his discharge at Charleston, Brown went to Miami where, under the guidance of Lew Diamond, he fought six times, winning three and losing three.

His aggressive style and hard hitting have given him an enthusiastic following. But he is not enjoying a mere freakish, transitory burst of popularity. All his bouts have been free from clinching and stalling; always the spectators have left satisfied with his efforts.

Brown is usually pitted against a well-known adversary whose record makes him the favorite. The fans, knowing that Brown seldom loses and that his opponent is conceded the better chance for victory, crowd to the arena, hoping that the tow-haired ex-Marine will win.

His fight with Sailor Henry Pulaski is an example of his fighting with the odds against him. Sport authorities predicted victory for Pulaski, who had defeated Rufus Miles and several other good fighters. The judges decided the bout a draw, but the crowd, believing Brown the winner, registered its disapproval by tossing cushions and booing the judges.

Another navy champion, George Owens, arrived in Charleston. Many persons thought he would halt Brown's string of victories. In the second round he halted with his chin one of Brown's overhand rights.

Carl Knowles of Georgia was considered too skilled for Brown's comparative inexperience. But at the end of ten rounds Knowles was a badly beaten warrior, narrowly evading a knockout. Brown's popularity was increasing greatly.

Under the management of Steve Gabriel, who has handled nationally

known fighters, among them George Courtney, Tommy Jones, Eddie Osner and Jimmy Watts, Brown has won eight out of ten contests.

Brown's approaching fight with Bobby Godwin is being discussed throughout the South. Godwin, with victories over Mike McTigue and Battling Bozo, is ranked among the ten best light-heavyweights in the world. A victory for Brown would give him national prestige, and he is eager for the opportunity.

The activities of the Marine Corps continue to hold the interest of Brown, who is a frequent visitor at the Navy Yard. With evident pleasure he recalls his days in the service, saying that his four years in the Corps have been fruitful in the realization of his ambition to become a successful fighter.

WHAT'S THE SCORE?

Send us an account of any important athletic events in which your team or an individual has a hand, so that we can broadcast it to the rest of the Corps. A snapshot or two will help.

The Leatherneck Sports Editor.

QUANTICO SPORT FLASHES

Fighting before the largest crowd ever assembled in the Quantico Gym, the Marines defeated decisively the Fort Monroe invaders, avenging a defeat by the soldiers last month.

Hitt (A) defeated Anderson (M); Turner (M) vanquished Brown (A); Jackson (M) won over Cavey (A); Zeher (M) knocked out Condo (A); Pyne (M) whipped Cleer (A); Brounstein (M) technically knocked out Smith (A).

Two wrestling matches delighted the spectators. Wallen (M) and Gertsner (A) wrestled to a draw as did Hill (N) and Hiteof (A).

The performance of Lieutenant Levinsky's youthful boxing class was an added attraction. The boyish contestants are sons of officers and enlisted men.

Lewis and Barrah fought to a draw; Jagilo and Carywright also battled to a standstill; Davis defeated Grey, although the last named youngsters delivered several severe thrusts.

The Quantico Marine Boxing Team lost to Carlisle Medical School's Team, winning two of eight bouts. All the fights were fast and furious; there were four knockouts.

* * * * *

Forced to play an extra period, the Quantico Marine Basketball Team closed its season by defeating the Carlisle Medical Team, 30 to 25. Throughout the game was closely contested, the score at the end of the regular period being tied, each team having 24 points.

During the added minutes of play, the Marines, by fast playing and skillful footwork, forged ahead.

* * * * *

Award of Basketball Letters

Eleven members of the Quantico Basketball Team received their letters, their season having ended with the game against Carlisle Medical School. Coach Lieut. Gulick, Locke, Gann, Zeher, Selden, Shelton, Slight, Boyer, Carrington, Posick, and McIntyre received the awards.

* * * * *

Former Marine Champ Visits Quantico

Marcel Caussin, ex-Sergeant and former middleweight champion of the Marine Corps, visited Quantico for the first time since 1924. Caussin, who is now a member of the Washington Police Department and drum major of the District's Sixth Brigade Band, won the middleweight crown of the Olympics at Philadelphia in 1924.

Shorts on Sports

Before eleven thousand persons who crowded the Los Angeles Olympic auditorium far beyond its seating capacity, Lee Ramage, an ex-Marine, decisively defeated Steve Hamas, former Penn State football star. Ramage's rise to pugilistic prominence has been rapid. His victories over Royal Dutch Elliott and the celebrated Ace Hudkins have earned him the state title of California, in addition to recognition as one of the nation's most promising light heavyweights. His popular manager, K. S. Hubley, is also a former member of the Corps.



Marine Boxers of Quantico

CHIPS FROM AN OLD LOG

By "Old Leatherneck"

The commissary department of the Marines in Peking, China, during the Boxer Uprising was not anything to write home about. At one time one of the issues was a pint cupful of flour and we used to mix it up with water and make "flapjacks."

The formula for that great treat was somewhat as follows: Examine the flour thoroughly and extract all worms, slugs, and other foreign matter which may have gotten into it, not forgetting to break up the hard chunks of flour which has become caked by reason of the bag being stored in a damp place. After preparing the flour add a little salt, providing you have any. If not, just ask the Top Kick where he thought that you could get some. He very likely would tell you where you could go to get salt or anything else. In case the Top threw you down, you might try the police sergeant, for in those days police sergeants had about everything but a heart.

By the time that you have touched everyone in authority and got the bum's rush, you will have to steal some—what you should have done in the first place.

You can add an egg if you have one, but Chinese eggs in 1900 were subject to suspicion (I boiled one once); stir thoroughly, and then the batter is ready to be fried. Be sure you do not try to stew it, because a Marine never likes anything stewed but himself.

The frying used to be rather difficult for us as all the grease we had was vaseline and that is not recommended for cooking purposes. We used to get a piece of hardtack tin, stick it in the fire, keep it there until it got hot, and then we would clean it off and spread some batter on it. When the batter got hot enough to smoke in good shape it would have to be turned over—and how!

Simply give the tin a quick snap and it is done. (Perhaps.) Sometimes you did not snap it quite right and the batter would fall to the ground. If this occurs just let it stay there and try again. Continue the exercise as long as the batter holds out.

After you have made as many flips of your griddle as the government has made flipflops in its foreign policies, you will be an expert in the art of flapjack making. One must, however, keep in practice as I found to my sorrow years after I left the Flowery Kingdom and had taken on in an outfit where there was war all the time. On Sunday morning I attempted to turn over a flapjack in the old way, and I found the old saying true that "they never come back." As I cleaned the stove to the tune of numberless wise cracks I almost regretted that I was not back in old Peking.

But don't get the idea that all we had to eat was flapjacks, for sometimes someone had a change of heart and issued us beef or its "equivalent." In other words, the beef consisted of either goat meat or mutton—one guess was as good as another—and as to taste, you old-timers don't have to draw very hard on your imagination to know that anything that the cooks handed out in our time was hard to classify for everything tasted the same—awful.

Another Marine and myself were sent up to the First Battalion corral to get

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some fresh meat. I was given enough papers to transfer a regiment of cavalry around the world and back, and told to present them to the commissary sergeant and he would give us the beef.

We passed a Chinese chow house on the way, so we thought we would sample a little Chinese cooking. It was not what one would call a sanitary place, but we did not mind a little thing like that.

There were a few tables and a counter with some small cuts of meat on it, so we picked out a piece of meat and gave it to the Chink owner to fry for us. He did not seem very anxious to cook for us, but we found a way to make him, and he finally brought it in fried so that it looked pretty good.

Well, we fastened our molars in it and it did not taste so bad, but it was rather stringy and tough. I thought that it tasted like mutton and my comrade insisted that it was veal. We argued a while and then decided to ask the Chink what it was. About all we knew in Chinese lingo was how to swear, so we had a heck of a job to make the Chink understand.

Finally I had a bright idea, so I pointed to the meat and made a noise like a calf. The Chinaman shook his head and I gave Jack the ha, ha. Then Jack thought he would see what he could do, so he let out a baa that sounded so natural that it took me back to sheep-shearing days. The Chink again shook his head and Jack said, "I wonder what in hell we've been eating, anyhow?"

Just then it dawned on that benighted heathen what we were driving at, and he imitated the noises we had made and shook his head opened up his face and bellowed out, "BOW! WOW! WOW!" Well, we echoed the "wow" all right and Jack lost his meat right there.

After that we beat it for the corral and there we found our fresh meat running around on the hoof. We had expected to find the meat all ready to load into a Peking cart, so we were kind of stumped.

Of course we got the amount of sympathy one could expect from the corral sergeant, so there was nothing to do but to drive those damn sheep down to the 2nd Battalion quarters. After many experiments we finally found that they would follow one another, but while I have steered everything from a kiddy car to a Buick, steering those sheep was the worst yet, but we finally got to our destination without doing much damage except upsetting a high ranking Marine officer and getting bawled out for it. One of the sheep ran right under him and off he rode on that sheep. We expected to get shot at sunrise, but for once we were lucky.

I won't name the officer, but when I say that he once figured in a poem about an icebox, and wore some nice kale on his face, perhaps someone can guess who it was. If any of you ever run across an old-time Marine by the name of Jack Beauvais he might tell who it was, but to this day I'll bet that he is a vegetarian.



Marine Guard, U. S. S. "Brooklyn," Flag ship, at Santiago, Cuba, Sunday, July 3, 1898

THE BROOKLYN AT SANTIAGO

(Continued from page 39)

about 8 inches in outside casing of drying room, went through and tore a hole when it exploded in the smoke stack.

The gun in the bow of the ship was commanded by four Marines, two whose names I do not remember. The others were Private McNeil of Philadelphia and myself.

After firing a number of shots the gun became red hot. They told me to get some more fresh water from the galley, which was at mid-ship and you had to pump it with a hand pump. I said, "We have no time for that," as we were in the thick of the battle. I brought the salt water hose that was connected to the fire plug and said to use this. They said it would spoil the gun. I said it didn't make any difference, we only needed the gun for today and we have plenty of them in the U. S. A., and we used it. One or two buckets of fresh water could do no good. One of the projectiles when we fired it stuck in about the center of the gun, but did not burst. Then what were we going to do? It had to be rammed back from mouth of gun to the breech block and it was very hot. We elevated the gun to 45 degrees and McNeil volunteered to climb out and ram the projectile back to the breech block. The gun was ready for use again in a few minutes. McNeil then climbed on to the "Fackill" and walked back to the main deck and down to his gun again, under fire of all the Spanish ships who were trying to sink the "Brooklyn."

The result of the battle of Santiago is known to everyone; there is little need to further record it here.

For my part I enlisted on the 21st day of November, 1896, at Brooklyn, N. Y., Navy Yard, to serve five years; was discharged, having served my full enlistment at Marine Barracks, Naval Station, San Juan, Porto Rico, November 20, 1901. When I enlisted I was under command of Capt. Elliott at Brooklyn Navy Yard, who was a Brigadier General when he died.

I was also under command of Capt. Paul St. Clair Murphy on U. S. S. "Brooklyn" one year, two months and five days, 1897 to 1898. Went with Capt. L. C. Lucas, commanding officer of Marines, left the States on the U. S. hospital ship "Solace" to take charge of Marine barrack and naval station at San Juan, Porto Rico, when I was discharged in 1901. Capt. C. R. Lowndes was commanding officer of Marines.

SEND IN THE NEWS OF YOUR DETACHMENT TO THE LEATHERNECK

WALLY TO GET MEDAL

Albian A. Wallgren, "Wally" to you, former cartoonist of the famed "Stars and Stripes," is lined up for a gold



"Wally" does a bit of work as "Bugs" Baer and ex-Top of Field Artillery, George W. Harvey, hand him the old razz

medal in recognition of his some 50,000 drawings. The bill, which was introduced by Senator Davis and referred to the committee on Military Affairs, was as follows:

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled that the President is authorized to present, but not in the name of Congress, a gold medal of appropriate design to Albian A. Wallgren, formerly a private, United States Marine Corps, in recognition of his services as cartoonist on the staff of The Stars and Stripes, the official newspaper of the American Expeditionary Forces in France during the World War."

"Wally" is an out of town member of the staff of the Harvey-Jaediker Art Service, New York. He was one of the original staff of "The Stars and Stripes," and his work on that paper did much to inspire and further the debonair spirit for which the American doughboy was known.

Every Service periodical has at some time or another printed those delightful caricatures from "Wally's" pen.

Good luck, "Wally," and we hope you get it.

FORCED DOWN IN THE JUNGLES

(Continued from page 15)

stumbled across a sugar cane patch from which we gathered sufficient nourishment to sustain life. We needed no water, I guess we had swallowed enough in crossing the rivers. We had lost our compass and had not been able to check our direction until now, when a small break in the clouds revealed the rising sun and told us that we were headed due east.

However, such luck was too good to hold and we soon lost the sun in a torrential downpour. I might enter here that the rain fall on this seven-day patrol was 20.15 inches. All that remained to guide us was the tall trees, from which we made our bearings from time to time. It was not very long after our start that we reached the fifth and largest river of our trek. It seemed like committing suicide to attempt to cross the torrent. Our strength was almost completely spent, but the river had to be crossed if we were to get back to our base. Carrying the sub-Thompson I waded in, but midway the swift current caught and overbalanced me. The weight of the gun was too much, so I let it go and fought my way ashore. Corporal Simmons struggled through and finally reached the bank by my side. For a moment we rested, and then took inventory of our remaining supplies. We found we still had the machete, the Very pistol, shells, first-aid kit, and two .45 Colts.

As we continued our gruesome journey we came to a large swamp, a veritable miasmatic jungle, apparently impenetrable. There was nothing to do but attempt to traverse the swamp. We started across about 8:30 in the morning and we fought our way through the morass until 3:30 in the afternoon. At times we waded up to our necks in muck, mire and rushes. To our great relief we met a friendly Indian from Sandy Bay, a trading post of the United Fruit Com-

pany. He was hunting alligators, and judging from the number of giant saurians we saw during the day, I do not believe he had to look long. However, he may have been searching for certain species which are more valuable than others. We were indeed fortunate in not having blundered into the cruel jaws of some hungry alligator.

The Indian helped us into his *pipaonte* (a dugout log), which he poled, and we finally arrived in Sandy Bay about dusk. Here we were the guests of other Indians, some of whom spoke spiggoty English. They gave us hot coffee, tortillas, and six eggs each. After resting awhile we managed to get about and look for some dry clothing. I mention that we managed to get about, for manage was about all we did. Our limbs were cold and numb, and it was only with great difficulty and pain that we were able to move at all. Our joints were lame and our leg muscles were aching and failed to respond as quickly as we wished. However, we got around and finally found a Chinaman who lent us trousers and shirts. We immediately shed our wet clothing and turned native. By that I mean we went barefooted and without underclothing.

For the first time since our forced landing we were comfortable. We slept well that night under a heavy Indian blanket.

Early the following morning we were again the guests of our Indian friends. One of them offered to take us back to our base. Soon after breakfast we started on the final stretch of our homeward journey. We left Sandy Bay about 6:00 a. m. in a twenty-five foot dugout log, boarded up on the sides to keep out the sea, and rigged with jury sails. The skill with which the Indian handled his boat was remarkable. I have had rough sea voyages, but none could compare with the one that day; although I can attribute a great deal of the weariness to the long march of at least sixty-five miles through the wilderness.

Upon arrival at Puerto Cabezas we reported to the commanding officer of the Guardia detachment. Dressed as we were in borrowed clothing, which were far too small for us, and were at one time white linen, we presented quite a picture. In addition to the misfit garments, our beards had grown considerably, changing all familiar features of the face. When we presented ourselves to the commanding officer he did not recognize us. Judging from the expression of his face and the elaborate gestures he made, he must have believed we were natives trying to enlist in his outfit. While we were trying to make our report to him, Lieutenant Becker came in. Of course he was more familiar with our speech. He recognized us at once and introduced us to the commander. I can never forget the expression of satisfaction that came over Lieutenant Becker's face.

In closing I wish to give due credit to Sergeant Simmons. His courage and devotion under the most trying conditions are everlasting inspirations to me and deserving of highest praise. The efforts and cooperation of Lieutenant Becker, too, will never be forgotten, and I appreciate the alacrity with which he responded, even to the extent of imperiling his own life, in trying to aid us. Both men kept and furthered the traditions of the Marine Corps, and no higher tribute can be paid to man.

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BROADCAST—SEA GOING

(Continued from page 37)

things, it won't be long now. Many Babe Ruths have been discovered and heavy hitting features the practice games. Our big drawback is the proximity of glass windows in the yard shops near the diamond and the scarcity of chicken wire to cover these windows.

We are planning to go to the rifle range at Quantico soon, and every man is hoping to become an expert or at least a sharpshooter when he returns. Anyway, we are sure we will qualify one hundred per cent.

Recent reports indicate we will arrive at San Pedro, California, about July 1, 1943. Until that time we expect to have many dummy runs with the chipping hammers and the paint pots. Our new Home, the Barracks Ship "Denebola," is all that the word implies. It is equipped with a radio, mirror, pressing room, tailor shop, laundry, Helen Gould cots, clothes racks, rifle racks, many benches, and the deck is just as good for dancing as that of any dance hall ashore.

ARKANSAS ANTICS

By R. S. Scott

New Orleans. What a town! That's the opinion of every man on the Arkie from the Quantico Battalion and the Ship's Detachment to the bluejackets and officers. Shades of poor boy sandwiches: a meal for a dime, a taxi to any place in the burg for thirty-five cents and movie tickets free.

A hundred thousand came to see the Arkie, and about twenty per cent were beautiful damsels, some of whom came every day with lunches.

Cpl. Tuffy McGrath and Lance Cpl. Crie pulled a David and Jonathan, winning a couple of belles from some family circle which wasn't a bit rusty to look at. Both developed into rabid "ping pongs" and, when the time of departure came, there ensued a pathetic scene as loving hearts were pried in twain. Crie said something about Tuffy, whereupon Mac enlightened us about Crie's "well of emotions."

Even the detachment shadow, Rufus Lewis, born with three strikes against him and not a chance of getting past first base, made a conquest, leaving a shattered heart in his wake.

These Creoles certainly know their apple butter when it comes to hospitality and cooking. Will we ever forget that shindig at the Roosevelt Roof?

We had the opportunity of paying tribute to Pfc. Vuillemot, our old shipmate and companion, who died last year while a member of our clique of good fellows here on the Arkie. We were glad to see his Dad and to attend the unveiling ceremony at the final resting place of a good Marine.

Yes, New Orleans certainly was a success; but here in Guantanamo it is only the memory of another good place the Arkie has taken us. Now we are training for our short range battle practice, and the battalion goes ashore every morning for its maneuvers. It was some Mardi Gras, so say we all.

THE LOST BATTALION

A sudden change of schedule prevented our broadcasting in the April issue of "The Leatherneck." We consider that omission a loss to the readers, for this outfit is going places on a battleship that has as many Marines as Sailors.

The Mardi Gras of Galveston was not as brilliant as the one of New Orleans, but in other ways the former celebration was more enjoyable.

The military parade was led by the First Battalion, First Marines, reinforced by the Wyoming Detachment. They were the Guard of Honor to King Frivolous XV.

During the Mardi Gras there were many dances, dinners, parties, and smokers. Marines were received and welcomed everywhere, and their splendid

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conduct assures them of Galveston's hospitality.

A huge crowd bade farewell to the boys when they embarked on the "Wyoming" for Guantanamo Bay, where they met and maneuvered with the "Arkansas," arriving at the "Winter Playground" of the Scouting Force on February 20.

For the next week the two ships held gunnery drills, preparing for short range battle practice. The Battalion landed its artillery and machine guns.

On the night of February 27 orders came to transfer all Marines to the U. S. S. "Arkansas" with the instructions that the "Arkie" was to sail the following noon.

Despite the short notice, we hurriedly assembled our gear, weapons, and miscellaneous property and transferred without delaying the sailing of the ship.

Where were we going? What was it all about? The answer was that the only battleship on the Atlantic Coast was to join a concentration of the Fleet in order to demonstrate a war problem.

Engine trouble in the "Big Ditch" delayed us in Balboa. After repairs we proceeded to Puget Sound.

We now have a few hundred fully qualified sea going Leathernecks on the Flag Ship of the Training Squadron ready to settle the Sino-Japanese dispute, safeguard a Nicaraguan election, or what have you.

RESERVE NEWS

(Continued from page 41)

struction of the Marine Corps Institute, and attends classes and lectures throughout the year.

It is this earnestness which impresses the regular when he comes into contact with members of the Brigade. The standards are high; "any old body" cannot get in.

COMPANY E WINS

Company E, Second Battalion, Twentieth Reserve Marines, was awarded the Colonel Edmonds Efficiency Cup given to the best all-around company in the Sixth Marine Reserve Brigade for performance at camp at Virginia Beach last September. Company E, which is composed of students and alumni of Eastern High School, Washington, D. C., is commanded by Capt. Michael J. Kelly, who led a company of Marines in France during the World War.

Under the command of 1st Lieut. Charles B. Herren, Headquarters Military Police Company, Roanoke, Va., won honorable mention.

The award was based on camp attendance, range qualifications, appearance of company equipment, close order drill, guard mount, sanitation and hygiene, and military courtesy.

CO. G ORGANIZED

Swearing in twelve men during the first night of drill, Company "G" of Sausalito, California, started its organization with Captain Chester H. Knowles in command and Sgt. Alf J. Danielson as his right hand man.

The rush of applicants continues and Lieutenant Drees (JG) has been busily running back and forth between San

Francisco and Sausalite, endeavoring to examine the steady flow of men coming into the Battalion.

Under the able leadership of Pfc. Frank Jelick, our entertainment shark, the Battalion is giving a bust on Friday, April 15. Frank predicts a good time for everyone who is present, and he expresses his sympathy for the man who is not present.

We congratulate Capt. Charles C. Bradley, who has just been promoted from the rank of 1st Lieutenant.

By competitive examinations held last month the following named men were promoted: Cpls. August W. Schaefer and Griffith W. Sherrill to sergeant; Privates First Class Timothy P. O'Donoghue, Martin W. Storm, and Alf J. Danielsen to sergeant; Privates First Class Anthony J. Colling, William J. Walsh, and James T. Reiley to corporal; Privates Wainwright and Mason to corporal.

BUCKEYE STATE MARINES 311th Co., Toledo, Ohio

By Cpl. Gosbeth, Jr.

Here are a few words to let "Leathernecks" know that there is a Marine Corps Reserve in Toledo, Ohio.

Our Commanding Officer, Captain Iven C. Stickney, says we are going into high speed from now on for the coming encampment; when he says "high speed," he means high speed.

Talk about the Marine Corps spirit, it surely exists in this Company. Our weekly attendance for drill on Friday night is very good, the men are soldiering in true Marine Corps style, and at the coming encampment we expect to take the highest honors for the third consecutive year.

The 311th Co. 24th Marines have won all honors, consisting of the efficiency guidon, silver loving cup for all around military efficiency and the silver mounted Krag rifle for marksmanship, for the past two years at Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Illinois.

Our famous drill instructor and master, Lieutenant Walter A. Churchill, has us trained for exhibition on the stage or parade ground. Our able First Sergeant, Clarence H. Bothe, is always on the job with his growl, and we like it.

This is the first time that this Company has been heard from for a long time but I promise more in the future.

WEST COAST RESERVES ORDERED TO SUMMER TRAINING DUTY

By O. E. Jensen

The Major-General Commandant has authorized the First and Second Battalion, 25th Reserve Marines and the 316th Company, FMCR, Seattle, Washington, to active duty and training for periods of fourteen days.

The First Battalion, consisting of eleven officers and not more than 229 enlisted men will in all probability train from June 13 to June 27 at the Marine Corps Base, San Diego. The Second Battalion, consisting of ten officers and not more than 197 enlisted men will train approximately the same dates at Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Mare Island. The 316th Company with three officers and not more than 60 men will train at the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Bremerton, Washington.



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WRITING PAPERS

Captain Allan I. Schmulian, USMCR, commanding "A" Company of the 1st Battalion will have approximately 95% attendance. Captain John J. Flynn, USMCR, commanding "B" Company of Pasadena, reports about the same percentage. The men are looking forward eagerly to the camp and preparations and active planning are under full swing. Major W. M. McIlvain is busy making arrangements for every man in the battalion to fire the 22 qualification course before going to camp.

Officers of the First Battalion who will in all probability go to camp will be Captain John J. Flynn, Captain Allan I. Schmulian, Captain Joseph P. Sproul, First Lieutenants George Ball and Horace W. Card, 2nd Lieutenants Peter Altpeter and Owen E. Jensen and Marine Gunner W. F. Whitney.

Company "B" of Pasadena again holds the high mark for percentage of attendance, leading the 25th Marine Reserves with 87.46% followed by Company "A" with 63.94%. Third on the list is Company "F," San Francisco, 60% and trailed by Company "D," Los Angeles, Company "E," San Francisco with Seattle's 316th Company occupying the cellar.



SUPPLY SGT. BILL KORLING
N. R. Squadron, Oakland, Calif.

Second Lieutenant Joseph P. Adams, USMCR, reported on March 21 to the Commanding Officer, Naval Air Station, Seattle, Washington, for aviation duty and training.

Second Lieutenant James L. Osborne, USMCR, performed active duty training, without pay, from 23 February 1932 to 29 February, 1932, at Headquarters, Department of the Pacific, San Francisco.

The following officers of the Western Reserve Area have been ordered for physical examination prior to promotion to the next higher grade:

2nd Lt. Lewis M. Andrews, USMCR, 2nd Lt. Francis T. Eagan, USMCR, 2nd Lt. William E. McKevitt, USMCR, 2nd Lt. Audre L. Stong, USMCR, and 2nd Lt. Philip G. Strong, USMCR.

Pasadena Marines Visit La Jolla

On Saturday and Sunday, April 2 and 3, Pasadena's Company "B," 1st BN 25th Marine Reserves, spent an interesting week-end as the guests of the genial Captain James E. Snow, USMC, commanding the rifle range at La Jolla. Sunday morning and afternoon was spent in practice firing and all reports indicate every man who attended will qualify this Summer. Many of the members of the company had their first contact with the regular service of the Marine Corps on that trip and came home imbued with the desire to see more of their fellow townsmen as members of the company.

NATIONAL DEFENSE

At the last meeting of the Marine Corps Reserve Officers Association of Los Angeles, held on January 21st, at the City Club, the following officers were elected: Captain John J. Flynn, USMCR, President; Captain Allan I. Schmulian, USMCR, Vice-President; Captain Joseph

DEPOSITORS ALL OVER THE WORLD

AMONG the new accounts opened on one day recently were residents of Toledo, Ohio; Columbus, Miss., and Quantico, Va. On our books are depositors in Shanghai and San Francisco, Lima and London, Athens and Atlanta, Caracas and Calcutta and many other far-away points on the globe.

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P. Sproul, USMCR, Secretary, and First Lieutenant Horace W. Card, USMCR, Treasurer. Captains B. W. Foote, A. I. Schmulian, and H. W. Strong were elected to serve on the Members Executive Committee.

Captain Sproul is a judge of the Superior Court of Los Angeles County and an eminent jurist. He is attached to the First Battalion, 25th Reserve Marines.

The affairs of the Association are in excellent hands and much activity for the coming year is promised by its new officers. The meeting was held in conjunction with the Army-Navy-Marine Corps Association of Los Angeles under the auspices of the National Defense Council of Southern California.

RESERVE NOTES

Second Lieutenant James C. Jackson, USMCR, has been ordered to active duty and is attached to the U. S. S. "Saratoga" during the forthcoming Hawaiian maneuvers.

Radio stations of San Francisco are aiding the Reserve in recruiting their respective units.

Chief Quartermaster Clerk John L. Watkins, USMC, has returned from the hospital to duty as assistant to the Officer in Charge, Reserve Affairs, Department of the Pacific.

Second Lieutenant L. E. Rector, USMCR, and First Sergeant Franklin Adreon, USMCR, have satisfactorily completed the Infantry Basic correspondence course.

The following reserve officers have been transferred from Company "D", Third Regiment, to Company "L", Third Regiment: Captain Baldwin W. Foote, Second Lieutenant Lewis M. Andrews and A. C. Shepard, USMCR.

DOG ROBBER

(Continued from page 9)

Bud ducked swiftly and stepped in; jarring Perez with a vicious short-arm jab to his wind. But the dog-robber was just a fraction of a second too late. Although it missed a vital spot, the descending knife-blade ripped through the flesh of Linton's shoulder; leaving a six-inch gaping wound down his back. Perez' wrist had met the top of Linton's shoulder, however, with a force that nearly paralyzed his whole arm and caused him to drop the knife. Bud kicked it aside.

"Now, fight damn you!" he gritted.

Forced to battle white-man's way, the half-breed showed himself no mean antagonist. With but an elementary knowledge of boxing, his weight and the tremendous reach of his gorilla-like arms, more than offset Bud's greater skill. Toe to toe they stood, and slugged away. And the clearing was filled with the "smack! smack!" of naked fists striking flesh, the hoarse breathing of the fighters, the murmured comments of the crowd who stood about in an avid, wild-eyed circle.

More than one of Perez' wild hay-makers landed with terrific force on Linton's face and body. And the white man was rapidly growing weaker from the bleeding knife-wound. In desperation

Bud clinched; and the fighters staggered against Subig Bates. The engineer drew his revolver and raised it like a club, over Perez' head. But instantly an angry roar came from the onlookers, and a hundred knife-blades flashed in the sun.

"Out of the way, Bates! My fight!" panted Linton.

Savagely the big mestizo tried to break the clinch and finish Bud with one more powerful swing. But the ex-Marine hung grimly on clearing his head. Then suddenly, Bud threw himself out of the clinch. Before Perez could set himself, Linton—summoning the last of his failing strength—landed heavily on the mestizo's wind. Perez staggered. Bud followed his first blow with two more—a left and a right. And both of them landed flush on Perez' already smashed mouth!

The pain was more than human flesh could endure. Screaming like a hurt animal, Perez put both hands over the gory wreck of his face and stumbled blindly out of the clearing. And Bud—swaying on his feet—achieved one more roar that sounded like the bellow of a victorious bull ape.

"Now, go to work you mangy, time-killing gorillas! Get on the job, or I'll smash every damn one of you!"

Chattering in a dozen different dialects, the laborers streamed toward the dam. Linton managed to get inside the office and shut the door; and then collapsed in a heap.

"There was something phoney about that fight, wasn't there son?" asked Bates shrewdly some hours later.

Bud—bandaged and stiff but able to perform his new duties—laughed grimly.

"I'll say there was something phoney! The whole thing—the bawling out I gave Perez, the fight and everything else—wasn't ME but just an imitation of old Sergeant O'Rourke in the Marines. Of course I've had fights before; and I wasn't physically afraid of Perez. But I WAS scared stiff of the job—taking charge of the gang. Then last night, I happened to remember one of O'Rourke's favorite bits of advice—'When you're up against a tough bunch, yell first and then slug; and keep on slugging.'"

But I'm not afraid of this job or any other from now on," Bud continued, glancing out the window. "I've put the fear of the Lord into that bunch and they're sure humping themselves. I'll see that they keep on humping too, and get the dam finished on time. And if we have to pull off any more rough stuff, it'll be ME doing it; not an imitation of somebody else. Old Perez made good on his boast after all, though."

"How come?" Bates wanted to know.

"Well, he spoiled my clothes just like he said he could. And I'll tell the world, he sure made me an 'unfit sight for the ladies in Manila,' mourned the dog-robber, tenderly caressing a black eye.

Q-M SCHOOL QUIZZES

(Continued from page 21)

on the window sill and they get cold and chatter so loud that he cannot sleep. The bridge hounds in this class are looking for more worlds to conquer, having beaten each other until they are tired of it. I suppose a bridge tournament would be in order.

Wednesday afternoon and Thursday were set aside for the examination on



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chapter 17, and you should have seen that hard-working roomful of men. Every one was as busily occupied as a business executive on Monday morning. The air was practically tense (no, not dense) with concentration. It was plainly noticeable that we had struck a real job and were determined to do our best with it. Having covered the chapter by reading, discussion, and practice, we know it pretty well, but sometimes it isn't so easy to put things on paper as clearly as they appear in your own mind. However all received passing marks or better, and one man, Pfc. Nobles, received 100. Thanks, Nobles, for giving the rest of us something to shoot at, we shall all try to tie your record when the next examination comes along.

That tells you all the "dope" on the Q. M. school up to the present date. We start on Chapter 15, Monday April 4th, and shall try and let you know how we are getting along from time to time. To you people whom we have served with, wherever you may be, we send our best regards, and we shall be glad to see you again when we return to duty. Adios, amigos hasta la vista.

RETIRED ENLISTED MEN

(Continued from page 4)

WHELAN, Matthew A.—Sergeant Major, 31 May, 1923.
WHITE, George T.—Gunnery Sergeant, 31 July, 1925.
WIKANDER, Peter—First Sergeant, 15 November, 1921.
WIKE, William P.—Gunnery Sergeant, 12 October, 1929.
WILLIFORD, John—First Sergeant, 15 January, 1922.
WILSON, Frederick W.—First Sergeant, 15 June, 1915.
WILSON, John—First Sergeant, 15 April, 1922.
WINEGARDNER, Chauncey—Sergeant Major, 6 August, 1920.
WISCHNACK, Emil—Gunnery Sergeant, 15 September, 1919.
WREN, Cornelius—Gunnery Sergeant, 21 July, 1922.
YOUNG, Frank A.—Sergeant Major, 31 October, 1923.
ZISSA, Frank—Gunnery Sergeant, 21 June, 1929.

RECENT RE-ENLISTMENTS

(Continued from page 5)

WYNN, Maurice O., at Pittsburgh, Pa., 3-7-32, for West Coast via Hampton Roads, Va.
CALVERT, Walter M., at San Diego, Calif., 3-2-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
FOSTER, Frank R., at NAS, San Diego, Calif., 3-3-32, for NAS, San Diego, Calif.
GUNN, William McK., at MB, Quantico, Va., 3-6-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
JOHANSEN, Sigurd E., at MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., 3-7-32, for MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.
PEASLEY, Earl W., at MB, Parris Island, S. C., 3-4-32, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
WALTMANN, Gustav W., at MB, Indian Head, Md., 3-5-32, for MB, Indian Head, Md.
BARBUSH, Jack, at Boston, Mass., 3-4-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
FLYNN, Frank M., at Los Angeles, Calif., 3-1-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
DOWERS, Charles W., at MB, New York, N. Y., 3-5-32, for MB, New York, N. Y.
SAZADA, Thomas, at MB, Philadelphia, Pa., 3-5-32, for MB, Philadelphia, Pa.
STRONG, Lawrence H., at Philadelphia, Pa., 3-4-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
JOHNSON, Josiah D., at Portsmouth, Va., 3-4-32, for MB, Portsmouth, Va.
NOWIK, Alexander A., at MB, Nyd, Washington, D. C., 3-4-32, for MB, Nyd, Washington, D. C.
BRAUNE, Oscar C., at New Orleans, La., 3-1-32, for MB, New Orleans, La.
FLOYD, McKinley, at MB, Puget Sound, Wash., 2-26-32, for MD, AL, Peiping, China.

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KROSKOSKY, Joseph A., at MB, Parris Island, S. C., 2-19-32, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
McINDOE, Charles L., at Haiti, 2-19-32, for Haiti.
RABE, Gilbert P., at MB, Parris Island, S. C., 2-29-32, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
FIELD, Scott, at Washington, D. C., 3-2-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
MILLER, Arthur, at New York, N. Y., 3-1-32, for MB, New York, N. Y.
DOYLE, Patrick J., at Philadelphia, Pa., 3-1-32, for MB, Philadelphia, Pa.
MORRIS, Clinton J., at New York, N. Y., 3-1-32, for China via New York.
PALWICK, Joseph, at Portsmouth, Va., 3-1-32, for MB, Pensacola, Fla.
PUCKETT, Orson P., at Hampton Roads, Va., 3-1-32, for MB, Hampton Roads, Va.
KELL, Ernest, at Boston, Mass., 2-29-32, for West Coast via Hampton Roads, Va.
LEVIN, Harold L., at Washington, D. C., 2-29-32, for China via New York.
BOOTH, Harry W., at Los Angeles, Calif., 2-25-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
CASE, Donald P., at San Francisco, Calif., 2-25-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
OKERSTROM, Melvin M., at Los Angeles, Calif., 2-25-32, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.
McDONOUGH, Patrick M., at Portsmouth, N. H., 2-29-32, for MB, Portsmouth, N. H.
OGLESBY, Fulton L., at MB, Quantico, Va., 2-29-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

SPEAK, Luther Marion, Private, died March 25, 1932, of disease, at Pensacola, Fla. Next of kin: Mrs. Jesse E. Speak, mother, Box No. 124, Pittsburg, Kentucky.

BROWN, Beatrand Earl, Private, MCR, inactive, died December 18, 1930, at Knoxville, Tenn. Next of kin: Mrs. Ella P. Brown, mother, 304 East Brookland Boulevard, Richmond, Va.

PENDLETON, Fountain Pace, Corporal, MCR, inactive, died February 22, 1932, at Greensburg, Ky. Next of kin: John F. Pendleton, father, Greensburg, Ky.

HULSLANDER, Herald Carl, Private, MCR, inactive, died February 10, 1932, at Chicago, Ill. Next of kin: Mrs. Anseline Hulslander, wife, 4134 North Oakley Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

MEGINNESS, Charles Douglas, Sergeant Major, retired, died February 27, 1932, at Philadelphia, Pa. Next of kin: Mrs. Georgette B. Meginness, wife, 424 South 44th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WHITE, Robert, First Sergeant, retired, died March 7, 1932, at East St. Cloud, Fla. Next of kin: Mrs. Lillian White, wife, Box 162, St. Cloud, Fla.

General Information

RETIREMENT

The following-named enlisted men were placed on the retired list of enlisted men of the U. S. Marine Corps on the dates set opposite their names:

Gunnery Sergeant Lewis Upton Cox, FMCR, March 1, 1932.
Staff Sergeant William Kauf, FMCR, March 1, 1932.
Staff Sergeant Leopold Masers, USMC, April 1, 1932.
Sergeant Phillip Chapman, FMCR, April 1, 1932.

TRANSFER TO THE FLEET MARINE CORPS RESERVE

The following-named men, pursuant to their voluntary applications, were transferred to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve on the dates set opposite their names:

Sergeant Major William Fred Fritsche, USMC, April 12, 1932. Future address: Burton, S. C.

DEATHS

BIRD, Frank A., Jr., Private, died March 2, 1932, of influenza, at Quantico, Virginia. Next of kin: Frank A. Bird, father, Freedom, Oklahoma.

BURGESS, Preston Columbus, Corporal, died in an automobile accident, March 19, 1932, near Murfreesboro, N. C. Next of kin: Mrs. Essie M. Burgess, mother, Kannapolis, N. C.

COOK, George Aleck, Corporal, died March 14, 1932, of tuberculosis, at Shanghai, China. Next of kin: Mrs. Alma Smith, mother-in-law, 308 Munich Street, San Francisco, Calif.

SIMONS, Henry John, Sergeant, died March 21, 1932, of heart failure, at Asheville, N. C. Next of kin: Miss Mary Simons, sister, Maynard, Mass.

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Sergeant John Patrick Seabrook, USMC, March 15, 1932. Future address: General Delivery, Vallejo, Calif.

AWARDS

The President of the United States has awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross to the following-named officers and enlisted men of the U. S. Marine Corps for their services in Nicaragua:

Major Ralph J. Mitchell.
First Lieutenant Herbert F. Becker.
Staff Sergeant Gordon W. Heritage.
Sergeant Orville B. Simmons.

RIFLE FIRING DURING 1931

Fifteen thousand two hundred ninety-two officers and enlisted men of the Marine Corps fired the rifle marksmanship qualification course during the target year of 1931. Of this number fourteen thousand four hundred eighty-five, or 94.7 per cent, qualified as marksman or better.

Questions and Answers

Q.—I served in China from December 14, 1929, to August 13, 1931. Do I rate an Expeditionary Medal for that service?—**CHAS. D. ANDREWS.**

Answer: No. The Expeditionary Medal is not authorized for service in Shanghai China, 1929-31, in view of the fact that the terminating date of the Yanetse Service Medal is to be extended and the Major General Commandant has ruled that both the Expeditionary Medal and the Yanetse Service Medal cannot be issued to an individual for service in China between September 9, 1924, and a date to be determined later.

Q.—Do I rate a Campaign Medal for service in Nicaragua from November, 1927, to August, 1929?—**JOHN E. KRAMER.**

Answer: A Second Nicaraguan Campaign Medal has been awarded you for your service and has been forwarded to your Commanding Officer for delivery to you.

Q.—How can I replace a Nicaraguan Medal of Merit?—**E. E.**

Answer: A Nicaraguan Medal of Merit can be purchased from the Bailey, Banks and Biddle Company, Philadelphia, Pa., or A. H. Dondero, Inc., 1718 Pennsylvania Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Q.—How many full steps and half steps are taken by the squad on the extreme right when the command, "Right by squads, March," is given?

Answer: Upon the command, "Right by squads, March," the leading squad moves straight to the front for four paces, and then takes eight half steps, and then steps the regular pace.

Q.—Can you tell me the present address of Peter Schomer?—**MICHAEL J. MULLIN.**

Answer: The last address on record of Mr. Peter Schomer is 78 Tooker Avenue, Springfield, N. J.

Q.—How can I get in touch with the Marine Corps League?—**EMIL WALL.**

Answer: You should communicate with Mr. Carleton L. Fisher, National Commandant, Marine Corps League, 503 White Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

Q.—Is there a Campaign Medal issued for service in China from 1927-28 and, if so, where may I procure same?—**CHARLES P. ALDRICH.**

Answer: No, but you are entitled to a Yanetse Service Medal, which will be forwarded to you as soon as the medals are ready for issuance.

Q.—Has the re-designed Yanetse Service Medal been issued to those men entitled to receive it?—**OLIVER E. DEMING, JR.**

Answer: No. Your name is on file and this medal will be forwarded to you as soon as they are ready for issuance.

Q.—I was discharged from the U. S. Marine Corps (Medical Survey) in 1930 due to the loss of hearing in one ear. Am I entitled to hospitalization? Can I receive a pension from the Government?—**E. A.**

Answer: Due to the fact that you did not serve in any expeditions, you are not entitled to hospitalization by the Veterans Administration. You should communicate with the Chief of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery regarding treatment and the Director of Pensions, Veterans Administration, relative to your eligibility of being granted a pension.

Q.—A man is transferred to the East Coast via water. Is it necessary for the company that transfers the man to show the sea travel?—**FIRST SERGEANT BREMERTON, WASH.**

Answer: No (see Article 10-13 (15), Marine Corps Manual), but it would make the records

more complete if the name of the vessel (when known) were shown on the roll.

Q.—Information is requested as to whether or not the Expeditionary Medal has been awarded for service in Haiti from 1923 to 1925?—**FIRST SERGEANT, USMC.**

Answer: An Expeditionary Medal is awarded for service in Haiti from June 16, 1920, to November 25, 1924.

Q.—My service is as follows: Am I eligible for transfer to the Marine Corps Reserve, Class II, upon completion of sixteen years' service?

25 April, 1917, to 4 May, 1922, USMC.

11 May, 1922, to 10 May, 1925, USMC.

9 July, 1925, to 8 July, 1930, USMC.

9 July, 1930, current enlistment.

—**SERGEANT, PEARL HARBOR.**

Answer: Yes. See Marine Corps Manual 13-10 (2) (b).

PROMOTIONS

STAFF SERGEANT Abner E. Foster—to Master Technical Sergeant.

SERGEANTS John T. Boyd—to Staff Sergeant.

Leopold Masers—to Staff Sergeant.

CORPORALS Andrew J. Abrecki—to Sergeant.

Frederick M. Bissinger—to Sergeant.

Lucian J. Bowman—to Sergeant.

Leslie C. Clark—to Sergeant.

James C. Eiland—to Sergeant.

James P. Evans—to Sergeant.

William C. Jewell—to Sergeant.

William J. Kane—to Sergeant.

Carl L. Lance—to Sergeant.

Arthur J. Noonan—to Sergeant.

George W. Pearce—to Sergeant.

William J. Peterson—to Sergeant.

Robert G. Phelps—to Sergeant.

Arthur B. Reiman—to Sergeant.

Cleon C. Smith—to Sergeant.

Frederick P. Trelling—to Sergeant.

James B. Young—to Sergeant.

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS Brunson A. Boohart—to Corporal.

Herbert Burhardt—to Corporal.

Keith D. Campbell—to Corporal.

Joseph J. Comerinsky—to Corporal.

Thomas J. Cooney—to Corporal.

Robert J. Covington—to Corporal.

Edward V. R. Deer—to Corporal.

Ramond Duckworth—to Corporal.

Frank C. Gandolfi—to Corporal.

Ray D. George—to Corporal.

Ramond F. Gotko—to Corporal.

Stanley L. Harney—to Corporal.

Elmer E. Isaacsen, Sr.—to Sergeant.

Benjamin F. Jackson, Jr.—to Corporal.

Anthony Kaszycki—to Corporal.

Wesley W. Keller—to Corporal.

Bolish J. Kozakewicz—to Sergeant.

John P. Koziol—to Corporal.

Carl L. Lance—to Sergeant.

Thomas F. Laviano—to Sergeant.

Edward Maney—to Corporal.

Harry V. Schaaf—to Corporal.

Clarence L. Smith—to Corporal.

John S. Snider—to Corporal.

Phillipp Tomitch—to Corporal.

George A. Waugh, Jr.—to Corporal.

Donald C. Wolford—to Sergeant.

PRIVATE EUGEN A. KIGHT—to Corporal.

Charles E. Meyers—to Corporal.

Lee W. Poppie—to Corporal.

NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Departed Manila 30 March. Will arrive Guam 4 April, leave 15 April and arrive San Francisco 22 April. Will leave 3 May, leave San Pedro 5 May, leave San Diego 7 May for the Orient. Arrive Honolulu 14 May, leave 16 May, arrive Guam 27 May, leave 28 May, arrive Manila 2 June, leave 2 July, arrive Guam 7 July, leave 8 July, arrive Honolulu 17 July, leave 18 July, arrive San Francisco 25 July. CHAUMONT will then return to the Navy Yard New York for annual overhaul.

HENDERSON—Due Philadelphia 5 April for annual overhaul. She will sail 5 May for a trip to the West Coast and return. Leave Hampton Roads, 7 May, arrive Canal Zone 14 May, leave 16 May, arrive Corinto 18 May, arrive San Diego 26 May, leave 2 June, arrive Corinto 10 June, arrive Canal Zone 12 June, leave 14 June, arrive Hampton Roads 21 June.

KITTERY—Arrived Hampton Roads 30 March. Will sail from Hampton Roads 11 April for the West Indies on the following itinerary: Arrive Guantanamo 16 April, leave 17 April, arrive Port au Prince 19 April, leave 20 April, arrive Cape Haitien 21 April, leave 22 April, arrive Hampton Roads 27 April. Next trip 9 May.

NITRO—Departed Hampton Roads 31 March, will arrive Guantanamo 4 April, leave 4 April, arrive Canal Zone 7 April, leave 9 April, arrive Corinto 11 April, leave 11 April, arrive San Diego 19 April, leave 20 April, arrive San Pedro 21

April, leave 22 April, arrive Mare Island 24 April, leave 2 May, arrive Puget Sound 5 May. Will leave Puget Sound 9 May for the East Coast on the following itinerary: Arrive Mare Island 12 May, leave 14 May, arrive San Pedro 15 May, leave 17 May, arrive San Diego 17 May, leave 18 May, arrive Corinto 26 May, leave 26 May, arrive Canal Zone 28 May, leave 31 May, arrive Guantanamo 3 June, leave 3 June, arrive Hampton Roads 7 June, leave 14 June, arrive Philadelphia 15 June, leave 16 June, arrive Iona Island 17 June, leave 18 June, arrive Newport 19 June, leave 21 June, arrive Boston 22 June.

PATOKA—Arrived San Pedro 21 February. With Base Force indefinitely.

RAMAPO—Will arrive San Diego 4 April, leave 14 April, arrive San Pedro 15 April, leave 16 April, arrive Guam 14 May, leave 14 May, arrive Cavite-Manila 21 May, leave 4 June, arrive San Pedro 3 July.

SALINAS—Operating with the Fleet in the San Pedro Area.

Headquarters Bulletin

The following are extracts from Headquarters Bulletin No. 78, dated March 15, 1932:

CIVILIAN MEDICAL AND HOSPITAL TREATMENT FOR ENLISTED MEN ON FURLOUGH

Attention of all concerned is invited to the decision of the Comptroller General of the United States, quoted in Circular Letter of Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, the provisions of paragraph two should be specifically noted:

"Circular Letter, Bureau of M. & S. Serial No. 542-1932. 8 Jan., 1932.

To: All Ships and Stations.
Subject: Civilian medical and hospital treatment of enlisted men on leave of absence.

References: (a) Decision of Comptroller General No. A-38948, December 18, 1931.
(b) M&S Circular Letters Nos. 498-1930 and 531-1931.
(c) Paragraph 3165 (b), Manual, Medical Department.

1. Under a recent decision of the Comptroller General of the United States (ref. a), it has been held that an enlisted man of the United States Navy or Marine Corps is not entitled to civilian medical treatment at Government expense while on leave of absence and that his commanding officer is without authority to authorize him to procure such treatment or to obtain it for him except possibly under the circumstances mentioned in the following extract from the decision in question:

"Some connection between the illness or injury of the man and his service obligation must be present before a commanding officer can obligate public funds for the payment of treatment of an enlisted man on leave of absence. A contagious disease, probably contracted while on duty, or a report of illness or injury in circumstances suggesting possible evasion of his enlisted obligation have been held to justify responsible officers of the Navy or the commanding officer of the man (but only after due investigation and after exercise of actual control or supervision over the man) to procure medical treatment at the expense of the Government. 4 Comp. Gen. 175, and 6 Comp. Gen. 465."

2. As this decision in effect prohibits the payment of any bills for civilian medical treatment of enlisted men while on leave of absence except in a relatively small number of cases in which the conditions as referred to in above quoted extract may exist, and will mean a radical change in the practice that has prevailed in the Navy for many years, it is very important that this information be immediately and effectively disseminated throughout the service. It is accordingly requested that it be brought to the attention of all within command.

3. All instructions heretofore published in reference (b) or other circular letters that are in conflict with the above decision are hereby cancelled, and appropriate changes in reference (c) will be made at an early date.

J. B. DENNIS,
Acting."

COMMENDATION

The Secretary of the Navy has addressed to Sergeant Harry E. Kipp (Second Lieutenant, Guardia Nacional) a special letter of commendation for his unusual work in connection with his active operations against organized bandits in Nicaragua.

DISCHARGES WITHOUT HONOR

The following excellent article is quoted from the Bureau of Navigation Bulletin, No. 174. It applies with equal force to the Marine Corps:

"Attention of all enlisted men should be called to the disadvantages of receiving

Dishonorable, Bad Conduct, and Undesirable Discharges from the Navy.

"A Dishonorable, Bad Conduct, or Undesirable Discharge bars a man from pension, from any benefits of the Veterans' Bureau, and from any civil service positions under the Federal Government. It may also bar a man from employment in most of the state or city governments, and from some civilian firms. It also deprives him of the right to vote or hold office in many States.

"On the other hand, an HONORABLE DISCHARGE is a testimonial of fidelity and obedience. It is a certificate of service and character, and is always of value to the holder in future years.

"Many men fail to appreciate the value of an Honorable Discharge until it is too late. This is borne out by numerous appeals to Congress made yearly by former enlisted men discharged from the service without honor. The records cannot be changed except for an error of fact. Of the 149 private bills of this nature acted upon by the Department during the current session of Congress, not one was favorably recommended."

RIFLE AND PISTOL HIGH SCORES FOR 1931

Two hundred and fifty-four officers and enlisted men made a score of 325 or better over the rifle qualification course during the target year 1931. First Sergeant Nolan Tillman, with a score of 341, was high gun. During the same period two hundred officers and enlisted men made a score of 92 or better over the pistol qualification course. Captain Ralph W. Culpepper, First Lieutenant George D. Hamilton, Chief Marine Gunner Henry Boschen and Gunner Sergeant Henry M. Bailey, each making a score of 99, are tied for high gun.

HIGH SCORE (RIFLE)

The following-named officers and enlisted men attained a score of 325 or better, according to reports of target practice received covering rifle qualification since the beginning of the current target year:

1st Lt. Richard M. Cutts, Jr.	336
Sgt. Joseph R. Tiete	335
Cpl. John F. Jost	334
Cpl. George Hadusek	332
Pfc. Ralph L. Dickson	332
Sgt. Claude N. Harris	330
Sgt. Paul W. Lahme	330
Cpl. Donald N. Robertson	330
Cpl. Frederick P. Treiling	329
1st Sgt. Glendell L. Fitzgerald	328
Sgt. Lawrence H. Buss	328
Pfc. Wilson F. Whorton	328
1st Sgt. George L. Robinson	327
Sgt. James N. Crocker	327
Pfc. John O'Donnell	327
Pfc. George W. Walker	327
Sgt. Vincent E. Boyle	326
Sgt. Emery M. Powell	326
Pfc. William A. Hunt	326
Pvt. Claude T. Rhodes	326
Capt. Richard H. Jeschke	325
1st Sgt. John W. Jenkins	325
Gy.-Sgt. James W. Bennington	325
Cpl. Edward V. Seeser	325
Pfc. Jacob D. Hoskins	325

SOMETHING TO SHOOT AT:

1st Lt. Richard M. Cutts, Jr.	336
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HIGH SCORE (PISTOL)

The following-named officer and enlisted men attained a percentage of 92 or better over the pistol qualification course since the beginning of the current target year:

Gy.-Sgt. John C. Miller	98
Sgt. Emery M. Powell	96
1st Sgt. Sheffield M. Banta	94
Pfc. Wallace J. Murray	94
Pfc. Ernest H. Ziegler	94
PM-Sgt. Paul A. Martin	93
1st Lt. Joseph D. Humphrey	92

SOMETHING TO SHOOT AT:

Gy.-Sgt. John C. Miller	98
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KEY WEST MARINES DEFEAT ROYAL MARINES IN RIFLE MATCH

A rifle team match was held at Marine Barracks, Naval Operating Base, Key West, Fla., 29 February, 1932, between teams of six men each of the Marines stationed at Marines Barracks, Key West, Fla., and the British Marines of H. M. S. "Danae." The course consisted of 10 shots each at 300, 500 and 600 yards, slow fire, and 300 and 500 yards, rapid fire, with the resultant score as follows:

Key West Marines	1,284
Royal Marines (H. M. S. "Danae")	994

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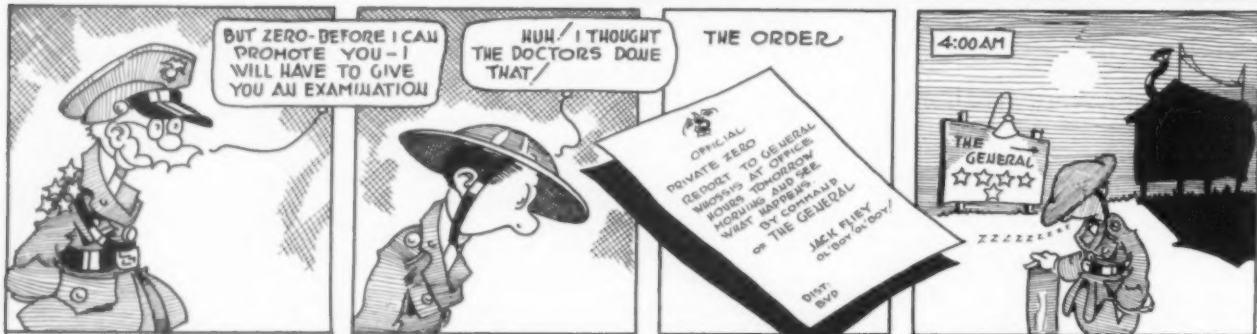
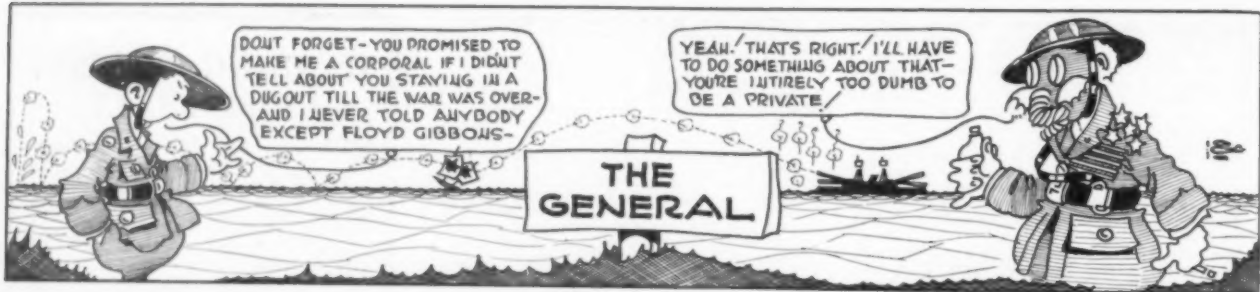
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